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COSMOPOLITAN



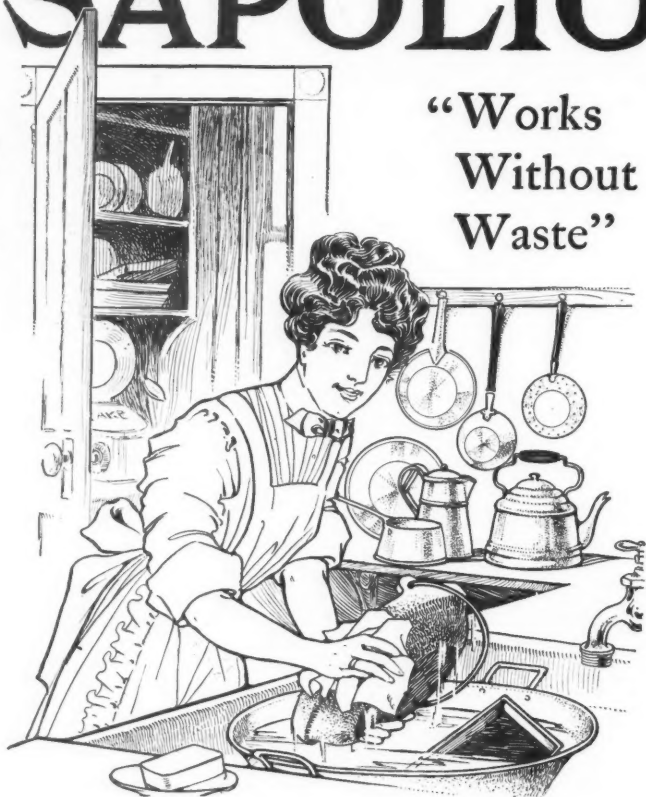
The Madness of an Unfortified Canada

It is bound to clean! When nothing else will start dirt and stain, *you know Sapolio will do it.* Paint or pans, marble or metal, floors, lavatories and almost everything cleanable yields to the most economical of cleaners, that big cake that does not waste or melt.

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KINGDOMS

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

KINGS of a hundred *Dreadnaughts*, ruling the Seven Seas—
Parked artillery, powder and steel—shall ye endure by these
Keeping an armed lordship of earth whereso your sentries stand?
What are Akkad and Assur now? Shards, in the drifting sand.

Kings of a thousand forges, kings of ten thousand men,
Liner and limited, shuttlewise thrown, from port unto seaport again,
Weaving a web of infinite threads, giants of hand and of brain—
Where are the galleys Phœnicia sailed? Ooze, in a desolate main.

Kings of the soul's out-searchings, kings of the far ideal—
Poets, philosophers, prophets—the Christ—lifting men nearer the Real—
Not unto dust as the war lords go, not as the lords of greed,
But rising forever from life to life—kings and Messiahs indeed!

✠ HE SHALL ARISE! ✠

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

Drawing by Charles A. Winter



If the Resurrection has made you immortal, it has also given immortality to others. If it has given you a soul, it has robbed you of the privilege of forgetting the souls of your fellows. . . .

You have got to remember the mortal needs of your immortal companions



ACH springtime we remember the voice that announced a resurrection in which we see the promise of a resurrection for all mankind. From the first Easter to this one, made holy by the flames of countless martyrdoms, made more holy by the memories of those deathbeds over which you yourself have leaned to snatch hope from the arms of despair, the promise has been passed from dying hand to dying hand.

HE
SHALL
ARISE!

It has made you, you believe, immortal—but have you ever thoroughly realized that it has also given immortality to those whom you hate, those whom you scorn, those whom you do not even effectively believe to be human? If it has given you a soul, it has robbed you of the privilege of forgetting the souls of your fellows. “If ye then be risen with Christ,” you have got to remember something higher than your own comfort; you have got to remember the mortal needs of your immortal companions: man shall arise.

Or, you don’t believe it. You believe in our three score years and ten, and no more. The candle is snuffed out, and its light is nowhere. Still less, then, can you escape your duty. If your single life is bottled in the frail vase of the finite, then indeed is the finite charged with infinity. This is your only chance. Whatever of evil you do cannot be undone; whatever of good you mean to do cannot be postponed to an eternal to-morrow. If you are to help man, you must help him now.

Believer or unbeliever, you must, then, lend your hand to all those millions of hands that are slowly raising the burden of our common lot. There is much to do, but we are doing it. Our industrial system is corrupt, but it will be purged, and you can help purge it. Our political system is dishonored, but it will be cleaned, and you can help clean it. Our souls are weak with oppression, but they will be made strong, and you can help strengthen them. The big fact of social evolution you cannot deny; your duty in regard to it you cannot evade. Our social body “is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power.”

Whatever happens in another world, in this one, from the protoplasm to your own cerebrum, we are marching forward; through despotism and republicanism we are plodding toward that Democracy of Man which is the Kingdom of God. Man shall arise!



DRAWN BY CHARLES S. CHAMBERS

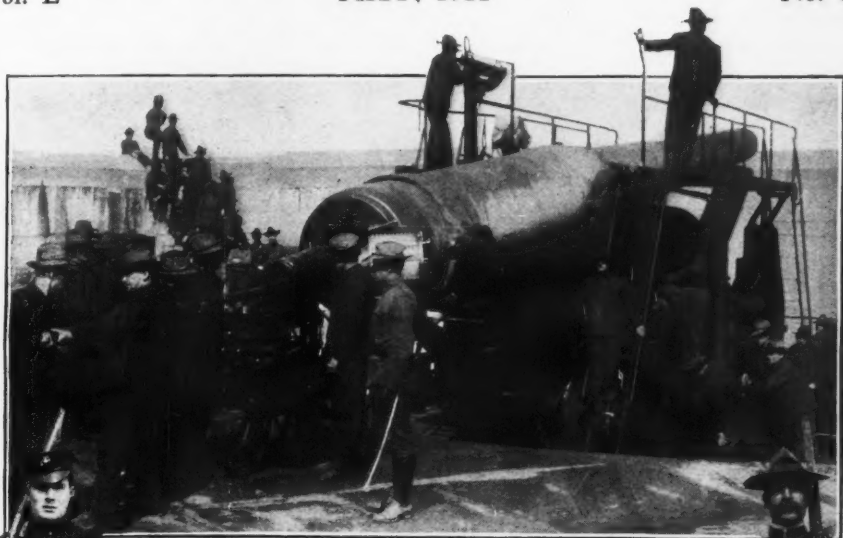
McCorkle put one enormous hairy paw against the man's shoulder, pushed him into the cell with a shove which sent him spinning against the rear wall, closed the door, and calmly bolted it

COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

Vol. L

MAY, 1911

No. 6



One of the biggest guns we have—yet. Four bigger ones—of fourteen-inch caliber—throwing their enormous shells nearly seven miles, will stand at each end of the canal



Fortify the Canal

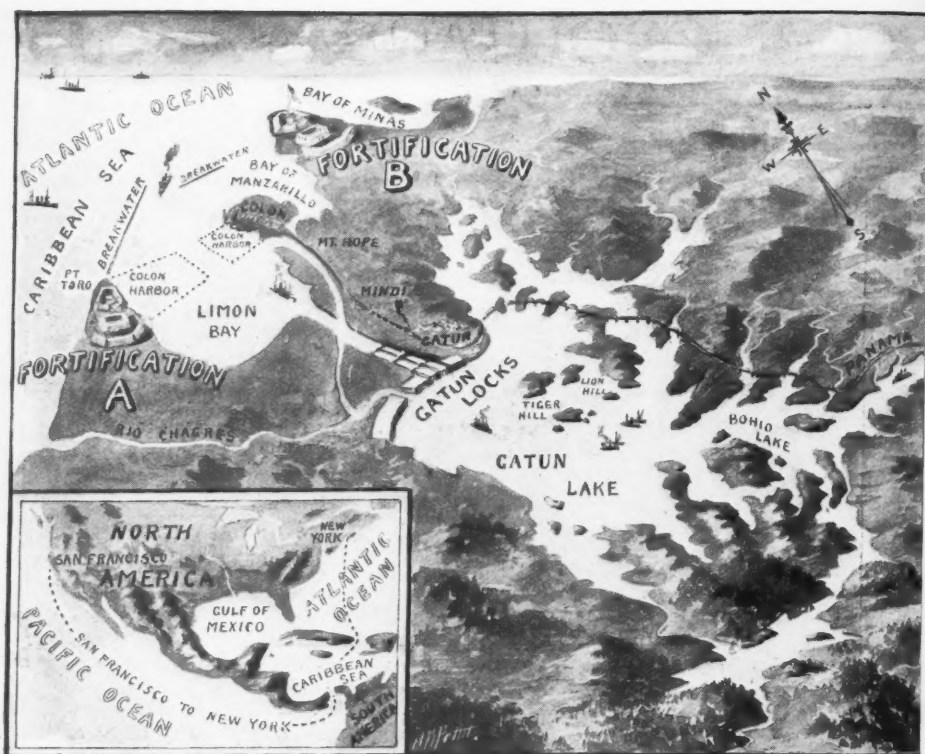
By James Creelman

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We are spending nearly half a billion dollars to complete the biggest engineering project the world has ever known. Fortified, the canal will be a bulwark of strength; unfortified, a national disgrace and menace. Which shall we choose? Mr. Creelman, who has been for years in the fight to compel Congress to fortify the canal, here shows the stupendous folly of allowing the military control of the great waterway we have dug to slip from our hands.

WHEN the House of Representatives a few weeks ago voted an appropriation of \$3,000,000 to begin the work of fortifying the Panama Canal, it struck a clear national note that will be heard through all our future history. The far-reaching significance of this action of the popular branch of Congress was all the more distinct because it ignored the plea of the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations that President Taft should not be permitted to spend a dollar of the money on forts or

guns until he had first asked the leading maritime nations of the world to guarantee the neutrality of a defenseless canal.

Even now it is hard to realize the immensity of the national peril averted when the American people, suddenly awakened, refused to surrender control of the great Isthmian Canal to the armed powers of Europe. For there are voices still shrilling in our ears senile, sentimental pleas for unarmed neutrality, voices of Americans—God forgive them!—who, forgetting the big, brave days when nine millions of their



Relief map of the most vitally strategic point in the Western hemisphere—The Panama Canal, which and close to all corners in case of necessity. The lay of the land is such that the ends of the defenses on the land sides. A small mobile army of occupation, with a coast-defense garrison, Taft discussing canal problems with Colonel Goethals,

countrymen challenged the armies and navies of the Holy Alliance to interfere with the new republics of the American hemisphere, would even to-day trust the best government on earth defenseless to the mercies of powerful and jealous rivals whose histories are red with military conquest.

But, in spite of this astounding and almost treasonable movement, we shall see that, after Great Britain had vainly attempted to bind us to an undefended canal which her mighty naval force could seize at will—thus giving her strategic control of both American continents—her ambassador at Washington officially informed the President of the United States that the new Hay-Pauncefote Treaty was deliberately contrived to allow American guns to command and defend the canal. And nearly seven years ago President Taft, then secretary of war, went to Panama and personally assisted in picking out the sites for the monster rifled

cannon and mortars which are forever to keep the canal safe as a part of the defensive military establishment of the United States, another guaranty of the Monroe Doctrine.

It was the hypnotized imagination of John Hay—he who saw so clearly and deeply into many things, but was a captive to romanticism in all that touched the British—that conceived the idea of an undefended canal. How well I remember the little American ambassador, during the war with Spain, pacing before the fire in his London library, his hands behind his back, nervously dandling his coat-tails, his sensitive bearded face upraised, his eyes searching the ceiling and his voice, filled with emotion, pouring out a tribute of grateful feeling to British statesmanship. And all because he had found that for the first time in the history of the United States Great Britain was not our public enemy in time of war. That thought overmastered him, and when he went from

Americans perceived the true character of such a canal as a supreme military instrument for attacking or defending the United States. But so long as the argument in favor of the canal rested almost wholly on grounds of commercial expediency the imagination of the American people was not aroused as afterward, for the people of the inland states remained more or less untouched by the enthusiasms of the seacoast states on either side of the continent, to whom rapid commercial communication by water routes was of the first importance.

A CANAL FOR DEFENSE, NOT COMMERCE

So it was that the transcontinental American railway interests were able to defeat in Congress all attempts to secure relief for the American people from their almost prohibitive charges by providing a means of swift, convenient, and cheap water transportation between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

Up to that time the Pacific shores of the United States were considered as practically free from danger of foreign attack. The nations of Asia were looked upon as weak and negligible. The hundreds of millions of Orientals were vaguely regarded as inferior and undeveloped nations, utterly incapable of making war upon any modern government.

But when Japan reared her terrible head in the war with China and gave the world evidence of the tremendous and unsuspected fighting power with which she afterward smote Russia both on land and sea, the complacency of the United States gave way to a thrill of recognition, and thoughtful American statesmen began to recover their senses. Then came the war with Spain, and when the battleship *Oregon* made her voyage of twelve thousand miles from San Francisco through the Straits of Magellan to reach the seat of war at Cuba, and day by day the country watched with alternate hope and fear for news of the imperiled vessel as she moved from one point to another, dependent for coal on nations bound to neutrality, and exposed to a thousand unknown risks, the American people saw that it would be almost useless to expect prompt assistance, if any at all, from our navy in the Atlantic Ocean should Japan attack our Pacific coast. We already had set our flag in Hawaii. At the close of the Spanish War we had sovereignty in the Philippine Archipelago, between six

and seven thousand miles from our continental coast-line.

A cry went up from every part of the United States for the digging of a canal across the isthmus as a national military highway. It was seen that we must either maintain one great navy in the Atlantic and another in the Pacific, thus doubling our costly naval forces, or provide a short route through which our navy could rapidly be moved from one ocean to the other. That outcry was not so much for an international channel of commerce as for a national instrument of defensive war. The demand for the canal no longer depended upon the urging of merchants and ship-owners. It came from the hearts and throats of the people generally. What solemn resolutions by boards of trade and dry columns of commercial statistics had failed to do was accomplished by the quickened imagination of the masses and the general sense of national danger. The call for the canal deepened into a roar that was heard and understood in Congress, in the White House, and in the State Department. No one was quicker to appreciate the temper of the American people with their fighting blood stirred than was President McKinley.

As I myself took an active part for years in the agitation of sentiment in favor of an American isthmian canal, I can bear witness to the change that suddenly came over the situation when the American public was awakened by events to the imperious necessity for the canal as a means of national defense. It is an outrage on common sense and the plain facts to pretend, as the cloister-dreaming, sentimental neutralists now do, that it was exclusively a desire for more convenient commercial intercourse that brought about the digging of the canal. The truth is that so long as the canal remained a merely commercial issue the stained lawyers and other lobbyists of the powerful allied transcontinental railway interests were able to defeat the great project in Congress.

THE RAILWAYS OPPOSE THE CANAL

Year after year brave old Senator Morgan, of Alabama, the leader of the canal movement in Washington, fought in vain to overcome the sleepless and sinister opposition of the railway interests. He became thinner and more haggard, yet his voice never faltered. Never was a struggle pressed with more ability or with greater devotion to the

interests of the nation. Outwardly he grew older, his body dwindled, his face grew wrinkled, his hair whiter, his eyes dimmer, his step slower and more uncertain; yet his heart was ever young and his tongue ever eloquent in the fight for the canal, although year after year he saw his work thwarted by the cunning transcontinental railway conspiracy. Again and again it seemed as though the scheme for a canal to be built and

national defense, public sentiment became compelling and irresistible, and the railway conspirators were swept away by the tide of national enthusiasm.

Nothing can be more certain than that the Isthmian Canal never would have been built at

Fifty-seventh Congress of the United States of America;

At the First Session,

Began and held at the City of Washington on Monday, the second day of December, one thousand nine hundred and one.

AN ACT

To provide for the construction of a canal connecting the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the President of the United States is hereby authorized to acquire, for and on behalf of the United States, at a cost not exceeding forty millions of dollars, the rights, privileges, franchises, concessions, grants of land, right of way, unfinished work, plants, and other property, real, personal, and mixed, of every name and nature, owned by the New Panama Canal Company, of France, on the Isthmus of Panama, and all its maps, plans, drawings, records on the Isthmus of Panama and in Paris, including all the capital stock, not less, however, than sixty-eight thousand eight hundred and sixty-three shares of the Panama Railroad Company, owned by or held for the use of said canal company, provided a satisfactory title to all said property can be obtained.

SEC. 2. That the President is hereby authorized to acquire, for and on behalf of the United States, at a cost not exceeding forty millions of dollars, the rights, privileges, franchises, concessions, grants of land, right of way, unfinished work, plants, and other property, real, personal, and mixed, of every name and nature, owned by the New Panama Canal Company, of France, on the Isthmus of Panama, and all its maps, plans, drawings, records on the Isthmus of Panama and in Paris, including all the capital stock, not less, however, than sixty-eight thousand eight hundred and sixty-three shares of the Panama Railroad Company, owned by or held for the use of said canal company, provided a satisfactory title to all said property can be obtained.

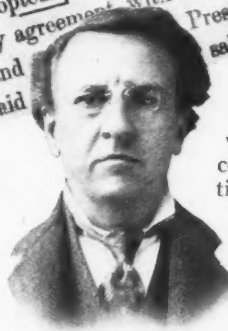
And the President is hereby authorized to cause to be entered into such contract or contracts as may be deemed necessary for the proper excavation, construction, completion, and defense of said canal, harbors, and defenses, by the route finally determined upon under the provisions of this Act. Appropriations therefor shall from time to time be hereafter made, not to exceed in the aggregate the additional sum of one hundred and thirty-five millions of dollars should the Panama route be adopted, or one hundred and eighty millions of dollars should the Nicaragua route be adopted.

SEC. 6. That in any agreement with the Republic of Colombia, or with the States of Nicaragua and to said Republic or to said

owned by the United States

would be adopted by Congress; but the tireless railway lobbyists always succeeded in thwarting Morgan and deferring action.

But when the American people understood the danger to which their Pacific coast and their new island possessions were exposed, and when the canal resolved itself into a means of



[S] J. K. POORE

Facsimiles of portions of the act of Congress, passed in June, 1902, authorizing the construction of the Panama Canal and expressly directing measures to be taken for its defense.—Senator Spooner, who introduced the bill in the Senate

the expense of the American people had it been supposed that it was to be an unfortified waterway through which our enemies could freely pass to attack us in time of war. To deny this is mere ignorance or roguery. The supreme impulse, the supreme idea, was for a military highway, to be built by the United States, owned and controlled by it as a world channel of commerce in peace, but as a purely national advantage whenever the nation should be engaged in war. It was that conception of the

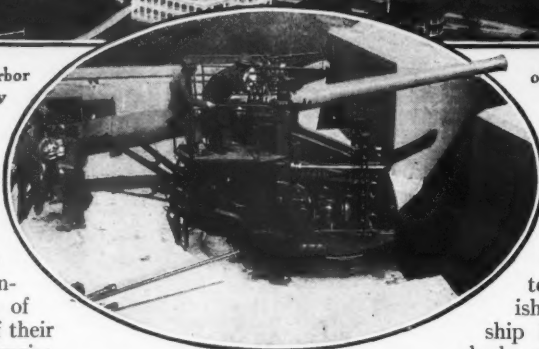


(40) PICTORIAL NEWS CO.

View of the city and harbor
the right, heavily

canal as a part of the enginery of warfare in defense of the Republic that induced the American people, to consent to the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars of their money in the enterprise.

When the pressure of public opinion became too great to be resisted much longer in Congress, John Hay, then secretary of state, began to negotiate for an abrogation of the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty of 1850. It was insisted that without the consent of Great Britain the American government could not build, own, or control a canal across the isthmus except by a gross violation of that treaty. The answer to this was that Great Britain had already nullified the treaty—by which both nations bound themselves never to obtain or maintain exclusive control over any isthmian ship-canal, or to erect or maintain fortifications commanding it, or to extend their power in Central America—when she converted the sleazy timber concession at Belize into the colony of British Honduras. There was much indignant protest all over the country against asking the consent of Great Britain in the matter at all, and Congress and the President were urged to ignore the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty as an agreement which had been already openly violated, and to build the canal without further parley.



Sighting a six-inch gun. Six of these guns will form a secondary battery at each end of the canal, supporting the four fourteen-inch cannon and the battery of mortars

of Panama, at the fortified, will

It became evident that the American people were in a high temper. British statesmanship had recently had a taste of that temper in the warlike attitude which compelled Lord Salisbury to agree to arbitration in the Venezuela boundary dispute.

In those days Secretary Hay and Lord Pauncefote, the British ambassador at Washington, were much together. Both professed to be greatly scandalized by the idea that the people of the United States would tolerate the thought of building the canal without first receiving formal permission from Great Britain. They dined together much. They took long walks in company. No one who knew John Hay can doubt his integrity or patriotism, but in dealing with the British his actually romantic sympathy for Anglo-Saxon unity made his judgment untrustworthy.

The result of the negotiations for the release of Great Britain's grip on the American isthmus was the extraordinary Hay-Pauncefote Treaty of 1900, which provided that the United States might build, own, and operate a ship-canal, open on equal terms to the commerce of the world, but which surrendered the national safety of the United States in the following words:



Pacific end of the
protect both the

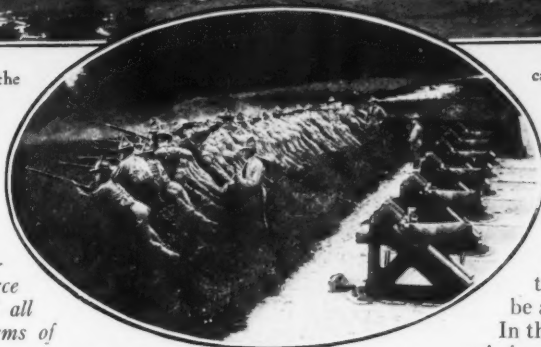
The canal shall be free and open, in time of war as in time of peace, to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations, on terms of entire equality.

No fortifications shall be erected commanding the canal or the waters adjacent.

The high contracting parties will, immediately upon the exchange of the ratifications of this convention, bring it to the notice of other powers, and invite them to adhere to it.

In other words, the one nation capable of overcoming our navy in warfare had persuaded Secretary Hay and President McKinley to agree to a canal without fortifications of any kind; to permit the warships of any nation to use it to attack our ships or coasts; and to allow not only Great Britain, but Germany, France, Russia, Austria, Italy, and even Japan to have a voice in the hegemony of America by inviting them to become parties to the agreement.

It needed but the ratification of the United States Senate to make the surrender a fact, and then we should have had to maintain two great navies or leave our Pacific coast helpless to defend itself against Japan, already aroused to an ugly belligerent mood by the disposition of our Pacific Coast states to discriminate against Japanese subjects. The Senate was inclined to support



A battery of small mortars. Eight of these defenders, of twelve-inch caliber, will be mounted at the Pacific end of the canal, and sixteen at the Atlantic end

canal. The islands at
canal and the city

the policy of the McKinley administration, and Secretary Hay announced several times that the treaty was sure to be adopted.

In that crisis I was commissioned by William Randolph Hearst to go to Washington and do everything possible to defeat the treaty by calling attention to the

facts and arousing the indignation of the country through his newspapers. After talking with President McKinley, Secretary Hay, and many of the leading Republican senators I became convinced that nothing could prevent the consummation of the Hay-Pauncefote scheme, and I telegraphed to Mr. Hearst: "Fight hopeless. Treaty good as passed."

To this Mr. Hearst answered by wire: "Even if passed it should be abrogated. Fight it!"

From Egypt Mr. Hearst cabled this message to the editors of his newspapers, "I had rather see every spade and shovel withdrawn from the canal than to see it built without the right to fortify in the interests of our country."

Then began a desperate and continuous fight to secure the rejection of the treaty through the force of public opinion. Never was there a better demonstration of the wisdom of the fathers of the Republic when they guarded the nation against secret or

Fortify the Canal

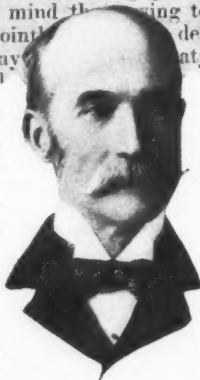
merely executive treaties than this struggle and its results. The battle against the surrender by the McKinley administration was pressed with such sleepless energy in the Hearst newspapers that Secretary Hay choked with rage. President McKinley smiled at the attempt to defeat him in the Senate. Day after day in news columns, editorials, and cartoons a terrific fire was kept up against the treaty. Other newspapers joined in the struggle; popular orators denounced the treaty. Presently the senators in Washington began to hear from their constituents all over the country, and President McKinley was inundated with protests. Notwithstanding this, it seemed

There was one plain argument that crushed all the sentimental pleas made in behalf of internationalism as against patriotism. Not only had every nation in Europe perfidiously violated treaties when their obligations became unprofitable or inconvenient, but the great concert of the European powers had itself permitted the violation of the neutrality of Belgium in the Franco-Prussian War, so that Belgium and Switzerland, whose soils are neutral territory, were forced always to maintain immense armies and fortified strongholds because they had good reason to know how treacherous nations become in time of extremity, even when they have bound them-

In my despatch I pointed out the dangerous ambiguity of an instrument of which one clause permitted the adoption of defensive measures, while another prohibited the erection of fortifications. It is most important that no doubt should exist as to the intention of the Contracting Parties. As to this, I understand that by the omission of all reference to the matter of defence the United States' Government desire to reserve the power of taking measures to protect the canal, at any time when the United States may be at war, from destruction or damage at the hands of an enemy or enemies. On the other hand, I conclude that, with the above exception, there is no intention to derogate from the principles of neutrality laid down by the Rules. As to the first of these propositions, I am not prepared to deny that contingencies may arise when not only from a national point of view, but on behalf of the commercial interests of the whole world, it might be of supreme importance to the United States that they should be free to adopt measures for the defence of the canal at a moment when they were themselves engaged in hostilities.

It is also to be borne in mind that, owing to the omission of the words under which this country became jointly bound to defend the neutrality of the canal, and the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, the obligations of Great Britain

The last doubt dispelled—a portion of minister for foreign affairs, addressed Our right to fortify the canal



Lord Lansdowne

the note which Lord Lansdowne, British minister to the government at Washington, is definitely conceded

for a time as though the Senate would ratify the treaty. I was assured more than once by Mr. McKinley and leading Republican senators that the Senate would confirm the treaty. The Republican party could not afford to repudiate the McKinley administration in a matter so delicate and important, and which had now become a first-class political question. Yet the war against the treaty was waged with even greater strength and enthusiasm, and as volleys crashed from the newspaper columns with facts, arguments, and pitiless ridicule, a great wave of indignation swept over the country, and the senators began to desert President McKinley.

selves by treaties to neutrality. The United States, therefore, could not rely upon either British or other international guaranties of the neutrality of the Isthmian Canal, and it would have been mere madness to tolerate the thought of an agreement which guaranteed the right of an enemy to use the canal to attack us in time of war.

The result of the fight was that the Senate, uttering the clearly expressed will of the nation, struck out of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty everything that permitted the canal to be used by our enemies in time of war, that prohibited us from defending it in our own national interest, or that contemplated a share in its control or regulation by the



Lord Pauncefoot,
British ambassador,
with whom John
Hay negotiated the
canal treaty

commercial advantages of such a canal, the American people refused to build the canal at all without the right to fortify and defend it in their own interests.

Then followed a widespread and rapidly growing movement for the building of the canal by the United States in spite of the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty, which Great Britain herself had violated and which had long been regarded as a dead letter through the lapse of time and altered conditions. President McKinley recognized the probable political consequences of this movement. I had a talk with him at

nations of continental Europe or by Japan. In that altered form the treaty was confirmed, and Great Britain promptly rejected it. Notwithstanding the obvious

the time, and he frankly admitted the embarrassment of the situation. Lord Salisbury and his associates began to realize the ultimate compelling force of public opinion in America. Even Mr. Hay saw the uselessness of contending with the people, for the canal question had ceased to be a party matter and was now becoming a formidable national issue. The attempted surrender to Great Britain under the guise of a wise and

far-seeing altruism had been a miserable failure.

How necessary to the maintenance of true republican government is the jealous vigilance of a free people against "the insidious wiles of foreign influence"! Within a few months after the defeat of the scheme to bind the

United States to build an undeclared canal for the free use of the war forces of our

John Hay, secretary of state, who secured for America the right to build the canal



JOHN HAY, SECRETARY OF STATE

The canal shall be free and open, in time of war as in time of peace, to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations, on terms of entire equality, so that

no fortifications shall be created commanding the canal or the waters adjacent. The

The High Contracting Parties will, immediately upon the exchange of the ratifications of the Convention, bring it to the notice of the other Powers and invite them to adhere to it.

Facsimiles of portions of the first treaty, which forbade fortification of the canal

It is agreed that the canal may be constructed either on the auspices of the Government of the United States, either directly or indirectly, or by gift or loan of money to individuals or Corporations, or through subscription to or purchase of stock or shares, and that, subject to the provisions of the present Treaty, the said Government shall have and enjoy all the rights incident to such construction, as well as the exclusive right of providing for the regulation and management of the canal.

The section of the new Hay-Pauncefote Treaty which gives to the United States the control of the canal which it agrees to build and pay for. It is under the provisions of this treaty, which was ratified, that guns should—and must—be placed at Panama

Fortify the Canal

enemies, a new treaty with Great Britain was negotiated. This was the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty of 1901. It omitted the provision permitting the warships of all nations to use it in time of war as in time of peace. It abandoned the prohibition of fortifications. It said nothing about inviting other powers to join in the agreement. It left the whole responsibility for the construction, ownership, and control of the canal with the United States, the British government even withdrawing from its proposed status as a joint guarantor of neutrality.

"THE TREATY WAS DRAWN TO PERMIT IT"

There are a few misguided Americans who still loudly insist that even under the new Hay-Pauncefote Treaty we are bound not to fortify the canal we are building with our own money through our own sovereign territory in Panama. The answer to these marplots is to be found in a memorandum from Lord Lansdowne, the British minister for foreign affairs, dated August 3, 1901, and officially communicated to the United States government, in which he said of the new treaty:

I understand that by the omission of all reference to the matter of defense the United States' Government desire to reserve the power of taking measures to protect the canal, at any time when the United States may be at war, from destruction or damage at the hands of an enemy or enemies. . . . I am not prepared to deny that contingencies may arise when not only from a material point of view, but on behalf of the commercial interests of the whole world, it might be of supreme importance to the United States that they should be free to adopt measures for the defense of the canal at a moment when they were themselves engaged in hostilities.

Not only that, but when Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States, sent for Secretary Hay to discuss the meaning of the new treaty, Mr. Hay explained that it left the American government free to fortify and defend the canal at will. He declared that there could be no possible misunderstanding on that point, as it had been gone over with great care.

"I think I ought to talk with the British ambassador myself, to make sure that his government fully understands that we intend to build forts on the canal, and to pro-

vide forces for defense in time of war," said the President.

"There is really no need for that, as the matter is fully agreed to by Great Britain," said Mr. Hay, "but there is no reason why you should not do it if you so desire."

Mr. Roosevelt thereupon sent for Lord Pauncefote to come to the White House, and, after complimenting the ambassador upon the negotiation of the new treaty, the President said:

"Now, Lord Pauncefote, is it clearly understood that we intend, when we build the canal, to fortify and defend it? Is there any room for doubt on that point?"

"That is fully understood," answered Lord Pauncefote. "The treaty was drawn expressly to permit it."

Thus it was, and only thus, that the present treaty with Great Britain was made a law by the confirmation of the Senate. Thus it was that the United States bought a strip of territory for the canal through the new little republic of Panama and secured from that young nation a treaty permitting us to fortify and defend it; and in the Spooner Act, authorizing the building of the Panama Canal, Congress ordered that the President "shall make such provisions for defense as may be necessary for the safety and protection of said harbors and canals."

IT'S OUR CANAL—DEFEND IT

The ignorant, mischief-making sentimentalists who follow the lead of poor old General Keifer are still trying to embarrass their country by shouting broadcast, at home and abroad, that the United States cannot fortify and defend the canal with its own forces without grossly violating grave international obligations. The canal is our own. The soil through which it runs is our own, and our flag flies over it. We have no treaty or agreement with any of the great nations regarding the canal, save with Great Britain, and fortunately Theodore Roosevelt is alive and ready to confirm the conversation in which the British ambassador, speaking for his government, declared that the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty was contrived for the very purpose of permitting American forts and American soldiers to make the canal secure against our enemies.

The sober truth is that instead of violating our treaty relations by fortifying the Panama Canal, the United States would violate the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty by failing to for-

tify it. We have assumed the sole responsibility of guaranteeing the observance of the regulations laid down in the treaty. In that instrument we have given our solemn word as a nation that no right of war or act of hostility shall be permitted in the canal or in the waters within three marine miles of either end of it. We are in honor bound to carry out that agreement. To fulfil this obligation, which we have deliberately assumed, we must have the means of making our word good to Great Britain and to the whole world. How can we prevent acts of hostility by warships in or near the canal if we are without forts and military forces strong enough to compel any belligerent nation to observe the canal regulations?

Without fortifications, high-power rifled cannon, and mortars, which take years to provide, we should be helpless to keep our treaty and prevent any right of war or act of hostility in the canal or the adjacent waters. It is not a matter open for discussion. The thing is done, and we are bound to keep our word or suffer dishonor. The United States alone has undertaken to prevent acts of hostility in the canal and its contiguous waters and has guaranteed the neutrality of that world's highway—save when our own national safety is at stake—and except by building fortifications now how can we pretend that we are getting ready to fulfil the international contract we have made?

It is important to remember that Great Britain withdrew all objection to the forti-

fication of the canal only when the United States accepted the sole and exclusive responsibility of compelling all nations, however great, or however maddened by war, to refrain from making war in the track of commerce opened through the American isthmus. Shall we abandon that duty and disgrace ourselves as a nation by leaving the canal unfortified and undefended?

The noisy sentimentalists who would have us give up our right to fortify the canal and trust its fate, which means our own national fate, in the hands of our powerful armed competitors, say that to put American forts and troops on the line of the canal would be to make it a center of conflict immediately upon the outbreak of war. They insist that an enemy's warships would soon put our forts and the canal itself out of business, and that it would be better to rely upon our navy to deal with an enemy of the United States. That would mean that the bulk of our naval forces in both the Atlantic and the Pacific would be drawn away from our coasts in order to stand guard at either end of our canal. It would keep our fleets in a stationary position, far away from our seacoast harbors and cities, leaving our exposed shores to be attacked at will by the enemy's ships. It would prevent our fleets from



[1] C. P. HEATH

One of the big coast-defense guns in action. A steel projectile similar to the one shown, weighing more than a ton and traveling about twenty-three hundred feet a second, has just left its muzzle. Such guns, with American gunners, will defend the canal

Fortify the Canal

making a defense by offensive war. That idea has provoked the laughter of all American admirals and generals. It is a joke in the army and navy war colleges and has excited the derision of military strategists throughout Europe.

NO DEFENSES: TWO HUGE FLEETS

To double our present naval forces would cost about \$180,000,000, to say nothing of the expenditures for advanced construction to keep pace with other nations and the heavy burden of maintenance and operation. A first-class battleship now costs \$10,000,000. A few years later a first-class battleship will probably cost \$15,000,000. An unfortified canal would mean that we must maintain two huge fleets always, one in the Atlantic and one in the Pacific. Ordinary fleets would be almost useless, for a large part of each fleet would have to stand guard in front of each end of the canal to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy, while there would have to be a great enough force in each ocean free to meet a fleet attempting to attack the coast of the United States, not to speak of the defense of Hawaii, the Philippines, and Alaska.

With heavy enough American fortifications at the canal, one large fleet would be sufficient for the defense of the nation. It would be relieved from the necessity of defending the canal and could steam quickly from one ocean to the other, under the cover of our forts, to concentrate wherever it was needed; and in case of a temporary defeat our warships could retreat from one ocean to the other, protected by the canal forts from pursuit. The forts which have been planned for the entrances to the canal in both oceans can defy attack by any navy in the world. They will be more powerful than the fortifications of Gibraltar, Kronstadt, Spezia, or Port Arthur.

There are to be four fourteen-inch rifled cannon at each end of the canal. In addition to these monster guns there will be eight twelve-inch mortars at the Pacific entrance and sixteen twelve-inch mortars at the Atlantic entrance. Each of these positions will be provided with secondary batteries of six six-inch guns. The great mortars will have an effective fighting range of fifteen thousand three hundred yards, almost nine miles, while the fourteen-inch rifles will have an effective range of twelve thousand yards, about six and two-thirds

miles. The batteries will be placed in heavy fortifications on the two points commanding the entrance of the canal on the Atlantic side and on islands just in front of the entrance on the Pacific side, with connection and support from the mainland. This giant artillery will be served by a permanent garrison of twelve companies of seacoast artillery. The immense sea-forts will have double land defenses so that they may not be taken in the rear by land attacks. The outer land-defense force at each main fortification will be a mobile body which can move out of its position to meet and repel any landing party at the very water's edge, while the inner and smaller land-defense force will remain to deal with any sudden raid or night surprise. Should the outer force fail to prevent a landing anywhere on the seacoast, it will fall back and take up its position again in the main fortification.

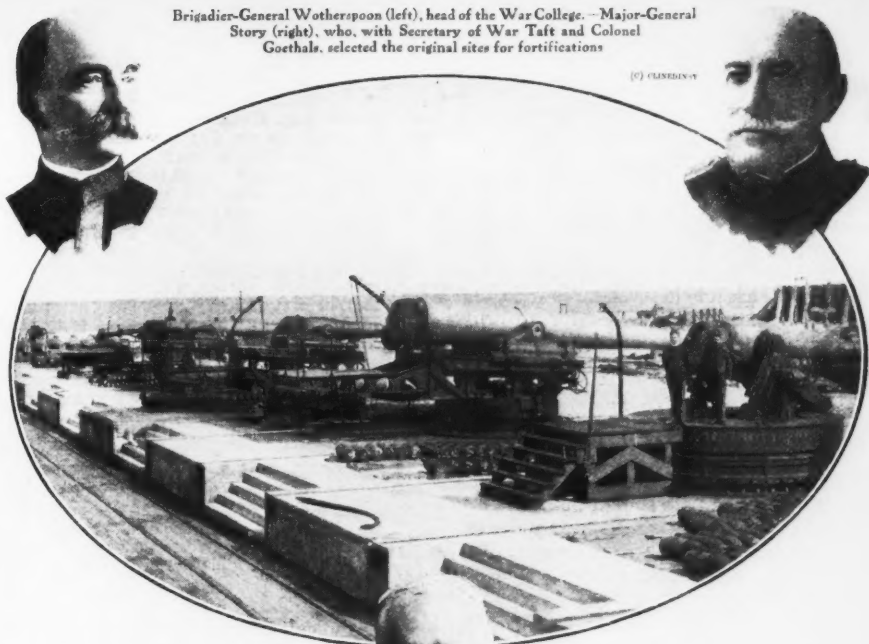
The tremendous smashing power of the fourteen-inch rifles and twelve-inch mortars is increased by the fact that they can be fired with accuracy twice a minute. The big rifles and mortars alone at the Pacific end of the canal will be able to throw twenty-nine thousand pounds of projectiles every minute, while the mortars and big rifles on the Atlantic side will throw forty-five thousand two hundred pounds a minute. This does not include the batteries of six-inch rifles.

THE FORTS WILL BE IMPREGNABLE

No warship afloat, however powerful, would dare to come within range of batteries of mortars having an actual effective range of nearly nine miles. The land artillery of the United States has a demonstrated accuracy three times as great as our naval artillery, and the marksmanship of our naval gunners is supposed to be superior to that of any navy in the world. So that, considering the difference in accuracy and power between guns mounted on land fortifications and guns set on the decks of constantly moving warships, a naval force would have no chance against such defenses as are to be erected at the ends of the Panama Canal. As a matter of fact, no existing warship, and none that has as yet been planned, will have the artillery range of the Panama forts. The twelve-inch mortars would be able to rain shells upon the finest battleships in the world, while their guns would be unable to reach the forts.

Brigadier-General Wotherspoon (left), head of the War College. — Major-General Story (right), who, with Secretary of War Taft and Colonel Goethals, selected the original sites for fortifications

(C) CLINTON



Big guns at the Sandy Hook proving-ground tested before being shipped to its destination. Here the big guns that will defend the whole world's ships of war.—Senator Morgan, of Alabama, who, for years before was necessary for the country's safety, urged Congress to build it: but a powerful railway lobby always

prevented favorable action

The principal strategic officers of the United States army and navy declare that the forts, when constructed and armed, will be impregnable from attack by sea, and that not the greatest battleship fleet that even England could muster would dare to engage them in battle. The range and power of these forts are absolutely essential, so that our warships, in passing from one ocean to another for a fighting concentration, may be able to emerge from the canal one by one, out of range of the enemy's fleet, and form in line of battle before moving out to fight. The American artillery in the canal forts will be so superior to anything that a fleet can bring to bear on them that our whole navy can safely maneuver under protection of our great land batteries while the enemy will be more than two thousand yards out of effective range.

To secure the locks, dams, bridges, and tunnels from land attacks by raiding parties, field-works will be built at the dams, and there will be a great central military camp

established on the high ground between Empire and Culebra, with four regiments of infantry, one battalion of field-artillery, and one squadron of cavalry, so that in case of an inland attempt to seize the locks or dams, five thousand men, supported by field-artillery, can be concentrated behind fortifications at any point within two or three hours. Each lock or group of locks will be continuously guarded by a battalion of infantry.

It is estimated that so long as the American navy was afloat, no purely naval force in the world could land more than ten thousand men on the coast to attack our main forts in the rear or to seize the locks and dams. While our fleet was in being the transportation of soldiers in troop-ships would be an unthinkable risk for any enemy. Therefore it is certain that the five thousand men of the permanent mobile canal garrison, with fortifications and plenty of field-artillery, would be able to resist with ease ten thousand foreign marines and bluejackets, the largest force that even the British navy could put ashore.

Fortify the Canal

Of course, if the American navy were to be destroyed or captured, the enemy might then bring an army in troop-ships and take the forts and locks by a regular siege. But, short of that disaster, the fortifications and troops to be provided in our Panama zone will make the canal safe from capture or destruction and keep it free for the use of our fighting ships. On each side of the canal is a thick jungle seven miles wide, and there is no possible approach for an army by way of Colombia, as the country in that direction is impassably swampy and malarious.

DEFENSES—OR HALF A MILLION MEN

With her great navy and immense standing army Japan could attack our Pacific coast to-day, and we should be helpless to resist her. This is the deliberate judgment of the Secretary of War, the General Staff, the War College, and all to whom the defense of the country would be committed in the event of war. But four years from now, when the canal is opened, an attack by Japan would be promptly met by a swift concentration of our Atlantic battleship fleet in the Pacific Ocean.

It may be hard for the average American to appreciate the military weakness of his country at the present time, especially on the Pacific coast, and to understand in what an appalling situation the United States would be should the Panama Canal, being unfortified, suddenly be seized by Japan, a nation which has twice within the last fifteen years begun war without a declaration of war and by treacherous attacks.

In his recent suppressed report to Congress Secretary of War Dickinson said:

In my opinion this country cannot, so far as its land forces are concerned, be considered in a state of readiness for defense or to repel invasion if attempted on our coasts by any first-class power having the shipping to transport and the navy to protect the transit of her armed forces over the sea.

A conservative estimate of the forces which could be transported in a single expedition over the Atlantic Ocean to our coast by a first-class power would be 100,000 men, and the time required would be from ten days to eighteen days, depending upon the speed of the convoy and the point such a power had selected for the attack. Such an expeditionary force might be followed by another of like strength in from twenty to forty days.

The minimum number of trained mobile troops estimated as necessary to be placed in readiness in the first line at strategic points in the New England,

Middle Atlantic, and Gulf States, to prevent a lodgment being made by the first expeditionary force on the Atlantic or Gulf coasts, is 450,000. To meet this requirement we would probably have available in all parts of the United States, as shown above, a total force of 114,500 mobile troops (32,500 regulars and 82,000 organized militia).

The same number of men could be brought by an enemy against our Pacific coast as against our Atlantic and Gulf coasts, and the same number of defenders would be necessary. The time required to transport such a force across the Pacific would be from sixteen to twenty days, depending upon the speed of the convoy and the point selected for attack. To prevent an enemy making a lodgment on the Pacific coast we would need in our first line at least 450,000 trained mobile troops located in proper strategic positions, fully organized and equipped for field operations. These troops should be in position within fifteen or twenty days after the opening of hostilities.

To meet this requirement we have available in all parts of the United States a total force of 114,500 mobile troops—32,500 regulars and 82,000 militia.

It is estimated that this force could be assembled on the Pacific coast at the forthcoming rate: In ten days 30,000; in twenty days 70,000; in thirty days 114,000.

It is difficult to speak calmly of the thick-headed, thin-blooded theory that would, in the face of these facts, persuade us to leave our coasts unprotected by using our navy to guard an unfortified canal. The constantly westward motion of civilization is approaching its majestic end on the shores of the Pacific, but as Anglo-Saxon and Asiatic civilization meet in competition there must be no weakness or unpreparedness on our part.

NATIONAL SAFETY THE ISSUE

The American people, whose free institutions—unhampered by pretenders to a throne, monarchical traditions, or a hereditary aristocracy—present the last and best hope for the political salvation of mankind, are building through the middle of the American hemisphere a highway for the world's ships—the greatest and costliest engineering feat of the age—a highway which is an undisputed part of the coast-line of the United States, connecting the nation's Atlantic and Pacific coasts. With the great armed powers approaching a struggle for supremacy in Asia, and with a part of Asia already in arms and thirsting for conquest, it would seem as though none but a fool or a traitor could fail to see that to refuse to fortify the Panama Canal is to invite war and to make our destruction easy.

The Common Law

A STORY OF LOVE AND THE STRUGGLE AGAINST TRADITION

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Fighting Chance," "The Younger Set," "The Danger Mark," etc.

Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS: Louis Neville, a wealthy and well-known young artist, is disturbed by a ring at his studio bell. Answering it, he finds at the door a young woman, Valerie West, seeking employment as a model. He gives a negative answer, but something about her touches him to sympathy, and he invites her in to leave her name and address. He indifferently begins to tabulate her qualifications when her lifted veil discloses an unusual beauty. "How much time can you give me, provided your figure is as beautiful as your face?" is his next question. The answer being satisfactory, she is shown into the dressing-room to disrobe. A long time passes and many tears have been shed before she is ready for his critical judgment. She is pronounced practically faultless, and work is begun at once. He paints rapidly on until a gasp of pain from her warns him that she is about to fall, and he rushes to her. Then he learns that she has never posed before, and is all commiseration as he realizes how much it must have hurt her finer sensibilities to pose as she did. The incident puts them on a footing of camaraderie at once, for her education and culture are evident, as is his desire to shield her. There is luncheon in the studio and a long talk in which she discloses that she has had no real girlhood and is starved for a chance to have intellectual friends and make a decent living. She has tried the theater and left it—because she has principles.

Thus begins her career, followed by happy days in Neville's studio, in posing for friends of his, in gaieties and innocent sentimentalities shared with more or less gay devotees of art. Neville—Kelly, his friends call him—alone is always serious, but as the days pass a note of tenderness creeps into his talk with her and more than a shade of annoyance when she tells him of associating with other men. He defends her with warmth at a gathering which includes a girl who considers herself engaged to him, goes to the mountain hotel where she is spending a short vacation and where he kisses her under the stars and then flees a situation which he dare not face. The summer and autumn pass. A lack of self-confidence, desperately combated, grows upon him, and he begins to doubt his future. In the meantime his work does not require Valerie, and he sees little of her until their eyes meet across a boisterous roomful of New Year's Eve celebrants, among whom she is as gay as the gayest. He leaves; she follows. In his studio that night the issue is debated until he comes face to face with the fact that he loves her, and then he asks her to marry him. Her reply sets conventions as naught, not because she loves lightly, but because she loves well. All his attempts to change her resolution fail; she is moved by neither his arguments nor his entreaties. Their intimates begin to suspect something, they know not what, for they are convinced of the high and noble character of both girl and man. Valerie has to bear the brunt of various subtle insinuations, but the "great change" comes daily nearer without a wavering in her conviction that she is justified in her love and in offering it without benefit of the license-bureau. In many an argument Neville, who has never accepted her terms, attempts to win her consent to an open betrothal, but her determination is adamant. And now her untrammelled spirit begins to have its influence upon him, and she boldly undertakes to lead him out upon high places of the soul that, self-centered as he is, he has never yet explored.

X

IT WAS slowly becoming evident to Neville that Valerie's was the stronger character, not through any genius for tenacity nor on account of any domineering instinct, but because, mistaken or otherwise in her ethical reasoning, she was consistent, true to her belief, and had the courage to live up to it. And this made her convictions almost unassailable.

Slavery to established custom of any kind she smilingly disdained, refusing to submit to restrictions which centuries of social usage had established, when such social restrictions and limitations hampered or annoyed her.

Made conscious by the very conventions designed to safeguard unconsciousness; made wise by the unwisdom of a civilization which required ignorance of innocence, she had as yet lost none of her sweetness and confidence in herself and in a world which she considered a friendly one at best, and, at worst, more-silly than vicious.

Her life, the experience of a lonely girlhood in the world, wide and varied reading, unwise and otherwise, and an intelligence which needed only experience and training, had hastened to a premature maturity her impatience with the faults of civilization. And in the honest revolt of youth she forgot that what she rejected was, after all, civilization itself, and that as yet there had been offered no acceptable substitute for its faulty codification.

To do one's best was to be fearlessly true to one's convictions and let God judge; that was her only creed. And from her point of view humanity needed no other.

So she went about the pleasure and happiness of living with a light heart and a healthy interest, not doubting that all was right between her and the world, and that the *status quo* must endure.

And endless misunderstandings ensued between her and the man she loved. She was a very busy business girl, and he objected. She went about to theaters and

* This story began in the November issue of the *Cosmopolitan*



"Do you know," said Rita, "that you have come pretty close to falling in love with Kelly Neville?"



Valerie's lips trembled on the edge of a smile as she bent lower over her sewing, but she made no reply

parties and dinners and concerts with other men; and Neville didn't like it. Penrhyn Cardemon met her at a theatrical supper and asked her to be one of his guests on his big yacht, the *Mohave*, fitted out for the Azores. There were twenty in the party, and she would have gone had not Neville objected angrily.

It was not his objection but his irritation that confused her. She could discover no reason for it. "It can't be that you don't trust me," she said to him, "so it must be that you're lonely without me, even when you go to spend two weeks with your parents. I don't mind not going if you don't wish me to, Louis, and I'll stay here in town while you visit your father and mother, but it seems a little bit odd of you not to let me go when I can be of no earthly use to you."

Her gentleness with him, and her sweet way of reasoning made him ashamed.

"It's the crowd that's going, Valerie—Cardemon, Querida, Marianne Valdez—where did you meet her, anyway?"

"In her dressing-room at the Opera. She's perfectly sweet. Isn't she all right?"

"She's Cardemon's mistress," he said bluntly.

A painful color flushed her face and neck; and at the same instant he realized what he had said.

Neither spoke for a while; he went on with his painting; she, standing once more for the full-length portrait, resumed her pose in silence.

After a while she heard his brushes clatter to the floor, saw him leave his easel, was aware that he was coming toward her. And the next moment he had dropped at her feet, kneeling there, one arm tightening around her knees, his head pressed close.

Listlessly she looked down at him, dropped one slim hand on his shoulder, considering him. "The curious part of it is," she said, "that all the scorn in your voice was for Marianne Valdez and none for Penrhyn Cardemon."

He said nothing.

"Such a queer, topsyturvy world," she sighed, letting her hand wander from his shoulder to his thick, short hair. She caressed his forehead thoughtfully. "I suppose some man will say that of me some day. But that is a little matter—compared to making life happy for you. To be your mistress could never make me unhappy."

"To be your husband, and to put an end

to all these damnable doubts and misgivings and cross-purposes, would make me happy all my life!" he burst out with a violence that startled her.

"Hush, Louis. We must not begin that hopeless argument again."

"Valerie! Valerie! You are breaking my heart!"

"Hush, dear. You know I am not."

She looked down at him; her lip was trembling. Suddenly she slid down to the floor and knelt there confronting him, her arms around him.

"Dearer than all the world and heaven, do you think that I am breaking your heart? You *know* I am not. You know what I am doing for your sake, for your family's sake, for my own. I am only giving you a love that can cause them no pain, bring no regret to you. Take it, then, and kiss me."

But the days were full of little scenes like this—of earnest, fiery discussions, of passionate arguments, of flashes of temper ending in tears and heavenly reconciliation.

He had gone for two weeks to visit his father and mother at their summer home near Portsmouth, and before he went he took her in his arms and told her how ashamed he was of his bad temper at the idea of her going on the *Mohave*, and said that she might go; that he did trust her anywhere, and that he was trying to learn to concede to her the same liberty of action and of choice that any man enjoyed. But she convinced him very sweetly that she really had no desire to go, and sent him off to Spindrift House happy, and madly in love; which resulted in two letters a day from him, and in her passing long evenings in confidential duets with Rita Tevis.

Rita had taken the bedroom next Valerie's, and together they had added the luxury of a tiny living-room to the suite. It was the first time that either had ever had any place in which to receive anybody; and now, delighted to be able to ask people, they let it be known that their friends could have tea with them.

Ogilvy and Annan had promptly availed themselves.

"This is exceedingly grand," said Ogilvy, examining everything in a tour around the pretty little sitting-room. "We can have all kinds of a rough house now." And he got down on his hands and knees in the middle of the rug and very gravely turned a somersault.

"Sam! Behave! Or I'll set my parrot on you!" exclaimed Valerie.

Ogilvy sat up and inspected the parrot. "You know," he said, "I believe I've seen that parrot somewhere."

"Impossible, my dear friend, unless you've been in my bedroom."

Ogilvy got up, dusted his trousers, and walked over to the parrot. "Well, it looks like a bird I used to know. I—it certainly resembles—" He hesitated, then addressing the bird, "Hello, Leparello, you old scoundrel!" he said cautiously.

"Forget it!" muttered the bird, cocking his head and lifting first one slate-colored claw from his perch, then the other; "forget it! Help! Oh, very well. God bless the ladies!"

"Where on earth did you ever before see my parrot?" asked Valerie, astonished.

Ogilvy appeared to be a little out of countenance, too. "Oh, I really don't remember exactly where I did see him," he tried to explain; and nobody believed him.

"Sam! Answer me!"

"Well, where did *you* get him?"

"José Querida gave Leparello to me."

Annan and Ogilvy exchanged the briefest glance—a perfectly blank glance.

"It probably isn't the same bird," said Ogilvy carelessly. "There are plenty of parrots that talk—plenty of 'em named Leparello probably."

"Sam, how *can* you be so untruthful! Rita, hold him tightly while I pull his ears!"

It was a form of admonition peculiarly distasteful to Ogilvy, and he made a vain effort to escape.

"Now, Sam, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth! Quick, or I'll tweak!"

"All right, then," he said maliciously. "Querida's got relatives in Oporto who send him these kind of parrots occasionally. He names 'em all Leparello, teaches 'em all the same jargon, and—gives 'em to girls!"

"How funny," said Valerie. She looked at Sam, aware of something else in his grin, and gave an uncertain little laugh.

He sat down, rubbing his ear-lobes, the malicious grin still lingering on his countenance. What he had not told her was that Querida's volcanically irregular affairs of the heart always ended with the gift of an Oporto parrot. Marianne Valdez owned one. So did Mazie Gray. His cynical gaze rested on Valerie reflectively. He had

heard plenty of rumors and whispers concerning her; and never believed any of them. He could not believe now that the gift of this crimson, green, and sky-blue creature signified anything. Yet Querida had known her as long as anybody except Neville.

"When did he give you this parrot?" he asked carelessly.

"Oh, one day just before I was going to Atlantic City. He was coming down, too, to stay a fortnight while I was there, and come back with me; and he said that he had intended to give the parrot to me after our return, but that he might as well give it to me before I went."

"I see," said Ogilvy thoughtfully. A few moments later, as he and Annan were leaving the house, he said, "It looks to me as though our friend, José, had taken too much for granted."

"It looks like it," nodded Annan, smiling unpleasantly.

"Too sure of conquest," added Ogilvy. "Got the frozen mitt, didn't he?"

"And the Grand Cordon of the Double Cross."

"And the hot end of the poker, yes?"

"Sure, and it's still sizzling," Ogilvy cast a gleeful glance back at the house. "Fine little girl. All white. Yes? No?"

"All white," nodded Annan. "And Neville isn't that kind of a man, anyway." Ogilvy said, "So *you* think so, too?"

"Oh, yes. He's crazy about her, and she isn't taking Sundays out if it's his day in. Only, what's the use?"

"No use. I guess Kelly Neville has seen as many artists who've married their models, as we have. Besides, his people are frightful snobs."

Annan, walking along briskly, swung his stick vigorously. "She's a sweet little thing," he said.

"I know it. It's going to be hard for her. She can't stand for a mutt, and it's the only sort that will marry her. I don't know—she's a healthy kind of girl—but God help her if she ever really falls in love with one of our sort."

"I think she's done it," said Annan.

"Kelly?"

"Doesn't it look like it?"

"Oh, it will wear off without any harm to either of them. That little girl is smart, all right; she'll never waste an evening screaming for the moon. And Kelly Neville



Querida called on them and was very agreeable and lively and fascinating; and when he went away or twice; and things gradually



Valerie asked him to come again. He did; and again after that. She and Rita dined with him once slipped back to their old footing

is—is Kelly Neville—a dear fellow, so utterly absorbed in the career of a brilliant and intelligent young artist named Louis Neville that if the entire earth blew up he'd begin a new canvas the week after. Not that I think him cold hearted—no, not even selfish, as that little bounder Allaire says—but he's a man who has never yet had time to spare."

"They're the most hopeless," observed Annan, "the men who haven't time to spare. Because it takes only a moment to say: 'Hello, old man! How are you?' It takes only a moment to put yourself, mentally, in some less-lucky man's shoes; and be friendly and sorry and interested."

"He's a pretty decent sort," murmured Ogilvy. "Anyway, that Valerie child is safe enough in temporarily adoring Kelly Neville."

The "Valerie child," in a loose, rose-silk peignoir, cross-legged on her bed, was sewing industriously on her week's mending. Rita, in dishabille, lay across the foot of the bed nibbling bonbons and reading the evening paper. They had dined in their living-room, a chafing-dish aiding. Afterward Valerie went over her weekly accounts and had now taken up her regular mending; and there she sat, sewing away, and singing in her clear, young voice, the old madrigal:

Let us dry the starting tear,
For the hours are surely fleeting
And the sad sundown is near.
All must sip the cup of sorrow,
I to-day, and thou to-morrow!
This the end of every song,
Ding-dong! Ding-dong!
Yet until the shadows fall
Over one and over all,
Sing a merry madrigal!

Rita, nibbling a chocolate, glanced up. "That's a gay little creed," she observed.

"Of course. It's the *only* creed."

Rita shrugged, and Valerie went on blithely singing and sewing.

"How long has that young man of yours been away?" inquired Rita, looking up again.

"Thirteen days."

"Oh. Are you sure it isn't fourteen?"

"Perfectly." Then the sarcasm struck her and she looked around at Rita and laughed. "Of course I count the days," she said, conscious of the soft color mounting to her cheeks.

Rita sat up and kicked the newspaper to the floor. "Do you know," she said, "that

you have come pretty close to falling in love with Kelly Neville?"

Valerie's lips trembled on the edge of a smile as she bent lower over her sewing, but she made no reply.

"I should say," continued Rita, "that it was about time for you to pick up your skirts and run for it."

Still Valerie sewed on in silence.

"Valerie!"

"What?"

"For goodness' sake say something!"

"What do you want me to say, dear?" asked the girl, laughing.

"That you are *not* in danger of making a silly ninny of yourself over Kelly Neville."

"Oh, I'll say that very cheerfully."

"Valerie!"

The girl looked at her, calmly amused. Then she said: "I might as well tell you. I am head over heels in love with him. You knew it, anyway, Rita. You've known it—oh, I don't know how long, but you've known it. Haven't you?"

Rita thought a moment. "Yes, I have known it. What are you going to do?"

"Do?"

"Yes; what do you intend to do about this matter?"

"Love him," said Valerie. "What else can I do?"

"You could try not to."

"I don't want to."

"You had better."

"Why?"

"Because," said Rita deliberately, "if you really love him you'll either become his wife or his mistress; and it's a pretty rotten choice either way."

Valerie blushed scarlet. "Rotten — choice?"

"Certainly. You know perfectly well what your position would be when his family and his friends learned that he'd married his model. No girl of any spirit would endure it, no matter how affable his friends might perhaps pretend to be. No girl of any sense would ever put herself in such a false position. I tell you, Valerie, it's only the exceptional man who'll stand by you. No doubt Louis Neville would. But it would cost him every friend he has, and probably the respect of his parents. And that means misery for you both, because he couldn't conceal from you what marrying you was costing him."

"Rita!"

"Yes."

"There is no use telling me all this. I know it. He knows I know it. I am not going to marry him."

After a silence Rita said slowly, "Did he ask you to?"

Valerie looked down, passed her needle through the hem once, twice. "Yes," she said softly, "he asked me."

"And you refused?"

"Yes."

Rita said: "I like Kelly Neville, and I love you better, dear. But it's not best for you to marry him. Life isn't a very sentimental affair, not nearly as silly a matter as poets and painters and dramas and novels pretend it is. Love really plays a very minor part in life. Don't you know it?"

"Yes. I lived twenty years without it," said Valerie demurely, yet in her smile Rita divined the hidden tragedy. And she leaned forward and kissed her impulsively.

"Let's swear celibacy," she said, "and live out our lives together in single blessedness! Will you? We can have a perfectly good time until the undertaker knocks."

"I hope he won't knock for a long while," said Valerie, with a slight shiver. "There's so much I want to see before he comes."

"You shall. We'll see everything together. We'll work hard, live frugally if you say so, cut out all frills and nonsense, and save and save until we have enough to retire on respectably. And then, like two nice old ladies, we'll start out to see the world."

"Oh, Rita! I don't want to see it when I'm too old!"

"You'll enjoy it more."

"Rita! How ridiculous! You've seen more of the world than I have, anyway. It's all very well for you to say wait till I'm an old maid; but you've been to Paris, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Rita. There was a slight color in her face.

"Well, then! Why must I wait until I'm a dowdy old frump before I go? Why should you and I not be as happy as we can afford to be while we're young and attractive and unspoiled?"

"I want you to be as happy as you can afford to be, Valerie. But you can't afford to fall in love."

"Why?"

"Because it will make you miserable."

"But it doesn't."

"It will if it is love."

"It is, Rita," said the girl, smiling out of her dark eyes, deep brown wells of truth that the other gazed into and saw a young soul, fearless and doomed.

"Valerie," she said, shivering, "you won't do—that, will you?"

"Dear, I cannot marry him, and I love him. What else am I to do?"

"Well, then—then you'd better marry him!" stammered Rita, frightened. "It's better for you! It's better—"

"For me? Yes, but how about him?"

"What do you care about him!" burst out Rita, almost incoherent in her fright and anger. "He's a man; he can take care of



Tall, transparently pale, negative in character, Neville's father had made it a life-object to get through life without increasing the number of his acquaintances

himself. Don't think of him. It isn't your business to consider him. If he wants to marry you, it's his concern after all. Let him do it! Marry him and let him fight it out with his friends! After all, what does a man give a girl that compares with what she gives him? Men—men"—she stammered—"they're all alike in the depths of their own hearts. We are incidents to them, no matter how they say they love us. They *can't* love as we do. They're not made for it! We are part of the game to them; they are the whole game to us; we are, at best, an important episode in their careers; they are our whole careers. Oh, Valerie! Valerie! listen to me, child! That man could go on living and painting and eating and drinking and sleeping and getting up to dress and going to bed to sleep, if you lay dead in your grave. But if you loved him, and were his wife, or—God forgive me!—his mistress, the day he died *you* would die, though your body might live on. I know—I know, Valerie. Death, whether it be his body or his love, ends all for the woman who really loves him. Woman's loss is eternal. But man's loss is only temporary—he is made that way, fashioned so. Now I tell you the exchange is not fair—it has never been fair, never will be, never can be. And I warn you not to give this man the freshness of your youth, the happy years of your life, your innocence, the devotion which he will transmute into passion with his accursed magic! I warn you not to forsake the tranquillity of ignorance, the blessed immunity from that devil's paradise that you are already gazing into."

"Rita! Rita! What are you saying?"

"I scarcely know, child. I am trying to save you from lifelong unhappiness—trying to tell you that—that men are not worth it."

"How do you know?"

There was a silence, then Rita, very pale and quiet, leaned forward, resting her elbows on her knees and framing her face with her hands. "I had my lesson," she said.

"You! Oh, my darling, forgive me! I did not know."

Rita suffered herself to be drawn into the younger girl's impulsive embrace; they both cried a little, arms around each other, faltering out question and answer in unsteady whispers.

"Were you married, dearest?"

"No."

"Oh, I am *so* sorry, dear."

"So am I. Do you blame me for thinking about men as I do think?"

"Didn't you love him?"

"I thought I did. I was too young to know. It doesn't matter now."

"No, no, of course not. You made a ghastly mistake, but it's no more shame to you than it is to him. Besides, you thought you loved him."

"He could have made me. I was young enough. But he let me see how absolutely wicked he was. And then it was too late ever to love him."

"Oh, Rita! Rita! Then you haven't ever even had the happiness of loving? Have you?"

Rita did not answer.

"Have you, darling?"

Then Rita broke down and laid her head on Valerie's knees, crying as though her heart would break.

"That's the terrible part of it," she sobbed. "I really do love a man, now. Not that *first* one, and there's nothing to do about it—nothing, Valerie, nothing, because even if he asked me to marry him I can't now."

"Because you—"

"Yes."

"And if you had not—"

"God knows what I would do," sobbed Rita, "I love him so, Valerie, I love him so!"

The younger girl looked down at the blond head lying on her knees—looked at the pretty tear-stained face gleaming through the fingers—looked and wondered over the philosophy broken down beside the bowed head and breaking heart. Terrible her plight; with or without benefit of clergy she dared not give herself. Love was no happiness to her, no confidence, no sacrifice—only a dreadful mockery, a thing that fettered, paralyzed, terrified.

"Does he love you?" whispered Valerie.

"No, I think not."

"If he did he would forgive."

"Do you think so?"

"Of course. Love pardons everything," said the girl in surprise.

"Yes. But never forgets."

That was the first confidence that ever had passed between Valerie West and Rita Tevis. And after it, Rita, apparently forgetting her own philosophical collapse, never ceased to urge upon Valerie the wis-

dom, the absolute necessity, of self-preservation in considering her future relations with Louis Neville. But, like Neville's logic, Rita's failed before the innocent simplicity of the creed which Valerie had embraced. Valerie was willing that their relations should remain indefinitely as they were if the little gods of convention were to be considered; she had the courage to sever all relations with the man she loved if anybody could convince her that it was better for Neville. Marry him she would not, because she believed it meant inevitable unhappiness for him. But she was not afraid to lay her ringless hands in his forever.

Querida called on them and was very agreeable and lively and fascinating; and when he went away Valerie asked him to come again. He did; and again after that. She and Rita dined with him once or twice; and things gradually slipped back to their old footing; and Querida remained on his best behavior.

Neville had prolonged the visit to the parental roof. He did not explain to her why, but the reason was that he had made up his mind to tell his parents that he wished to marry and to find out once and for all what their attitudes would be toward such a girl as Valerie West. But he had not yet found courage to do it, and he was lingering on, trying to find it and the proper moment to employ it.

His father was a gentleman so utterly devoid of imagination that he had never even ventured into business, but had been emotionlessly content to marry and live upon an income sufficient to maintain the material and intellectual traditions of the house of Neville.

Tall, transparently pale, negative in character, he had made it a life-object to get through life without increasing the number of his acquaintances—legacies in the second generation left him by his father, whose father before him had left the grandfathers of these friends as legacies to his son.

It was a pallid and limited society that Henry Neville and his wife frequented—a coterie of elderly, intellectual people, and their prematurely dried-out offspring. And intellectual in-breeding was thinning it to attenuation, to a bloodless meagerness in which they, who composed it, conceived a mournful pride.

Old New-Yorkers all, knowing no other city, no other bourne north of Tenth Street

or west of Chelsea—silent, serene, drab-toned people, whose drawing-rooms were musty with what had once been fragrance, whose science, religion, interests, desires, were the beliefs, interests, and emotions of a century ago, their colorless existence and passive snobbishness affronted nobody who did not come seeking affront.

To them Theodore Thomas had been the last conductor, his orchestra the last musical expression fit for a cultivated society; the Academy of Music remained their last symphonic temple, Wallack's the last refuge of a drama now dead forever.

Delmonico's had been their northern limit, Stuyvesant Square their eastern, old Trinity their southern, and Chelsea their western. Outside there was nothing. The blatancy and gilt of the million-voiced metropolis fell on closed eyes and on ears attuned only to the murmurs of the past. They lived in their ancient houses and went abroad and summered in some simple old-time hamlet hallowed by the headstones of their grand-sires, and existed as meaninglessly and blamelessly as the old catalpa-trees spreading above their door-yards.

And into this narrow circle Louis Neville and his sister Lily had been born.

As for Louis's career, his achievements, his work, they regarded it without approval. Their last great painters had been Bierstadt and Hart, their last great sculptor, Powers. Blankly they gazed upon the splendors of the mural symphonies achieved by the son and heir of all the Nevilles; they could not comprehend the art of the Uitlanders; their comment was silence and dignity.

To them all had become only shadowy tradition; even affection and human emotion, and the relationship of kin to kin, of friend to friend, had become only part of a negative existence which conformed to precedent, temporal and spiritual, as written in the archives of a worn-out civilization.

So, under the circumstances, it was scarcely to be wondered at that Neville hesitated to introduce the subject of Valerie West as he sat in the parlor at Spindrift House with his father and mother, reading the *Tribune* or the *Evening Post* or poring over some ancient book of travels, or looking out across the cliffs at an icy sea splintering and glittering against a coast of frozen adamant.

At length he could remain no longer; commissions awaited him in town; hunger for



To Latimer Varyck's whimsical insistence Valerie finally was obliged to admit that her reasons for pected truism practically stunned that harmless dilettante and so delighted Neville



not liking Richard Strauss were because she thought him ugly, uninspired, and disreputable, which unex-
that he was obliged to disguise his mirth with a scowl directed at the ceiling

Valerie gnawed ceaselessly, unsubdued by his letters to her or by hers to him.

"Mother," he said, the evening before his departure, "would it surprise you very much if I told you that I wished to marry?"

"No," she said tranquilly; "you mean Stephanie Swift, I suppose?"

His father glanced up over his spectacles, and he hesitated; then, as his father resumed his reading,

"I don't mean Stephanie, mother."

His father laid aside his book and removed the thin, gold-rimmed spectacles. "I understand from Lily that we are to be prepared to receive Stephanie Swift as your affianced wife," he said. "I shall be gratified. Stephen Swift was my oldest friend."

"Lily was mistaken, father. Stephanie and I are merely very good friends. I have no idea of asking her to marry me."

"I had been given to understand otherwise, Louis. I am disappointed."

Louis Neville looked out the window, considering, yet conscious of the hopelessness of it all.

"Who is this girl, Louis?" asked his mother, pulling the white-and-lilac wool shawl closer around her thin shoulders.

"Her name is Valerie West."

"One of the Wests of West Eighth Street?" demanded his father.

The humor of it all twitched for a moment at his son's grimly set jaws, then a slight flush mantled his face, "No, father."

"Do you mean the Chelsea Wests, Louis?"

"No."

"Then we don't know them," concluded his father with a shrug of his shoulders, which dismissed many, many things from any possibility of further discussion. But his mother's face grew troubled.

"Who is this Miss West?" she asked in a colorless voice.

"She is a very good, very noble, very cultivated, very beautiful young girl—an orphan—who is supporting herself by her own endeavors."

"What!" said his father, astonished.

"Mother, I know how it sounds to you, but you and father have only to meet her to recognize in her every quality that you could possibly wish for in my wife."

"Who is she, Louis?" demanded his father, casting aside the evening newspaper and folding up his spectacles.

"I've told you, father."

"I beg to differ with you. Who is this girl? In what description of business is she actually engaged?"

The young fellow's face grew red. "She was engaged in—the drama."

"What!"

"She was an actress," he said, realizing the utter absurdity of any hope from the beginning, yet now committed and determined to see it through to the bitter end.

"An actress! Louis!" faltered his mother.

There was a silence, cut like a knife by the thin edge of his father's voice, "If she was an actress, what is she now?"

"She has helped me with my painting."

"Helped you? How?"

"By—posing."

"Do you desire me to understand that the girl is an artists' model?"

"Yes."

His father stared at him a moment, then, "And is this the woman you propose to have your mother meet?"

"Father," he said hopelessly, "there is no use in my saying anything more. Miss West is a sweet, good, generous young girl, fully my peer in education, my superior in many things. You and mother can never believe that the ideas, standards, even the ideals, of civilization change, have changed since your youth, are changing every hour. In your youth the word actress had a dubious significance; to-day it signifies only what the character of her who wears the title signifies. In your youth it was immodest, unmaidenly, reprehensible, for a woman to be anything except timid, easily abashed, ignorant of vital truths, and submissive to every social convention; to-day women are neither ignorant nor timid; they are innocent because they choose to be; they are fearless, intelligent, ambitious, and self-reliant and lose nothing in feminine charm by daring to be themselves instead of admitting their fitness only for the seraglio of some Occidental monogamist."

"Louis! Your mother is present!"

"Good heavens, father, I know it! Isn't it possible even for a man's own mother to hear a little truth once in a while?"

His father rose in pallid wrath. "Be silent!" he said unsteadily; "the subject is definitely ended."

It was ended. His father gave him a thin, chilly hand at parting. But his mother met him at the outer door and laid her trembling lips to his forehead.

"You won't bring this shame on us, Louis, I know. Nor on yourself, nor on the name you bear. It is an honorable name in the land, Louis. I pray God to bless you and counsel you, my son"—she turned away, adding in a whisper—"and—comfort you."

And so he went away from Spindrift House, through a snow-storm, and arrived in New York late that evening; but not too late to call Valerie on the telephone and hear again the dear voice with its happy little cry of greeting—and the promise of to-morrow's meeting before the day of duty should begin.

Love grew as the winter sped glittering toward the far primrose dawn of spring; work filled their days; evening brought the happiness of a reunion eternally charming in its surprise, its endless novelty. New, forever new, love seemed; and youth, too, seemed immortal.

On various occasions when Valerie chanced to be at his studio, pouring tea for him, friends of his sister came unannounced—agreeable women more or less fashionable, who pleaded his sister's sanction of an unceremonious call to see the great painted frieze before it was sent to the court-house.

He was perfectly nice to them; and Valerie was perfectly at ease; and it was very plain that these people were interested and charmed with this lovely Miss West, whom they found pouring tea in the studio of an artist already celebrated; and every one of them expressed themselves and their curiosity to his sister, Mrs. Collis, who finally wrote to her brother and told him what was being said.

Before he determined to reply another friend—or rather acquaintance—of the Collis family came in to see the picture, the slim and pretty Countess d'Enver. And went quite mad over Valerie—so much so that she remained for an hour talking to her, almost oblivious of Neville and his picture and of Ogilvy and Annan, who consumed time and cocktails in the modest background. When she finally went away, and Neville had returned from putting her into her over-elaborate carriage, Ogilvy said:

"Gee, Valerie, you sure did make a hit with the lady. What was she trying to make you do?"

"She asked me to come to a reception

of the Five-Minute Club with Louis," said Valerie, laughing. "What *is* the Five-Minute Club, Louis?"

"Oh, it's a semi-fashionable, semi-artistic affair, one of the incarnations of the latest group of revolting painters and sculptors and literary people, diluted with a little society and a good deal of near-society."

Later, as they were dining together at Delmonico's, he said, "Would you care to go, Valerie?"

"Yes, if you think it best for us to accept such invitations together."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. Considering what we are to become to each other, I thought—perhaps the prejudices of your friends—"

He turned a dull red, said nothing for a moment, then, looking up at her, suddenly laid his hand over hers where it rested on the table's edge.

"The world must take us as it finds us," he said.

"I know; but is it quite fair to seek it?"

"You adorable girl! Didn't the countess seek us—or rather you?—and torment you until you promised to go to the up-to-date doings of her bally club? It's across to her, now. And as half of society has exchanged husbands and half of the remainder doesn't bother to, I don't think a girl like you and a man like myself are likely to meet many people as innately decent as ourselves."

A reception at the Five-Minute Club was anything but an ordinary affair. It was the ultra-modern school of positivists where realism was on the cards and romance in the discards; where muscle, biceps, and thumb-punching replaced technical mastery and delicate skill; where inspiration was physical, not intellectual; where writers called a spade a spade, and painters painted all sorts of similar bucolic instruments with candor and an inadequate knowledge of their art; where composers thumped their pianos the harder the less their raucous inspiration responded, or maundered incapably into interminable incoherency, hunting for themes in grays and mauves and reds and yellows, determined to find in music what does not belong there and never did.

In spite of its apparent vigor and unpromising modernity, one suspected a substratum of weakness and a perversity slightly vicious. Color-blindness might account for some of the canvases, strabismus for some

of the draftmanship; but not for all. There was an ugly deliberation in the glorification of the raw, the uncouth; there was a callous hardness in the deadly elaboration of ugliness for its own sake. And transcendentalism looked on in approval.

A near-sighted study of various masters, brilliant, morbid, or essentially rotten, was the basis of this cult—not originality. Its devotees were the devotees of Richard Strauss, of Huysmans, of Manet, of Degas, Rops, Louis Le Grand, Forain, Monticelli; its painters painted nakedness in footlight effects with blobs for faces and blue shadows where they were needed to conceal the defects of impudent drawing; its composers maundered with both ears spread wide for stray echoes of Salome; its sculptors, stupefied by Rodin, achieved sections of human anatomy protruding from lumps of clay and marble; its dramatists, drugged by Mallarmé and Maeterlinck, dabbled in dulness, platitude, and mediocre psychology; its writers wrote as bloodily, as squalidly, and as immodestly as they dared; its poets blubbered with Verlaine, spat with Aristide Bruant, or leered with the alcoholic muses of the Dead Rat.

They were all young, all in deadly earnest, all imperfectly educated, all hard workers, brave workers, blind, incapable workers, sweating and twisting and hammering in their impotence against the changeless laws of truth and beauty. With them it was not a case of a loose screw; all screws had been tightened so brutally that the machinery became deadlocked. They were neither lazy, languid, nor precious; they only thought they knew how, and they didn't. All their vigor was sterile; all their courage vain.

Several attractive women exquisitely gowned were receiving; there was just a little something unusual in their prettiness, in their toilets; and also a little something lacking; and its absence was as noticeable in them as it was in the majority of arriving or departing guests. It could not have been self-possession and breeding which an outsider missed. For the slim Countess d'Enver possessed both, inherited from her Pittsburg parents; and Mrs. Hind-Willet was born to a social security indisputable; and Latimer Varyck had been in the diplomatic service before he wrote "Unclothed," and the handsome, dark-eyed Mrs. Atherstane divided social Manhattan with a blonder and lovelier rival.

Valerie, entering with Neville, slender, self-possessed, a hint of inquiry in her level eyes, heard the man at the door announce them, and was conscious of many people turning as they passed into the big reception-room. A woman near her murmured, "What a beauty!" Another added, "How intelligently gowned!" The slim Countess Hélène d'Enver, née Nellie Jackson, held out a perfectly gloved hand and nodded amiably to Neville. Then, smiling fixedly at Valerie, "My dear, how nice of you," she said. "And you, too, Louis; it is very amusing of you to come. José Querida has just departed. He gave us such a delightful five-minute talk on modernity. Quoting Huneker, he spoke of it as a 'quality,' and 'that nervous, naked vibration.'" She ended with a capricious gesture which might have meant anything ineffable, or an order for a Bronx cocktail.

"What's a nervous, naked vibration?" demanded Neville, with an impatient shrug. "It sounds like a massage-parlor, not," he added with respect, "that Huneker doesn't know what he's talking about. Nobody doubts that. Only art is one delicious bouillabaisse to him."

The Countess d'Enver laughed, still retaining Valerie's hand. "Your gown is charming—may I add that you are disturbingly beautiful, Miss West? When they have given you some tea, will you find me if I can't find you?"

"Yes, I will," said Valerie.

At the tea-table Neville brought her a glass of sherry and a bite of something squashy; a number of people spoke to him and asked to be presented to Valerie. Her poise, her unconsciousness, the winning simplicity of her manner, were noticed everywhere, and everywhere commented on. People betrayed a tendency to form groups around her; women, prepared by her unusual beauty for anything between mediocrity and inanity, were a little perplexed at her intelligence and candor.

To Mrs. Hind-Willet's question she replied innocently, "To me there is no modern painter comparable to Mr. Neville, though I dearly love Wilson, Sorolla, and Querida."

To Latimer Varyck's whimsical insistence she finally was obliged to admit that her reasons for not liking Richard Strauss were because she thought him ugly, uninspired, and disreputable, which unexpected truism practically stunned that harmless dilettante



"Where do you keep all those pretty models, Louis?" demanded Cameron, prying aside the tapestry with his walking-stick, and peeping behind furniture and hangings and big piles of canvases. "Be a sport and introduce us"

and so delighted Neville that he was obliged to disguise his mirth with a scowl directed at the ceiling.

"Did I say anything very dreadful, Kelly?" she whispered, when opportunity offered.

"No, you darling. I couldn't keep a civil face when you told the truth about Richard Strauss to that rickety old sensualist."

"I don't really know enough to criticize anything. But Mr. Varyck *would* make me answer; and one must say something."

Olaf Dennison, without preliminary, sat down at the piano, tossed aside his heavy hair, and gave a five-minute prelude to the

second act of his new opera, "Yvonne of Bannalec." The opera might as well have been called "Mamie of Hoboken," for all the music signified to Neville.

Mrs. Hind-Willet, leaning over the chair where Valerie was seated, whispered fervently:

"Isn't it graphic! The music describes an old Breton peasant going to market. You can hear the very click of his sabots and the gurgle of the cider in his jug. And that queer little slap-stick noise is where he's striking palms with another peasant bargaining for his cider."

"But where does Yvonne come in?" inquired Valerie in soft bewilderment.

"He's Yvonne's father," whispered Mrs. Hind-Willet. "The girl doesn't appear during the entire opera. It's a marvelously important advance beyond the tonal and graphic subtleties of Richard Strauss."

Other earnest and worthy people consumed intervals of five minutes now and then; a "disease"—whom Neville insisted on calling a "disease"—said a coy and rather dirty little French poem directly at her audience, leeringly assisted by an oversophisticated piano accompaniment.

"If that's modernity it's certainly naked and nervous enough," commented Neville dryly.

"It's—it's perfectly horrid," murmured Valerie, the blush still lingering on cheek and brow. "I can't understand how intelligent people can even think about such things."

"That sort of thing may be modern and strong, but it's too rank for me. Valerie, shall we bolt?"

"I—I think we'd better," she said miserably. "I don't think I care for—for these interesting people very much."

As they walked east along Fifty-ninth Street, breathing in the fresh sparkling evening air, she said impulsively, "And to think, Louis, that if I had been wicked enough to marry you I'd have driven you into that kind of society—or into something generically similar!"

His face sobered. "You could hold your own in any society."

"Perhaps I could. But they wouldn't let me."

"Are you afraid to fight it out?"

"Yes, dear—at *your* expense. Otherwise—" She gazed smilingly into space, a slight color in either cheek.

XI

VALERIE WEST was twenty-two years old in February. One year of life lay behind her; her future stretched away into sunlit infinity.

Neville attained his twenty-eighth year in March. Years still lay before him, a few lay behind him; but, in a single month, he had waded so swiftly forward through the sea of life that the shallows were already passed, the last shoal was deepening rapidly.

Only, immeasurable and menacing depths remained between him and the horizon—that pale, dead line dividing the noon-time of to-day from the phantom suns of blank eternity.

It was that winter that he began the picture destined to fix definitely his position among the painters of his time—began it humbly, yet somehow aware of what it was to be; afraid, for all his courage, yet conscious of something inevitable impending. It was destiny; and, instinctively, he arose to meet it.

He called the picture "A Bride." A sapphire sky fading to turquoise, in which great clouds crowded high in argent splendor; a young girl naked of feet, her snowy body cinched at the waist with straight and silvered folds, standing amid a riot of wild flowers, head slightly dropped back, white arms inert, pendent. And in her eyes' deep velvet depths the mystery of the annunciation. All humanity and maturity, all adolescence and divinity, was in that face—in the exquisitely sensitive wisdom of the woman's eyes, in the full sweet innocence of the childish mouth, in the smooth little hands so unsoiled, so pure, in the nun-like pallor and slender beauty of the throat.

Whatever had been his inspiration—whether spiritual conviction or the physical beauty of Valerie—neither he nor she considered very deeply. But that he was embodying and creating something of the existence of which neither he nor she had been aware a month ago, was awakening something within them that had never before stirred or given sign of life.

Since the last section of the mural decoration for the new court-house had been shipped to its destination, he had busied himself on two canvases, a portrait of his sister in furs, and the portrait of Valerie.

Lily Collis came in the morning twice a week to sit for him; and once or twice Stephanie Swift came with her; also Sandy Cameron, ruddy, bald, jovial, scoffing, and insatiably curious.

"Where do you keep all those pretty models, Louis?" he demanded, prying aside the tapestry with his walking-stick, and peeping behind furniture and hangings and big piles of canvases. "Be a sport and introduce us; Stephanie wants to see a few as well as I do."

The next instalment of "*The Common Law*" will appear in the June issue.

The Octopus

Every year hundreds of young men and women from small towns come to New York and are caught in the great maw of the "Octopus." Here is the story of one of them. It lays bare some of the shams of the pseudo-"money" crowd of the metropolis, tells some of the pitfalls for young men to avoid. It is a story true to a certain phase of the modern blatant life of a big city—and back of it is the truest kind of a moral

By Charles Belmont Davis

Author of "The Stage Door," "The Lodger Overhead," etc.

Illustrated by David Robinson

ARCHIE SHELDON found his mother waiting for him in the sitting-room—just as he had found her waiting for him every afternoon since he had started to work as a clerk in the railroad offices four years before. It was the end of a hot day in early June, but after the warm air of the baked streets the darkened little sitting-room seemed very cool and fresh, and about the old chintz-covered furniture there was a distinct scent of lavender. As her son called to her from the hallway, Mrs. Sheldon rose quickly from her rocking-chair by the window and held out her arms to him. She put her soft white hands on his cheeks, and raising herself to her full height kissed him on his damp forehead. Even in the dim twilight she could see that he looked very tired and worried.

"What is it, Archie?" she asked. "Please tell your mother, won't you?"

Sheldon put his arms about her and looked down at the smooth, pretty face and the wavy bronze hair. Only those who knew at what an absurdly young age Mrs. Sheldon had married could believe that she was the mother of a son of twenty-five.

"Sit down, won't you?" he said. "I think I will tell you. I've wanted to have a serious talk with you for a long, long time."

Mrs. Sheldon returned to the rocking-chair, and Archie drew up a foot-stool and sat at her feet.

"A party of the boys and girls in town," he began, "are going up to the mountains the last part of this month to camp out for a couple of weeks. The Slades are going along to chaperon them, and it just so happens that all of the crowd are friends of mine—that is, if I have any

real friends. Well, I wasn't asked to go along, that's all."

Mrs. Sheldon looked out through the open window upon the gray shadows of the broad, elm-lined street, and then about the little room as if somewhere in the darkened corners or in the recesses of the heavy mahogany furniture she would find some adequate answer. "I'm sorry, so very sorry," was the only answer that she could find, and then she added, "It would have been a wonderful way to spend your vacation, wouldn't it? If I could—"

"It isn't exactly that, mother," Sheldon interrupted; "it's not just a question of my vacation. It's much more serious than that. After living in Dunham for over twenty years I have made no place here for myself. When I was a kid they called me 'mama's boy,' and they've called me the same thing in one way or another ever since. I don't want to hurt you, because you know and I know that you're the best mother in the world, and I know how you've toiled and slaved for me all my life, but I've got to get away. I've got to fight it out for myself—alone. I'm going away from Dunham, mother, and when I come back I'll be a man, a real man. Don't you, won't you understand, dear?" Sheldon rose and slowly paced up and down the little room, looking straight ahead and with his hands clasped behind his back. For a few moments neither of them spoke, and then it was the low, even voice of the mother that broke the silence.

"Have you thought at all, Archie," she asked, "where you will go?"

Sheldon nodded. "I've thought of it a great deal, but it's very hard to decide just

where I can go. I'd like to try New York—the game would be bigger there and the chances ought to be better, but I don't know where or how I could get a start. It seems strange that we don't know anyone who would be willing to give me a chance. Most of the boys I know have some rich relatives or old family friends that can do something for them. Isn't there anyone, mother?"

For a moment Mrs. Sheldon hesitated, and when she spoke it was with much apparent effort. "There is one old friend who lives in New York, and I imagine that he is very rich. I knew him after your father's death, when I was living in New York. It—it was before you were born, and I was very poor. Then we came to Dunham, and after that I heard he had been very successful. I haven't seen or heard from him for a long, long time now, but years ago he offered to do anything that he could for me."

The manner of the young man suddenly changed, and he sat forward on his chair and looked his mother eagerly in the eyes. "And you've never asked anything of him?"

Mrs. Sheldon shook her head. "No, Archie," she said, "never, and I don't suppose that I ever should, unless you wanted me to very much. I've always liked to be independent, and I was never much at asking favors even of old friends. But if this means such a great deal to you, and if it is your only chance, I will ask this man to make good his promise."

It was the private secretary of Thatcher Thole who led Archie Sheldon through the outer offices of the well-known financier and promoter. In a vague way Sheldon wondered at the extravagance of the big sunlit rooms and at the great number of smartly dressed young men busy at their desks and the many women stenographers pounding away at their typewriting machines. Thole's own room was the smallest of all and, save for the broad mahogany desk and a few chairs, was quite bare. "This is Mr. Sheldon," the secretary said, and went out, closing the door softly behind him. Thoroughly conscious of the importance of this first interview, Archie stood nervously twisting his hat between his hands and staring at the tall figure of the financier silhouetted against the brilliant sunlight of the open window.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Sheldon," Thole

said, and leaving the recess of the window motioned Archie to a chair across the desk from his own. Sheldon sat down and glanced shyly at the man in whose hands his future lay. He saw the gaunt figure of a man in the early fifties, a smooth-shaven face, a strong chin and a bulging forehead, thin black hair, heavily streaked with white, and a hard straight mouth. The whole impression that he got in that first glance was one of unlimited determination and force, and neither in the steady gray eyes nor in the mouth was there any show of kindness whatever.

"I understand from a letter your mother wrote me," Thole began, "that you have had several years' experience in bookkeeping and general office work. As you probably know, that sort of thing leads to no more in New York than it does in your own town of Dunham. A good bookkeeper has no more opportunity or right to show his personality than a machine for making tacks has, and personality, I believe, is the biggest factor in a man's success in business. If it turns out that you haven't got the personality or the push that means success, then you can still go back to keeping books. In the meantime I'm going to turn you over to Slade, my secretary, and in helping him you will learn to make yourself useful to me and the various concerns in which I am interested. You will, in time—probably a very short time—learn a good many things of a confidential nature. Your value to me will depend very largely on your ability not to speak of these things, drunk or sober, not even to the one girl whom you are ass enough to believe deserves your entire confidence."

Sheldon blushed scarlet. "I don't drink, Mr. Thole," he protested, "and I have never cared much about girls."

The financier took a box of cigars from a drawer of his desk and pushed it toward Sheldon, but the latter shook his head.

"I never smoke," he said.

Thole lighted a cigar, stuck his hands deep into his trousers pockets, stretched his long legs before him, and under arched eyebrows stared steadily at the young man across the desk. "Viceless, eh? Well, I don't say you're wrong, and whatever else they may say about me I don't know that I was ever accused of putting temptation in the way of young men. But you will find out before long that the liquor in New



"When I was a kid they called me 'mama's boy,' and they've called me the same thing in one way or another ever since. I don't want to hurt you, mother, but I've got to get away"

York is better than the liquor at Dunham, that there is more of it, and that you will have greater opportunities and temptations to drink it. You will also find that the women of this town are often good looking, wear fine clothes, and frequently make inducements for young men to tell all they know—inducements which are extremely attractive and entirely unknown in country towns. As for smoking, it is a nerve tonic which I find harmless and often wonderfully beneficial. I smoke and I drink—that is, in moderation; and purely as recreation from mental worries I like women—

women of all kinds. On the other hand, I know one of the biggest operators in New York who finds his recreation after a hard day's fight with the market in solitaire—'Idiot's Delight' is his especial game. I know another man. He's a director in several of my companies, and his particular insanity is to take a lot of iron clubs and knock a harmless rubber ball into a series of tin cups stuck in the ground. There is another big operator down-town who is crazy over unset gems. My particular 'Idiot's Delight' is women. I might as well tell you that now, because everybody else

The Octopus

will tell you sooner or later, and they might tell it to you a little stronger than I do. But mind you, I play women only as my friends play golf or solitaire. Beyond occasionally giving them a tip that some friend has given me in strict confidence, I never mention business to them at all. They don't know anything about it in the first place, and in the second place, they all talk—all of them."

So far the interview was not at all what Sheldon had expected, and when he looked up suddenly and his eyes met Thole's, his surprise and perplexity were very evident.

Thole's straight lips relaxed into something that resembled a smile. He sank farther back into his chair, put his feet on the edge of the desk, and with his hands clasped behind his head sat for some moments staring up at the ceiling.

"A little surprised, eh?" he said dryly. "Didn't expect me to be quite so confidential? Well, I'll be honest with you, Mr. Sheldon. I like your looks. I think we'll get on together. I believe you're going to be able to help me in one way or another. Besides—" He dropped his feet to the floor and looked evenly into the eyes of the young man across the desk. "Besides, I made a promise to your mother once, and I don't remember now that I ever broke a promise—certainly not to a woman.

"You'll find that there are a good many ways to live in New York, and you'll have to do your own choosing—pick out your own life and your own friends. But if you take my advice you'll always be a good mixer, and I'm pretty sure one way to get on in business is to trail with the boss—in, and especially out of, office-hours. Find out his weaknesses if he has any, and never leave him if you have to put him to bed. No sane man's going to give you the combination to his safe when the sun's shining. Night time is the time to ask and grant favors. Do you believe that these four naked walls would ever permit me to put my name on the note of the best friend I ever had? I don't."

With sudden confidence Archie Sheldon smiled at the grim face across the desk. "And yet, Mr. Thole, you are doing me a favor, a very great favor."

The financier nodded and twisted his cigar slowly between his lips. "Yes, in a way you're right, but when I promised to do this particular favor I was not sur-

rounded by these four bare walls. So, you see, we both win."

The next day Sheldon started his labors under the watchful eye of Slade, the private secretary, a well-groomed young man, sometimes silent, sometimes loquacious when the situation demanded, and with a brain that seemed to Sheldon a perfectly appointed storehouse filled with an accurate knowledge of all men and of all their past deeds. Under this course of private instruction, the boy from Dunham gradually acquired a fairly thorough knowledge of the enterprises of his employer, and something, too, of the position that he held in the world of trade and finance. In a short space of time he ceased to look for the name of Thatcher Thole in the published lists of citizens who were prominent in the social life, or who stood behind the great public charities of the city, for he knew that he would not find it there; and yet, the farther his knowledge grew the more he appreciated how great was the power of this man and in how many different directions it extended. One afternoon on his way up-town in the subway he heard one of two men who sat opposite him mention his employer's name.

"Nice trick Thole turned to-day, eh? Must have cleaned up a small fortune. Charming crook."

"Wonderful," said the other man. "Always reminds me of a cartoon I saw in a newspaper once of a colossus sitting at the gates of Wall Street, shearing the lambs as they entered and casting them adrift quite naked and shivering with the cold. I never saw him, did you?"

The first man nodded. "Yes, often at the theater and lobster restaurants. I went to a supper he gave in a private room once—it seems he was shy of guests, and some girl friend of his asked me. He's a big rangy cuss; sat at the head of the table looking like death at the feast. It was a good supper though, so I suppose that's all right."

"Sure, it's all right," the other man said, and they went on reading their newspapers.

When he was away from the office, the days and nights of Archie Sheldon were not unlike the first days and nights of most young men who come from small country towns to make their fortunes in the big market-place. He was quite conscious that

all about him were many worlds of people, each leading its own life, and he was equally conscious that he had no part in any one of them. If there was a way to break into any of these closed circles of human beings whose interests seemed to be devoted to business, or society, or music, or charity, or the lighter pleasures of a great city, he had not yet discovered that way. Even the clerks and the women stenographers in the big rooms at the office down-town were forever whispering of their parties and dances, but he knew that he could not be part of their lives, even had he wished to be let in. He was shut up in Slade's little room, which connected directly with the private office of the great Thole himself, and therefore he was held as one apart, a little superior to the rest of the force, and he knew that this was as his employer would have it and that he must acknowledge this responsibility and be thoroughly lonely in consequence.

Only once had he met any of Thole's employees away from the office. He had been at a vaudeville performance, and afterward had gone to the College Inn, partly because he was hungry, but principally for a glimpse of the gay life of which he had already heard much from the worldly-wise Slade. At a little table directly across the narrow room from his own, he was quite sure that he recognized one of the girls who worked in the outside office; but instead of the simple black dress in which he was accustomed to see her, she now wore a flaring pink hat with a great white

plume and a lace waist cut low and decorated with a huge brooch of imitation diamonds. In answer to his smiling greeting she looked him steadily in the eyes, and then returned to her conversation with the young man who was with her. The next morning Sheldon, as was his custom, arrived at the office at least half an hour before Thole or Slade was expected to put in an appearance. No sooner was he at his desk than the girl came in and, having assured herself that he was alone, cautiously closed the door behind her.

"How are you?" Sheldon said. "I'm glad you recognize me this morning."

For a moment the girl hesitated at the doorway, and then crossed the room and with an air of much assurance sat on the edge of the desk. The simple cloth skirt she wore fitted her closely and showed every line of her well-rounded figure. She twisted her mouth into a smile of understanding and tossed her chin prettily in the air. "Caught me with the goods, eh?" she

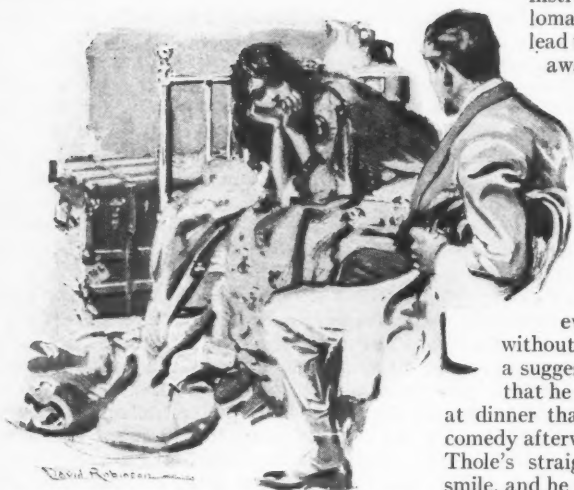
laughed. "I was flabbergasted when I saw you come in last night; I somehow never thought of you going to a place like the Inn. You won't tell the old man, will you?"

Sheldon shook his head. "Does that sort of thing amuse you?" he asked.

"Sure! Why not? If you hammered a typewriter all day I guess it would amuse you, too. But I'd get fired if Slade or the old man knew of it. It's too near their own game. I don't take a chance often on Broadway, but it's a lot better



—the tall figure of the financier silhouetted against the brilliant sunlight of the open window



"Now," she sighed, "just now I'm posing. That's why my cold's so bad—the studio where I was working was awful cold."

than the rink and the Circle restaurants. There's really not much risk, because I keep clear of Rector's and Churchill's and those swell joints where Thole hangs out. Gee, but I got a shock when you walked in on me! You won't tell though, will you?"

Again Archie shook his head.

"Bliged," she said, and with a smile of friendly confidence moved away from the desk. When she reached the door she turned to him. "A girl's got to have a good time once in a while," she said quite seriously, "after working a six-hour day, and especially after those twenty years of mispent youth I wasted with the folks in Poughkeepsie. I knew you were a sport and would understand. Bye-bye."

At one o'clock every day Sheldon lunched with Thole and Slade and any of the lambs whose wool seemed sufficiently fine and long enough for Thole to shear. In a body they all adjourned to a neighboring restaurant, and to the insidious strains of a Hungarian band Thole fattened the lambs with plenty of good food and wine preparatory to the slaughter. Even if it was his employer who paid the check at the end of every meal, Sheldon soon learned that he, in his own way, was expected to pay his share. He was always placed between two of the lambs, and, according to previous

instructions received from the diplomatic Slade, it was his part to lead the conversation to, or perhaps away from, certain enterprises.

Oftentimes Thole was not ready to launch his purpose so early as the luncheon-hour, and then the repast became a purely social occasion at which politics and the drama and the ladies of the theatrical profession were discussed in lighter vein. But even this favorite topic was not without a motive, for it always led to a suggestion on the part of the host that he would like to have his friends

at dinner that night and go to a musical comedy afterward. Invariably at this point Thole's straight lips would waver into a smile, and he would blink his steel-gray eyes at the circle of lambs about the table and suggest somewhat diffidently that, if agreeable to all of the party, he would try to induce some of the ladies of the chorus to join them at supper, after the theater. And the lambs, who usually came from adjacent cities, would accept the invitation with alacrity and express their particular delight at the prospect of having some of the ladies of the chorus with them at supper.

So far Archie Sheldon had never been asked to one of these parties, but he felt that he was gradually gaining the confidence of Thole, and that some day he would become a part of the old man's hours of relaxation just, for instance, as Slade had become. In the meantime there was little in his life beyond his work to interest or amuse him, and there were moments when he was greatly tempted to throw it all up and go back to the uneventful days and the quieter nights at Dunham. Every evening after supper, he wrote a letter to his mother. She always had been and still was the best part of his life, and the greatest pleasure of some new incident that happened during the day was that he could write to her about it at night. His fellow boarders at the house in which he lived on West Forty-fifth Street were a dull, soggy set of souls, who worked down-town during the day and in the evening sat about the boarding-house, the men collarless and the women in wrappers, and all reading the evening newspapers. Only the girl who lived in the little

room at the end of his hallway interested him at all, and that was but the interest of pity, and the natural admiration a man has for any girl who is making a good fight. She was a pretty, very pale little thing with a great deal of soft brown hair and big brown eyes, a slightly turned-up nose, and a small mouth with cupid-bow lips. Ever since Sheldon had known her she had been suffering from a cold, and often the spells of coughing were so severe that she would leave the table and hurry to her room, and then the boarders would glance at each other dolefully, shake their heads in an ominous way, and return to their modest dinner. It was very late one night when the attacks of coughing had been particularly hard that Sheldon, unable to sleep, knocked at the girl's door and asked if he could be of some assistance. In reply, Violet Reinhardt—for that was the girl's name—opened the door and asked her visitor to come in. It was an absurdly small room, with a single window opening on a court. There were a bed, a bureau, and a wash-stand, a single chair, and a trunk with a label that read, "Baltimore Belles-Hotel." Even in the dim light of the single gas-jet Sheldon could see that the carpet was ragged and the wall-paper faded and soiled. There were no curtains at the window, no pictures on the walls, nor photographs on the bureau—the room was quite shocking in its naked poverty. With one hand the girl held her chintz wrapper together and with the other brushed back the mass of brown hair from her pale forehead.

"I hope I haven't kept you awake with my coughing," she apologized; "it's awful bad to-night. Won't you sit down?"

Sheldon sat on the chair and the girl opposite him on the bed among the mass of tousled sheets and blankets. She saw him glance at the label on the trunk and seemed to think that it deserved an explanation.

"I used to be with a burlesque troupe. Just like most kids in small towns I was crazy to go on the stage and ran away, but I couldn't go the

one-night stands and the travel. Gee, but that's a tough game—those burlesque troupes—twice a day most of the time!"

"And now?" asked Sheldon.

The girl leaned her elbows on her knees and rested her chin between her palms.

"Now," she sighed,

"just now I'm posing. That's why my cold's so bad—the studio where I was working was awful cold—no fire and me posing for Cupid." The girl looked down at her bare ankles and the big gray woollen



It was the girl who spoke. "You seem to be a great friend of Thole's," she said, "Why have I never met you before?"

slippers she wore, and smiled grimly at the thought. It was the first time that Sheldon had seen her smile, and for the first time he saw that Miss Reinhardt had a certain piquant beauty, that kind of beauty that cannot well be denied.

"Does posing pay?" he asked.

The girl glanced about at the bare, cheerless room. "About eighteen a week, but the doctors 've been getting most of that. They don't even leave me enough to dress on decently." Her pale lips broke into a smile. "But, you see, you don't need many clothes when you pose for Cupid. I saw a dress-to-day though in a window on Fifth Avenue. It was all lacy and had little gold threads in it, and there was a cape to match, and a big black hat went with it. Just for fun I went in and asked one of the salesladies what the whole outfit would cost, and she said she'd let me have it as a special favor for five hundred, and then we both looked at my torn coat and had a good laugh over it. Just the same, if I ever got that five hundred dollars' worth of rags on I'd make some of those show-girls sitting around Rector's sit up and take notice."

"Of course you would," Sheldon said, and moved toward the door. "There's nothing I can do for you?" he asked. "I mean nothing I can get you to help you to sleep?"

She smiled and shook the pretty mass of brown hair. "No, thank you," she said. "Obliged for your visit. Don't make yourself strange, now that we're acquainted. Good night."

As yet, all Sheldon knew of Thole and of the kind of life he led outside of business was the little he had learned from the private secretary and from the glimpses he had enjoyed on the infrequent occasions when he had wandered alone and as a stranger into the big supper-restaurants of Broadway. After the dull pleasures of Dunham, these glimpses of the white-light district had seemed bright enough to the young man, especially as no other social life seemed open to him, or ever would be open so long as he remained a trusted servant of his present employer. Even to the inexperienced eyes of Archie Sheldon the somewhat dubious position of Thole in the business and social worlds of New York was becoming very evident. On several occasions when he had carried confidential messages to some of the great men in the world

of finance and had told them whence he came, he noticed that they regarded him with just a shade of curiosity and surprise; once on leaving a broker's private office, he had stopped for a moment outside, and through the open transom he had heard the voice of the broker saying to his secretary, "and such a nice, good-looking boy, too."

It was late in November, four months after his arrival in New York, when Sheldon was first asked to supper by his employer. Tired of spending his evenings at the boarding-house, he had gone to the theater, and there from his seat in the orchestra he had seen Thole in a box with two women friends. Both of them were conspicuous on account of the low-cut gowns and big black picture hats they wore, and both, at least in the eyes of Sheldon, were superlatively beautiful. Thole, crouched in a wicker chair, sat in the back of the box occasionally glancing at the stage between the bare shoulders of his companions. After the first act was over the two men met in the lobby. Thole greeted the younger one cordially and offered him a cigarette, or to buy him a drink, both of which invitations Sheldon refused. After this, Thole seemed to hesitate for a few moments and then: "Why not come into my box and meet my friends? There's plenty of room, and we're going to my place afterward for a little supper."

Sheldon accepted the proposition with alacrity, and was led into the box and presented to the two ladies. When the performance began again he noticed that their entire interest seemed centered, not in the principals, but in the six show girls, with whom they frequently exchanged smiling glances. Every few minutes one of the two women, in an apparent effort to be civil to Sheldon, would turn to him and say with a forced enthusiasm, "Don't you think Maizie looks lovely in that pink frock?" or, "Isn't Eunice the prettiest show-girl in town?" And Sheldon would smile and say that he agreed thoroughly. Thole himself sat silent in the back of the box, and when the show-girls were not on the stage, the two women looked at the audience and were apparently thoroughly bored. When the performance was nearly over they arose in a most stately manner, gazed once more at the audience in a supercilious way, smiled again pleasantly at the show-girls nearest them on the stage, and then, led by Thole, and with a great rustling

of their silken skirts, walked proudly out of the box. Sheldon followed in the wake of the party, not knowing whether to feel rather pleased or thoroughly embarrassed. Thole's car was waiting for them, and in a few minutes they were at his apartment overlooking the park on West Fifty-ninth Street. At the doorway Sheldon hesitated for a moment in wide-eyed wonder. The flames from the big wood fire and a light concealed by a great golden-colored globe filled the place with a dull orange glow, and threw fantastic shadows on the scarlet silk walls, the high tapestried and gilded chairs, the great white bearskin before the hearth, the soft deep Persian rugs, the cabinets filled with fragile, delicately colored glass, and the glistening mahogany sideboards loaded with massive pieces of silver. To more practised eyes it was an apartment in which great luxury and comfort were marred by a conspicuous lack of good taste, but to Sheldon it was all quite beautiful.

"It's like a glimpse of fairyland," he ventured to remark to Miss Fannie Brugiere. Miss Brugiere was very dark, with a lovely oval face and masses of black hair, which she wore in two great waves over her broad white forehead.

"It's good enough," she said indifferently; "quite comfy," and she shrugged her wonderful bare shoulders.

"Come in, Fannie, and help me," Thole called from the dining-room. "I sent the servants home, and we have got to look out for ourselves."

The other girl—Miss Lillian Lester—walked over to a high French window and pulling back the curtain beckoned Sheldon to join her. "Did you ever see the view from here?" she asked. "It's quite lovely."

Through the little square window-panes they looked out on the starlit sky and the many lights of the taxicabs twinkling through the trees at the edge of the park. Of his new acquaintances Sheldon instinctively preferred Miss Lester. As if in studied contrast to the dark Junoesque Miss Brugiere she was very blonde, with a pink-and-white skin and round blue eyes which, with her scarlet lips, seemed to be always smiling in a most friendly fashion, and inviting one's confidence. For some moments they stood in the window, silently looking out at the vivid beauty of the night, and then it was the girl who spoke.

"You seem to be a great friend of Thole's. Why have I never met you before?"

"I don't know exactly," Sheldon said, a little confused. "I don't really know why he's never asked me before. I've known him only a few months."

"I see. You've not lived in New York long, have you?"

"No," Sheldon said. "How did you know that?"

Miss Lester smiled her sweet smile at him and tossed her dimpled chin in the air. "Oh, I don't know exactly. You're just different. I think we'd better join the others now."

As his first glimpse of the gay life of New York it did not appeal to Sheldon as a very brilliant affair. The wit and sparkle seemed in no way commensurate with the wealth of the surroundings or the beauty of the women. No one except himself seemed the least interested in the many good things to eat, and the talk never rose above the level of the gossip of the stage and the men who openly courted its women. The host seldom spoke, ate nothing, but occasionally sipped a glass of champagne and smoked a long black cigar continually.

"Sort of dull, ain't it, Archie?" he said after a long silence. "I wish I'd ordered up some coon-shouters; they might have livened things up a little. But it ain't always as quiet as this."

Miss Brugiere cast a reproachful glance at Thole and Lillian Lester, as if to show that she was not without spirit had she wished to show it, and asked for another glass of champagne. "Don't you ever want to be quiet?" she complained. "I should think, Thole, that you'd get tired of rough-house parties sometimes."

"I don't care," he said, "I don't care, but I was sorry for Archie. It's the first time he's been out with me, and I sort of wanted him to have a good time."

"I'll turn a flip-flap," Miss Lester suggested, "or sing a song, or kick the Venetian globes out of that million-dollar chandelier overhead if you say so, but don't blame us because you haven't brought Mr. Sheldon out with you before. Goodness knows he's better than most of the kikes and rubes you travel with. Now if—"

"I had good reason," Thole interrupted, apparently wholly ignorant of Sheldon's presence, "good reason and plenty for not

bringing him along. How'd I know he wouldn't break into another crowd? Broadway isn't New York."

Sheldon smiled pleasantly across the table at his host. "Why, Mr. Thole," he said, "you told me the first time I saw you that the way to get on was to trail with the boss, especially after office-hours. I'm trailing now, and I like it."

The two women laughed aloud, "How about it?" said Miss Lester.

Thole pulled at his cigar, blew a cloud of smoke across the white table-cloth, and watched it being sucked up by the pink candle-shades. "That's right," he said, "I told him that very thing, and I was sorry for it afterward. There was only one good piece of advice I could have given him, and I knew that he would pay no heed to that, so I told him the next best thing I knew."

Miss Lester reached across the table to a box of cigarettes, and, taking one, slowly rolled it between her long white fingers. "That's most interesting," she said. "What would be your real advice to a young man starting in New York?"

Thole looked at the girl and smiled grimly into the big blue eyes. "I'd tell him to go home."

Lillian Lester shook her fluffy yellow hair and laughed aloud. "That is funny," she said.

"Was it funny last summer," Thole asked, "when you came to me and asked me for the money to send you back to Middleboro, where you said they knew you as Maggie Somebody, and had never heard of you as Lillian Lester? I loaned you that money just because you told me you wanted to get back for a month with the boys and girls you knew when you were a kid. Am I right or am I wrong? I know. I went back myself once, but I was the regular thing, for I was well heeled. I played the whole four acts—bought the old place, put in enamel bath-tubs, and turned the stable into a garage big enough for six cars."

Miss Lester leaned her elbows on the table and rested her chin between her palms. "Well?" she asked.

"Well, I didn't find it—the peace and quiet I'd been looking forward to and working for for thirty years. It wasn't there, all right—that is, it wasn't there for me. They'd taken my love for that away from me, but they'd put something else there in its place; they'd just plain poisoned

my whole system. I'd been going too hard and too fast for thirty years to slow down, and so I hurried back. I suppose I was afraid I'd miss something. But do you think that there is anything in this big town that can take the place of the peace and content of that farm? I don't. I tell you this town poisons you. Some of us live through it, and some of us don't, but we all die with it in our systems. And the worst of it is that it isn't confined to New York—this town ought to be segregated, but you can't segregate it. It's the fountain-head for the rotten books and the filthy plays and the stories of the gay life of the Great White Way, as they call it, and the romances of fortunes made overnight on the stock-market; and the rotten plays and the tales of Broadway and Wall Street are sent scurrying over the country like bad blood chasing through the veins of some great fine brute of an animal. It's an octopus, I tell you, an octopus, and its dirty tentacles stretch to every village in America."

Lillian Lester smiled across the table at Thole and shook her pretty blond curls. "It misses some towns all right, all right. If you'd spent the summer with me at Middleboro you'd believe me. There's no New York blood has reached that burg yet."

"No?" said Thole. "How about that young sister of yours you brought back with you? Didn't she tell me herself the other night at Rector's that she had been a stenographer in a bank at home, and lived with her family, and was contented enough till she got a peep at your pretty dresses and your fine underclothes? She told me how they used to dry your things in the kitchen so the neighbors wouldn't know. I guess New York got to her one way or another all right, even if she did live in Middleboro."

During the last few words Miss Lester's pink pretty face went quite white, but she kept her lips hard pressed and gazed blankly across the table into the big bovine eyes of Miss Brugiére.

"And how is it with you, Fannie?" Thole asked. "I'll bet you came from some little town, brought here by some fairy tales of the great city, eh? Am I right or am I wrong?"

"Not so little—Kansas City."

Thole nodded. "Well, even if I missed that guess I'll bet your folks were quiet, respectable, law-abiding citizens."



DRAWN BY DAVID R. JOHNSON

Sheldon smiled pleasantly across the table at his host. "Why, Mr. Thole," he said, "you told me the first time I saw you that the way to get on was to trail with the boss, especially after office-hours. I'm trailing now, and I like it"

The girl leaned over the table and looked Thole evenly in the eyes. "You can cut out my people from this talk. They've got no more to do with you and your kind than they have with me."

Miss Brugiére sank back in her chair and daubed her tear-stained eyes with an exquisitely small lace handkerchief.

"I'm sorry," said Thole, "but that's the answer."

"Well, there's one thing certain," Sheldon laughed, "this New York poison never got as far as Dunham. At least if it did I never knew of it."

Thole's teeth closed hard on his cigar, and for a moment he sat silent, his eyes blinking at the pink candle-shades. Then: "That's good, Archie. I hope you never may."

Miss Brugiére stirred uneasily and with a stifled yawn rose from the table. "I'm tired of hearing you rave, Thole," she said, smiling. "Who's going to take me home?"

Thole pulled himself slowly to his feet. "The car is waiting for you down-stairs. Sheldon can take you both home. I'm sorry, Archie," he added, stretching his long arms above his head, "but I'm tired, dead beat."

The women went into the bedroom to put on their wraps, and the two men were left alone for the moment. Sheldon was standing before the fireplace, and Thole walked over to him and laid his hand gently on the younger man's shoulder. In the dim light of the burning logs he looked into Sheldon's eyes.

"You're wonderfully like your mother sometimes," he said, "wonderfully like." For a moment he hesitated, as if uncertain as to just how to express himself further. He tossed his half-smoked cigar into the grate, and with the tip of his tongue moistened his dry lips. "I'm sorry," he said at last, "I'm very sorry about to-night."

"Sorry?" Sheldon repeated. "Why, I've had a grand time. I enjoyed every minute of it."

Thole nodded. "I'm glad of that. It seemed to me to be pretty dull, and then—well, I'd always hoped that you might take up with a different crowd. Of course these girls—" He hesitated for a moment, and before the sentence was finished the women had returned.

Sheldon and Lillian Lester left Miss Brugiére at her apartment and then started on

the last stage of their journey to Miss Lester's home, which was far over on the West Side. As they turned from the avenue into the broad deserted plaza at the entrance to the park, Miss Lester settled back into the deep cushions, and as if from sheer weariness closed her eyes. The big car purred on its way over the smooth frosted roadways, and the very speed at which they flew by the long rows of leafless trees warned Sheldon that his first night of happiness in New York was fast nearing an end. For some time there was silence, and then he turned to his companion. Her chin was sunk deep in the collar of her long fur coat, her eyes were still closed, but about her lips there was the same friendly smile that had first attracted him to her and added so much to the real beauty of the girl.

"I'm afraid you're very tired," he said. "It must have been an awful bore to you, sitting about all night with Thole and me."

Miss Lester shook her pretty head and opened her eyes as if in wonder at the thought. "A bore?" she repeated softly. "I don't know when I've been much happier than I was to-night. I loved it."

Sheldon looked eagerly into the now wide-open eyes. "Why?" he asked, "why?"

Again the eyes closed, and quickly putting out her gloved hand she touched the sleeve of his coat and as quickly drew it back again. "I guess it must have been you," she whispered. "You see, you're so different from the rest. I knew that I was going to like you the minute you came into the box."

The big car swung sharply from the dark roadway into the broad, brilliantly lighted street, and Miss Lester slowly pulled herself out of the comfort of the deep cushions and sat up very erect on the edge of the seat.

"We're almost there," she sighed. "It seems only a few moments since we left Fannie's."

"Then it's good night," he said, "and you are going to let me see you very soon again, and we are going to be great friends, aren't we?"

She put out her hand, and for a few moments it rested in both of his, while for the first time he saw the smile leave her lips and a new and very serious look come into the blue eyes.

"It's up to you," she said simply. "That's just how it is—it's all up to you."

The concluding instalment of "*The Octopus*" will appear in the June issue.

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

It is rare in the fiction world to-day that a character becomes well known and popular enough for his name to be the only advertising necessary for the story. Sherlock Holmes was one. Wallingford is another. He is the merriest, most lovable rascal in fiction. As one of our readers said, "I'd like to meet that prince of 'con' men—even if he took my money." In the following story Wallingford engineers a real-estate boom—and catches a townful of Tartars

By George Randolph Chester

Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

TOAD JESSOP, whose freckles were so strong that they made him look like a man, had tried all the seats on that side of the car except the one occupied by J. Rufus Wallingford, when the wheezing and panting and rheumatic-jointed old accommodation-train stopped, with no apparent provocation, and before Toad's very eyes appeared a lineman, descending a telegraph-pole with alternate stabs of his splendidly spiked feet. The lineman, reaching the ground and picking up a few scattered tools, clomped into the car, leaving the scenery absolutely vacant except for some bare, rolling hills on his side of the train, and, on the other, some equally bare, flat land.

Apparently finding the additional weight of one bony-faced human being too much for its feebleness, the train presently heaved itself rid of some heavy machinery; then it puffed and quivered relievedly away, though not so rapidly but that Wallingford, gazing idly out the window, had ample time to read upon the largest machinery-crate: "Dougalbobber Brothers, Dougalville."

In the meantime, Toad Jessop was acquiring information as rapidly as the bony-faced lineman could deliver it to him.

"Say, what was you doin' up on that pole?" demanded Toad, planting himself firmly upon his knees just in front of the seat the pole-climber had taken.

The lineman sorted out Toad's blue eyes from amidst his freckles, and liked them. "I was up there straightening a kink in the wire," he answered.

"Why?" demanded Toad.

"It was gettin' the messages twisted."

"How?"

"Well, you see, the o's and a's and e's, the w's and m's and n's, and such letters as that, slide right around a kink, but the k's and q's and y's and x's, especially the capital X's, always stick."

This being a perfectly logical explanation, and one which anybody could understand, Toad pursued that subject no further.

"What's all that machinery for they put off back there?" he next inquired.

"That's a calico-mill," the man promptly responded.

Toad flattened his face against the glass in a vain attempt to look backward, then he hurried to the rear door. A curve and a hill hid the spot from view. "What kind of a mill?" he asked doubtfully upon his return.

"A calico-mill," repeated the lineman. "Didn't you notice the acres and acres of calico-grass around there?"

Toad, with another glance at the rear door, shook his head sadly and looked out the window, in the hope that he might see a stray sample of calico-grass. He was still at that vain and unprofitable employment when Wallingford walked past on his way to the smoking-compartment.

"Say, Boss," he hailed Wallingford, "do you know calico-grass when you see it?"

"I'm afraid not, Toad," replied Wallingford, smiling. "Why?"

"There was so much of it back where we stopped," explained Toad with a troubled brow, "and I didn't see it. They put off the machines for a calico-mill there, you know."

Wallingford turned with a puzzled expression to the bony-faced passenger, who looked up at him and laughed.

"He's such a smart-lookin' kid I couldn't help tryin' to see how much he'd stand for," the lineman pleasantly observed; and Toad wheeled instantly to bend upon him a clear and indignant glare.

"Ore-crushing machinery, isn't it?" guessed Wallingford.

"Iron," replied the other with a nod, surveying with interest and approval the important-looking big man, whose round, pink face spoke so plainly of cheerfulness and good living.

"Much of a deposit?" inquired Wallingford, with the instant interest of a man commercially inclined.

"They say it's a wonder. The Dougal-bobber Brothers own it, whoever they are. They're hustlers. Next week a spur track is to be put in back to the mines." He paused and smiled over the magic of things. "Dougalville! There ain't a livin' soul back there now, but in a month it'll be a good-sized town, out hustlin' for electric lights and trolley-cars."

"Also it will have a real-estate boom and six saloons," agreed Wallingford, and passed on to the smoker.

Toad followed him. "Say," observed Toad in a pained tone, "that man back there," here he pulled down Wallingford's ear and whispered into it, "why, he's a liar!"

II

J. RUFUS WALLINGFORD, respectable and prosperous real-estate dealer, and his messenger-boy, valet, companion, and friend, Toad Jessop, finished their business in the Northwest in four days. On the return trip Wallingford had mileage torn off as far as bleak, barren Dougalville only. He had expected to stop between trains and survey the lonesomeness as mere raw material, but he found there a tiny telegraph station and waiting-room which had been shoved off a freight-car intact, apparently even to the operator, for that functionary was inside; he found a roughly built frame shack labeled "Kimbely Mine—Office"; he found a gang of railroad laborers putting down a half-graded, wobbly spur track, and up the ravine into which it was headed he saw, against a background of soiled little tents, a swarm

of human ants setting machinery in place, and another swarm digging an impressive-looking hole in the ground.

From the same train by which Wallingford had arrived, there descended a drove of clay-festooned laborers, and as these, by common impulse, surged immediately toward the "office," Wallingford watched the accommodation creak upon its jolty way toward the happy land of taxis and bathtubs and push-buttons. For relief from the intolerable landscape, which would not alter nor decay, but lay in its flat sterility forever and ever, he watched the sifting of the clay-hung laborers, who were admitted into the office one at a time, and came out again with little slips of paper in their hands, to trudge up the ravine toward the Kimbely Mine and more clay.

When the last one had returned to his native element, Wallingford walked slowly across to the office, but, to his surprise, he found it locked. Hearing loud voices, however, he stopped and listened in perplexity. Suddenly, from around the corner of the building, there dashed two of the clay-decorated callers, followed by half a dozen well-muscled gentlemen who looked highly unnatural without striped clothing. These, howling a choice collection of epithets, expletives, and blasphemies, and stooping to pick up missiles by the way, were followed by a man with blood-colored hair and big, flat, outstanding ears almost as red, who was so bow-legged that a beer-keg could have been rolled through his wicket. This man was evidently the general of the pursuing army, for he directed it not only with energy, but with rancor.

"Soak 'em!" he cried in a twanging voice. "Soak 'em, can't you! Soak 'em! Soak 'em! Soak 'em! Soak 'em!" and he jumped up and down like a dancing hoop.

The two laborers had struck for the track, and were now headed due southeast, with an apparently steadfast determination to overtake the accommodation, dodging, by mere instinct, the specimens of rock ballast which were hurled after them.

"What's the excitement?" asked Wallingford of the violent-haired one.

The man turned regretfully from the pleasures of the chase, and surveyed Wallingford carefully, from silk hat to polished toes, and from shoe-laces to satin cravat, where, upon the focusing-point of a two-

carat diamond, his fish-belly-blue eyes came to a permanent rest.

"What excitement?" he sullenly inquired.

"The mob scene," returned Wallingford, endeavoring to smile in spite of his growing resentment.

The man considered that for a moment in careful silence. "What do you want?" he finally demanded, his eyes, however, still remaining at the diamond level.

"Civility," snapped Wallingford. "Who's running this mine?"

"The Dougalbobber Brothers," was the prompt and rather emphatic response.

"Where will I find one of them?"

This time there was a considerable hesitation before he replied,

"Well, I'm Alec Dougalbobber."

Wallingford inspected his man anew, and, in spite of his habitual diplomacy, he grinned. "Why, Alec, I'm ashamed of you," he bluffed, having estimated Dougalbobber to be the errant coward that he was. "You never should allow such a peevish impulse to get the better of you. You should be cheerful and happy, as I am, and when you are in a pleasanter frame of mind, I'd like to talk a little business with you."

"What do you want?" again demanded Alec, but this time in a much milder and more conciliatory tone.

"They tell me you own the land across the track there," and Wallingford waved his arm in the general direction of the flat desolation.

Mr. Dougalbobber, with a nod which tilted his ears upward and forward like the sweep of an aeroplane, admitted that such was the case.

"You expect to have a town over there by and by?"

The aeroplane tilted once more, its thin wafer of a fore rudder cleaving the way.

"The sooner it's there the better it is for your mine?"

Another tilt.

"Well, I own over five hundred brand-new portable houses. If you'll sell me that land at a reasonable figure, I'll cut it up into building-lots, have my five hundred-odd houses erected within two weeks, help you in your advertising, and there's your town, ready made!" and, by way of introduction, he handed Alec his card.

Mr. Dougalbobber dropped his eyes to the card and let them rest there in cautious speculation. "I'll have to see Frank about

this," he stated after mature thought.

"We'd ought to see Ralph, too, but he's in the East," and, turning toward the ravine with a side glance to see that Wallingford was turning with him, he started in the direction of the incipient mine.

"Are you selling any stock?" asked Wallingford.

"A little," admitted Alec. "The proposition is too big for individual capital. That's Ralph's department."

Wallingford glanced at his companion and smiled. "No trouble to find investors, I suppose?" he ventured.

"Not very much," was the slow reply, as Alec shifted his gaze from side to side upon the ground. "You see, the proposition's too good. We got the government geological survey the minute it came out, and bought up the best iron-veins it showed. This is the richest iron-field since the Mesaba Range was opened. Look at this survey," and he produced a pocket-worn governmental cross-section map, showing an iron-ore-bearing stratum thick enough to take up half of the drawing.

"Some iron there, I guess," Wallingford admitted, passing back the paper.

"Enough to build all the engines, locomotives, dynamos, battleships, and cannons in the world for the next fifty years," asserted Alec, pulling his eyes up to the cravat level again. "Our mining claims cover all the thick part of that deposit, and here's the assay we've had made of the ore."

He proffered another folded paper, but Wallingford waved it back.

"I know a man who makes assays," he commented. "I'll feel so much better convinced if I just take your word. Doing any advertising?"

"Quite a bit," replied Alec, with a wince at the cost of that luxury, and just then, rounding the rocky corner of a red-streaked hill, they came face to face with Frank Dougalbobber.

Wallingford would have known him anywhere. With the exception of the hair, which in Frank's case was the color of well-bleached hay, the brothers were so alike—ears, eyes, noses, and mouths—as to be libelous caricatures of each other.

Alec found no difficulty in looking into his brother's eyes with earnest inquiry as he propounded Wallingford's plan.

"Well, I don't know," said Frank uneasily, shifting from one foot to the other.

"We always like to get in on all the profits of everything we do."

"I'll make you more profit than you can obtain in any other way," asserted Wallingford confidently. "I'll have a good reporter for a press association come up here the day my portable houses are on the ground. He'll see a blank landscape with a few stakes driven into its expressionless countenance; he'll see an army of men juggling the complete walls, floors, and roofs of houses; then he'll see a finished little city, all ready to cook ham and eggs in five hundred cheerful homes, and preparing to elect a tomato-haired mayor."

Both brothers smiled thinly, and Alec even almost bowed.

"It sounds like good advertising," he agreed.

"Good advertising!" retorted Wallingford. "The best kind known; the kind that can't be bought. Your brother Ralph will have to fight stock-purchasers away from him to get any sleep, and we'll start a boom here that will poke that pale sky so full of spires and domes that it'll look like a boy had cut into it with a Christmas jig-saw."

Neither of the brothers batted a lash.

"And where do we get in on the real-estate end?" insinuated Frank.

"Sell me the center twenty acres over there, solid, at a hundred dollars an acre, and alternate acres surrounding that at the same price," offered Wallingford. "You can figure for yourselves the result of holding those alternate acres until the city grows up around them."

Once more the Dougalbobber Brothers then present gazed deeply and earnestly into each other's eyes.

"I guess we'll consult Ralph about this," decided Alec. "We never do anything very important without all of us agreeing on it."

"You'll take a chance on Ralph or you won't have any proposition to offer him," declared Wallingford. "There's an express train thunders through here in about thirty minutes. I'm going to board that train, and slam away from this morgue full of dead scenery before it gives me the Willies."

The brothers again smiled thinly.

"If we don't stop to consult Ralph," ventured Frank, after a vacillating hesitation, "we'll have to have a better price for that land."

"You'll find me on the station platform

waiting for that answer," asserted Wallingford stiffly, and left them alone to think it over. He was disappointed in not finding them more enthusiastic.

At the same moment in which Wallingford strode down the ravine, with Toad Jessop panting at his heels and still watching the marvel of that magic city sprouting its domes and spires against the sky, Blackie Daw, with a cynical smile beneath his inky mustache, sat across the table from Ralph Dougalbobber, in a New York hotel bar.

"But you won't even investigate these remarkable mining stocks," Mr. Dougalbobber was expostulating.

"Quite so, my son," returned Blackie, grinning. "I used to sell them."

Mr. Dougalbobber spread his knees very handily around two legs of the table and arched his feet together, while he scratched one broad, red, outstanding ear in perplexity; then he ran his fingers through his muddy brown hair.

"But you won't even look at this marvelous assay," he again expostulated.

"Quite so, my son," returned Blackie, grinning. "I used to buy them."

"You can get in now at forty-five," offered Dougalbobber enticingly. "Last week it was forty."

"Quite so, my son," returned Blackie, grinning. "I used to tilt them, too."

At about the identical moment in which Blackie lit a triumphant cigarette, after offering one to the confused and awkward Mr. Dougalbobber, his friend Wallingford was still awaiting his answer; but when Number Three actually slowed down, red-haired Alec came running from the office, the cover of which he had gained by making a détour of the hill, and panted up to Wallingford with,

"Yes."

"Thanks," returned Wallingford, and then, as if in afterthought, "I think I'll give a share of your stock with every house."

"We'll make it to you at forty-five," offered Alec promptly.

"The operating company?" asked Wallingford.

Alec's ears almost perked forward. "How did you know there were two companies?" he demanded in a panic.

"Saw the state records of incorporation," explained Wallingford, and then, in a much smoother tone: "You see, these few shares are to give the townspeople a greater inter-



"We'll start a boom here," declared Wallingford, "that will poke that pale sky so full of spires and domes that it'll look like a boy had cut into it with a Christmas jig-saw"

est in the mine, and for that purpose they should be in the operating company. Do you object to parting with some of them?"

Alec considered the matter doubtfully. The train thundered down to the platform, and stopped to a mere crawl.

"No," he said hesitatingly, and then again, with sudden decision, "No! Make you those at eighty-five."

"Make it eighty, and I'll go you," offered Wallingford.

"Who's taking this train?" asked the conductor roughly.

"I am," answered Wallingford, mounting the lower step. Toad was already on the platform with the bag and suit-case. "Eighty?"

Alec still stood in indecision. The conductor, muttering curses, waved his hand and jumped upon the steps of the car ahead. The engine gave an angry puff, and the train, which had not come to a complete stop, began to pick up its momentum. Wallingford leaned far out from the steps.

"Make it eighty!" he shouted.

"All right," called Alec weakly, and Wallingford went into the car, chuckling.

III

THE miracle happened—two miracles in fact; one when J. Rufus Wallingford erected his mushroom city in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, from a job lot of portable

houses which he and Blackie Daw had secured at ten cents on the dollar, and the other when he induced a big press association to "fall for" his scheme of gratuitous advertising. Through this publicity, the wonderful Kimbely Mine became a household word overnight, and the astonished Brother Ralph, who had been waging a desperately uneven battle for subscribers in the effete East, suddenly wired frantically to his brothers to increase their capitalization, as he was running out of stock. Immediately after sending this telegram, he placed his derby between his ears and followed the cleavage of his nose into the haunt most infested by Blackie Daw.

"The Kimbely Mine is just doubling its capitalization," he proudly twanged.

"Good work," approved Blackie. "There's no reason why you shouldn't keep right on printing the stock as long as they'll buy it."

"They'll buy it as long as they have such proof as we have of a fivefold profit," enthused the Eastern Dougalbobber. "It's worth fifty-five now. Have you seen in the papers how Dougalville was built overnight?"

"I invented that trick myself," stated Blackie complacently. "It's the greatest mine-selling scheme on earth, and I lost a fortune by not patenting it."

Brother Ralph was working no harder than they were in Dougalville, however. Laborers flocked there in shoals, and were

either put into the mines or chased down the track to the jeers of the rapidly growing populace. Wallingford, for the time being, did nothing but sell houses—for cash when he could, on instalments when he must. For seven hundred dollars he could sell a house and lot which had cost him sixty, and a share of stock which had cost him eighty. He secured copies of the charter, constitution, and by-laws of the Kimbely Mine Company, and every time he read them he frowned over just one puzzling problem; then he went out and mingled anew with his tenantry, for every householder would be a voter in the approaching stockholders' meeting. He secured a grocer, a butcher, a baker, and other enterprising merchants to buy bungalows and open shops; a lawyer and four doctors—allopath, homeopath, osteopath, and horse—cast their lots with him, and carpenters, bricklayers, and stonemasons fairly swarmed to the place.

Even in the early days, before the inrush began, Wallingford occupied himself very fully, by spending as much time as possible in and about the mine, although nearly always under the watchful eye of one of the Dougalbobbbers. He noted one very peculiar thing: no chemist was employed, and nobody interested seemed at all curious regarding the quality of the ore. When he wanted to take some of it away to show prospective citizens, however, they evinced a sudden jealous regard for it, and positively refused to let him have any. He secured some, though, through the earnest efforts of Toad Jessop, who brought it away a lump at a time. It looked like any other iron-ore, so far as Wallingford could see, but he was very curious about it.

When the influx began, Wallingford became the patriarch of the town, its founder and father, its chief benefactor and adviser, and in the first two weeks Dougalville would have elected him unanimously to be President of the United States. At the end of two weeks, however, Big Bill Slammet came to town, with one wife, six children, three dogs, and seven dollars, and sought opportunities for investment. Big Bill busying himself on the investment proposition, Mrs. Slammet, a woman as faded and decrepit as Big Bill was flamboyant and hearty, came to Wallingford and secured a house on sheer defenselessness. Big Bill, having found the only easily obtainable form of investment in

the town to be whiskey, invested his seven dollars in that commodity for the use and benefit of himself and various and sundry kindred spirits. Shortly upon the heels of this, he discovered Wallingford, and immediately made a speech.

He was from Cinderburg, Big Bill was, and he knew this man Wallingford of old. He was a common grafter, this J. Rufus person, one who robbed widows and orphans and honest laboring men like him out of their hard-earned money. In Cinderburg Wallingford had organized a concern known as the Bang Sun Engine Company, which company was a fraud and a swindle from beginning to end. Big Bill fairly frothed at the mouth in telling of the iniquities of Wallingford, and as he had a good corner just between the Miners' Club saloon and the Merchants' Café, he had a rapidly growing and highly gleeful audience.

Wallingford and Toad Jessop, taking an evening constitutional, in the pleasant silence which comes to friends of long standing who have no question of each other, came upon the orator in due time and were just about to join the group when Wallingford heard his own name, and drew Toad quickly into the shadow of a high pile of beer-cases at the side of the Merchants' Café, where he listened a moment.

"Where's one of the Dougalbobbbers?" inquired Wallingford, turning to Toad with a sudden flush of anger.

"Down at the depot playin' penny ante, ten chips for a cent, with McCorkle an' young Rickets," immediately responded Toad, who knew the whereabouts, habits, and personal history of every living creature in Dougalville.

"Go get one of 'em," directed Wallingford crisply. "I'll be right here."

Toad at once transformed himself into a thin streak, and was there and back before Wallingford had ceased to wonder whether he had quite understood instructions or not.

"They're comin', both of 'em," panted Toad. "They didn't know there was any free doin's or they'd 'a' been here before. Gee, ain't that big husky lickin' it into you! I didn't know you'd been so ornery. Why don't you lick 'im?"

Wallingford dreaded to find a trace of contempt in Toad's tone, but there was none; the boy would not have found it possible to suspect physical cowardice in a friend of his. He only wondered that men so often found

reasons for neglecting the first duty and delight of every male human being.

"A mere licking wouldn't do," Wallingford explained, glad to have a valid excuse. "He's too dangerous for that."

The Dougalbobbbers hurried into view just then, and stopped at the edge of the crowd to listen. Toad ran out and brought them back to the shadow of the beer-cases.

"You have a bunch of hired wallopers, haven't you?" asked Wallingford.

"Well, we don't call 'em that," returned Frank hesitantly. "They're our watchmen."

"Where are they?"

"Wherever the most excitement is," returned Frank with a grin. "I reckon that's right here. I saw two or three of 'em as we circled the herd."

"I want to borrow them."

"I should say you would," responded Alec, and, stepping over to the edge of the crowd, he lifted up his shrill nasal voice with: "Soak 'im, boys! Soak 'im! Soak 'im! Soak 'im!"

The response was instantaneous. A raw potato hit Big Bill Slammet in the teeth. He turned, full of rage, to discover the vandal if he could, when, from the other edge of the group of his beloved hearers, a clod of raw dirt caught him in the ear. Big Bill considered that situation for only one second before he decided to step down from his nail-keg and seek some more secluded spot. As he edged through the crowd somebody poked him in the back of the neck with several hard knuckles. Big Bill started to run, and the nearest open space being the railroad track, he made for that and headed due southeast, followed by six well-muscled experts in the art of personal encounter, who pelted him with rocks at every jump until the darkness swallowed him up forever; whereupon his wife took in washing, and raised her family, and was happy ever after.

Immediately after the exodus of Big Bill, Wallingford's new-found friends, the Dougalbobbbers, in huge admiration escorted him to his own portable bungalow.

"We didn't know you was a wise William, too," said Alec with a little laugh as Wallingford produced a bottle and glasses and cigars. "If we'd 'a' known that, we'd 'a' had our wallopers, as you call 'em, look out for you, and this never would have happened."

"You have to watch for these red-necks," agreed Frank, smiling and looking Walling-

ford squarely in the eye for the first time in his life. "Just one of 'em's liable to upset your whole game any minute. You don't want to give 'em a chance to even couch inside your town. Come over to our office to-morrow at train time, and we'll show you how we handle 'em."

A sudden idea hit Wallingford, and the frowning crease which had been steadily in his brow for two weeks, disappeared, as if by magic. He chuckled, his broad chest heaving and his big shoulders shaking, his eyes closing and his round pink face wreathing itself in a smile, which, as an evidence of friendly understanding, the Dougalbobbber brothers saw with delight.

"You must have had a lot of experience," suggested Wallingford, and chuckled again over the splendid solution he had found for his secret problem.

The brothers exchanged smiles of comradeship.

"We've got it down to a science," boasted Frank. "You see, we've specialized. We do nothing but iron-mines, and we know how. We figure right from the beginning that most likely a mine is no good, but if it isn't, we don't want to know it; so we never fuss around with the ore except to dig it out. When we have nearly all the stock sold we ship some ore to the smelters, and what they tell us after the actual reduction is worth more than all the assays in the world."

"Right you are," agreed Wallingford heartily. "That's one reason you don't employ a chemist."

The brows of both the brothers darkened, and their ears turned redder.

"They're not safe," growled Frank. "They're likely to give you away."

"I see," returned Wallingford, nodding his head and pouring them another drink. "In the beginning you get some good iron-ore from some place or another and have an assay made, merely for the benefit of your brother Ralph, who sells the stock. In the meantime, you incorporate two companies, a largely capitalized mine company and an operating company of small capitalization. You make a contract between the two, which will allow the operating company to reap most of the profits. You sell the mining company stock, and hold the operating company stock yourselves, so that if you do happen to strike a winner you still have the big end of it."

"That's the trick," admitted Alec, delighted to find some one who appreciated the Dougalbobber cleverness, and both the brothers grinned thinly. "Only we never hit a winner."

"What do you think of the prospects of this mine?" asked Wallingford, bending forward with apparent anxiety.

The brothers glanced at each other quickly.

"The ore looks fine to me," declared Alec.

"I don't think we ever had so good a chance to strike a real one," added Frank.

"You know, I'd like to take a gamble myself," said Wallingford, smiling, his eyes opened to the most innocent roundness of which they were capable. "How much of the operating company stock would you sell?"

The brothers glanced at each other incredulously. Could this be possible?

"Well, of course we'd never let go of control," asserted Frank with a sober face, and not looking toward Alec lest their eyes sparkle and betray them.

"That means that you'll sell four hundred and ninety-nine shares," Wallingford quickly calculated. "You have in the operating company a thousand shares of a hundred dollars, par value, each. I've sold the biggest part of the four hundred and ninety-nine shares for you to my home-buyers, but I think I'll take the balance of it and keep it for myself."

The brothers dared not look anywhere near each other.

"We'll have to charge you par for it," ventured Frank, controlling his voice with an effort, while Alec tapped nervously upon the floor with his toe.

Wallingford only laughed at them and did the honors with such refreshment as he had to offer. "You'll do nothing of the sort," he assured them. "You'll be tickled stiff to sell it to me at seventy. You don't think you have a mine, anyhow."

They wrangled for a half-hour over the price, but they finally compromised at eighty. The Dougalbobber brothers laughed all the way home, while Wallingford chuckled himself to sleep.

The next day, when the train came, Wallingford, who made it a practice to extend the glad hand of fellowship to every possible homeseeker, was called over to the office by Alec.

"There'll be quite a bunch gettin' off o' this train," said the red-topped one, rubbing

his hands together in anticipatory glee. "You stay here and watch the fun; it'll be a good tip for you, brother."

Wallingford winced at this fraternal expression, but kept his own counsel, of long habit, and inspected the curious arrangement of the office with interest. The rough board shanty, small as it was, had one narrow room across the front, and in the rear partition of this were two doors, one leading into an enclosure, a mere cell, in fact, which had no other openings, except for one tiny window high up under the eaves. The other door led into a compartment which was barely wide enough to contain a bench at one side of the passage to the rear entrance. In the narrow front room sat a stupendously broad-shouldered and short-necked and wide-jawed man, whom Alec introduced as Mr. McCorkle.

"Mr. Wallingford is anxious to see how we get rid of the trouble-makers, Tim," stated Alec with a grin.

McCorkle's grin in reply was a crevice. "Get your money down on it quick," he said to Wallingford; "it's all over before it starts."

Alec glanced out the window, and hastily dragged Wallingford into the passageway. "Here they come," he explained.

Through augur-holes bored in the door, Wallingford and Alec watched the proceedings. McCorkle opened to the hoi-polloi.

"One at a time now," he bellowed, and let in a clay-cluttered digger and delver, after which he bolted the door. "Where'd yuh work last?" he demanded, and followed this with a string of usual employment questions, which the man answered quite satisfactorily, though he mumbled at it and twisted his hat. "All right," decided McCorkle, filling out a time-slip. "The boss'll sign this for you, and then you k'n go right to work."

This being Alec's cue, he opened the door and stepped in. Both Dougalbobber and McCorkle watched the man narrowly. Alec, slowly advancing, took the slip, and, after another searching look at the man, signed it, glancing up furtively at the fellow as he did so. Alec rejoined Wallingford and closed the door after himself. McCorkle opened the front door, let out his man and admitted another one. Four laborers in succession passed muster in the same way, and then came one who went through swimmingly until Alec Dougalbobber appeared

in the doorway, when the applicant's jaw dropped.

"Alec Shellbark!" he exclaimed.

McCorkle arose quietly and opened the door of the room which had no other outlet.

"Just wait in there," he directed.

"No, I won't wait," declined the laborer.

"I—I don't believe I want a job anyhow."

"You'll wait in there," declared McCorkle, stepping on the other side of the fellow.

"Not on your life!" refused the man. "Let me out o' this. I wouldn't work for that Shellbark outfit—"

Mr. McCorkle put one enormous hairy paw against the man's shoulder, pushed him into the cell with a shove which sent him spinning against the rear wall, closed the door, and calmly bolted it. Then he let in the next applicant.

Two more trouble-makers came out of that day's grist, and when all the lucky applicants had plodded off up the ravine, Alec stepped inside with Wallingford, and sent in his six paid gladiators, who had been waiting eagerly in the rear. The "rumpus" began immediately, and it lasted for about five minutes, during which time the little frame office rocked and shivered and resounded to the thumps of heads and heels until it finally gained relief by belching nine superheated men out at the rear door. Three of them ran down the track, headed due southeast, while the other six followed, pelting them with rocks.

McCorkle, who was too *blasé* and *ennui*

to care to take part in the outdoor portion of the gymnastics, came to the rear door with a slightly bored expression.

"Kind of a tame bunch this morning," he remarked apologetically; "but it's enough to give you a tip on how we handle 'em."

"That's brother Ralph's idea," said Alec, with proper family pride. "Simple, isn't

it? We never have any trouble around our camp."

What there was about that simple remark to make Wallingford laugh so heartily Alec could not understand.

On that day Ralph Dougaltobber walked in upon Blackie Daw with this startling information: "The price now is sixty per share, Mr. Daw. We have three hundred men upon our pay-roll."

"No wonder you have to sell stock," said Blackie.

IV

IN the two trips which he had taken to the city, Walling-

ford had noted, upon the banks of a cold-looking stream about ten miles down the track, the remains of a mistaken little saw-mill, which had long since gone out of business because there was nothing to saw. It had possessed a big, weather-tight tool- and stock-house, however, and in pursuance of the happy idea which the Dougaltobbers had given him, Wallingford bought the place for two hundred and fifty dollars; then, pleased with himself, he hurried away to complete his errand of mercy. About three miles below Dougaltville, a forlorn country road crossed



L. S. Chambers

Wallingford heard his own name, and drew Toad quickly into the shadow of a high pile of beer-cases, where he listened a moment

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the railroad track, and Wallingford made this point shortly after the up-train had passed. He waited patiently. In about an hour, two men came down the track, one limping and the other occasionally holding his hand to his jaw, and both cursing.

"Hello, boys," hailed Wallingford. "Been up to the Dougalville mine, hunting a job?"

Both men stopped and glowered savagely at Wallingford, then the man who limped made a fervent speech, while the other one listened in envious admiration. At first the speech consisted of mere disjointed emphasis, but gradually it grew more intelligible, built upon the combined texts of the Dougalbobber brothers, the Kimbely Mine, mines in general, the state, the railroad, and the universe, with a few side digressions upon miscellaneous subjects. Even Wallingford, connoisseur as he was of anathema, vituperation, and plain "cussing," listened with the respectful attention due to a master.

"Admitting all this," he pleasantly observed, "and agreeing with such of it as I understand, what do you intend to do about it?"

The man promptly gave him chapter two, with scarcely a repetition. It had not quite the vigor of chapter one, but more polish.

"Thanks," said Wallingford, much refreshed. "I'm glad to find you in this reasonable frame of mind. Here's ten dollars for you."

"I k'n lay him all out cussin', but my jaw hurts," insinuated the other man.

"Here's five for your willing spirit," offered Wallingford with a chuckle. "That's only grub-stakes, boys. You're both hired from this minute, at your usual mine wages. Seven miles farther on there's an old saw-mill, an old strawstack, and a bunk-house. They're mine. Kick the padlock off the door of the bunk-house and make yourself at home. There's a real town five miles farther on. When you get rested, drill down there and bring back all the provisions you can carry, because there's to be more of you, and I want you all fed on raw meat. What's your name?" he asked of the limping man, a brawny giant who showed all his gums.

"Mike Dimple," replied the man defiantly.

"Well, Mike, you're foreman of the works," announced Wallingford without a grin, for which Mr. Dimple voted him

a gentleman. "Your job will be to pick out the best, the bravest, and the truest of the yeomen who have hurried away from Dougalville. Hire these until you have twenty. Give the sickly ones a hearty meal and pass them on."

"And what'll I have 'em do?" asked Mike Dimple, puzzled as to his duties.

"Rest," replied Wallingford, his big pink face wreathing itself in a sudden smile of such cheer that both of the men smiled in sheer fellowship. "Just rest and eat and sleep, and take a little healthy exercise and keep in good training. I may want you all to come back to Dougalville some day and have your own way."

"Bless the day!" exclaimed Mike Dimple, and forgetting his limp he jumped up and cracked his heels together. "Bless the day, and thank you, sir! I'll get you the finest bunch of rowdies together that ever tore down a circus tent."

"Don't thank me," said Wallingford with his most benevolent air; "this is purely an errand of mercy," and he drove away, chuckling.

That night Toad Jessop came home with a purple eye.

"I thought I told you not to fight with bigger boys than yourself," chided Wallingford, surveying the wreck with mingled compassion and amusement.

"I wasn't," confessed the defiantly truthful Toad. "He was one size littler than me, but he was some fighter! I guess he could nearly lick a man. He 'most licked me."

"What brought on the battle?" asked Wallingford.

"He said you was a crook," explained Toad; and then, with refreshing candor, "Mebbe he was right, but what I licked him for was for sayin' it."

"Who was the boy, and what else did he say?" inquired Wallingford, seriously interested.

"Carrots Saghorn. He's got freckles, too, but they ain't as many as mine, so they have to name him after his hair. Gee, he's a good fighter! He won't wash his hands in the winter time because it cracks his knuckles."

Business being business, Wallingford dismissed with a chuckle the vivid picture of the red streaks cut into the black hands. "What did he say?" he insisted.

"Well, his paw come from Cinderburg, an' Carrots says that his paw says that what Big Bill Slammet said about you was so;

an' then Carrots said, his own self, that you was a crook, an' then I smashed him an' he smashed back, an' they made a ring an' hollered; only say! more of 'em hollered, 'Sick 'im, Freckles'—that's me, you know, Freckles, in this town—than hollered, 'Sick 'im, Carrots!'"

"What else did he say?" Wallingford was anxious to discover.

"Nothin'!" declared Toad indignantly. "He didn't have no chance. But gee, that kid's some fighter! Say! He rubs snake-oil on his muscles every mornin' to make 'em limber. Ketches the snakes hisself, an' puts 'em in a bottle, an' sets 'em in the sun. He stands this way, like the picture of the regular champions, you know; but I licked him. I k'n lick any kid that makes faces to scare you when he fights."

Later on, after he had applied a soothing poultice to the eye of Toad and had put that earnest champion to bed, Wallingford went up to see Mr. Saghorn, who was a quiet man with short curly whiskers, which looked like a rash, all over the lower part of his face. He sat on the edge of his portable porch with his stockinged feet dangling near the surface of the ground. His open undershirt revealed his highly matted breast, and he smoked a short, corn-cob pipe which made the very existence of mosquitoes a matter of doubt in the Saghorn family.

"Is this Mr. Steven Saghorn?" asked Wallingford pleasantly.

"Un-hunh," replied the man, looking indifferently at a point about ten feet ahead of his toes.

"I am Mr. Wallingford, Mr. Saghorn. I sold you your house, you know."

"Un-hunh."

Wallingford sighed, but he sat down on the edge of the porch, removed his hat, and again smiled pleasantly. "Fine evening, isn't it?" he ventured.

"Un-hunh."

Wallingford handed a good cigar to Mr. Saghorn, who thrust it into his shirt-bosom.

"They tell me you came from Cinderburg," said J. Rufus, trying to give the stubborn conversation another yank.

"Un-hunh."

"I understand there has been some criticism of me in that town," he went on desperately, and winced in advance of Saghorn's answer.

"Un-hunh."

"Entirely unjust, I assure you, Mr. Sag-

horn," explained Wallingford, as suave as a roll of butter, even under these discouraging circumstances. "It is true that I helped Mr. Bang incorporate his Sun Engine Company. I believed in that engine. I thought it the greatest thing in the world. But I am a mere promotor, not an engineer, and it was not my fault that the infernal engine wouldn't work. You see that, don't you, Mr. Saghorn?"

"Un-hunh."

"Thank you," returned Wallingford, delighted with his unexpected success. "I'm glad to find you so reasonable. I was afraid that possibly you might have believed some of the unkind things which I have heard were said about me after I left Cinderburg; and, of course, I am more than delighted to find that you do not. If anyone in Dougallville repeats these things in your hearing you will be kind enough to correct them, won't you, Mr. Saghorn?"

"No," announced Mr. Saghorn, and, knocking the ashes out of his pipe against a horny palm, he arose, and went into his portable house, and shut his portable door. Mr. Wallingford went home.

That night he pored over his accounts and did some close figuring. He had disposed of three hundred and fifty of his five hundred and twenty-five portable houses, over one hundred of them for cash, which cash was safely deposited in his New York bank; the balance he had sold on payments; he had issued three hundred and fifty shares of stock in the Kimbely Mine Operating Company. Once more he took out the charter, and read anew the peculiar constitution and by-laws of that corporation.

A stockholders' meeting was set for only a few days away, and even if everybody in the town voted with him, he could control the voting of only four hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand shares of stock. This was the dilemma which had confronted Wallingford and put creases in his brow for many days, but now he only chuckled at it.

The next morning he began looking after his personal popularity. He sent to the city for a hundred dollars' worth of books, all in the fifteen-cent, cloth-bound editions; he gave the butcher an order for a cow and two hogs; he gave the baker an order for unlimited bread and cakes; he gave the grocer an order for butter, crackers, cheese, and pickles, *ad lib.*; then he invited the entire town to the grand barbecue and Free

Public Library opening, which library he was about to present to his beloved fellow townsmen in the until now vacant portable house at Number 54 South Main Street.

On the day Wallingford decided upon this, the untiring Brother Ralph sought out Blackie Daw with a newspaper in his hand.

"I suppose you've seen the almost daily reports of the wonderful output of the Kimbely Mine," he suggested.

"Haven't you cleaned up on that yet?" inquired Blackie in surprise.

Mr. Dougalbobber was so shocked and pained that he was nervous. "Look at this article," he begged, pointing to a column-and-a-half "story" telling of a wonderful ore shipment. "The largest shipment ever made in the world," he explained.

"I believe it," replied Blackie courteously, passing back the paper; "but why be so mournful about it? You don't drink enough, Dougalbobber."

"And here," went on Mr. Dougalbobber with dignity, "is the weigher's certificate," and he presented a folded paper.

"I believe that, too," admitted Blackie, passing it back still folded. "Say, I wish you'd go away with your Kimbely Mine and let me sigh in peace. My wife's out of town."

V

THAT grand opening was the apex and climax of Dougalville's history. It was a grand and gala occasion, wherein Wallingford shone at his brightest, and Toad Jessop, as master of ceremonies, strutted to his heart's content. Old Pop Meeking, who ran the donkey-engine for the small ore-crusher, owned a beautifully mottled yellow and green cornet; Henry Brooger, who eked out a miserable existence mending shoes while he waited, owned an accordion; and Tom Macnish, whose business was to curse a mule, owned a bass viol. Wallingford hired the entire band. He placed that band where it belonged, right out in the middle of the field back of the Free Public Library and in front of the barbecue, and, when the time was ripe, which was just when the good smell of well-cooked flesh filled the air, he made a speech. It was a rousing, patriotic fraternal speech, calculated to warm the cockles of the heart, awaken enthusiasm, and increase happiness on every hand. He pointed with pride to the fact that he was the sole parent of this thriving little city,

and felt responsible for its welfare and its prosperity. He loved all of them as brothers, he did, and if any of them had individual or private troubles, let them come to him, and their firm and everlasting friend, J. Rufus Wallingford, would see what could be done! The free library which he was presenting them to-day was only the modest beginning of an institution of which he knew Dougalville would one day be justly proud. A schoolhouse would be his next gift to the city, and he was already dickering with the ministers of three denominations to come there and establish churches. In the meantime, the body needed food as much as the mind or the soul. That food, he could see by the eye of their expert butcher and chef, was now ready. Let him not keep them from it. Let them all help themselves, and enjoy themselves to the full. Would the boys please strike up "Turkey in the Straw"?

As that and one church-hymn were the only two tunes upon which the cornet and the accordion and the bass viol could agree, the boys cheerfully obliged, and the feast began.

Talk about popularity! Dougalville fairly dripped with it, and it was all for Wallingford—Wallingford the big, the impressive, the pleasant, the magnanimous! How they did love Wallingford that night! Women almost wept about him, children danced around him without throwing things, and strong men, with their mouths full of beef and pork and cheese and pickles, and their hands full of more, went about swearing his praises, between gulps, until they were fairly speechless with admiration and food, and went home to sleep it off. Only one man failed to show any enthusiasm. He ate more than anybody else, but his eye remained cold and clammy, particularly when it rested upon the founder of the feast. That man was Steven Saghorn.

On the second day after the barbecue, Brother Ralph came to town, as Alec and Frank had foretold, to attend the stockholders' meeting on the day following. Except for wearing a derby hat and the more neatly kept clothes of civilization, and except for having potato-brown hair, Brother Ralph was a carbon copy of the other Dougalbobbbers.

Wallingford walked across, as a matter of course, to be introduced to him, and found him to be scarcely a degree more

personally engaging than his brothers, and marveled that the man could have sold stock at all with his handicap of natural repulsion. He did not stop to parley long with the "smooth" one from the East, however, for the brothers seemed to desire to be alone; moreover, to-morrow was the day of the stockholders' meeting, and Wallingford himself was very busy.

He passed a long day in particular anxiety about the five-twenty-seven train, but he received a tremendous shock when the first man to step upon the platform was Blackie Daw. Toad Jessop, who was homesick but did not know it, was the first to spy Blackie, and executed an Indian war-dance upon the spot, shaking hands with him, and clapping him upon the shoulder, and calling him "ole pardner," and dashing a real tear out of his eye, and thrashing a lumbering big boy who saw it, and darting away to bring Wallingford, all within the space of a minute and a half.

Wallingford greeted his old friend and partner with surprise. "Well, Blackie," he exclaimed, while Toad walked around them both with every manifestation of delight, "what brings you to the end of the world?"

"Business," returned Blackie briskly;

"but I didn't expect to find you here. Fannie told me you were out West some place, working a big real-estate deal with those portable houses of ours."

"The West was never anything like this," declared Wallingford sadly; "but this is the place. I don't like your having business here, though. You don't mean to tell me you're tangled up with this Kimbely Mine?"

"I sure am," asserted Blackie valiantly. "I bought ten thousand dollars' worth of the stock. Now giggle."

"Bought it!" ejaculated Wallingford aghast. "Why, you blooming fool, how did you come to fall for it? You used to sell mining stock."

"They say it takes separate educations to be wised up to both ends of any game," responded Blackie dolefully. "I suppose I'm up against it, eh?"

"No, I wouldn't say that," replied Wallingford kindly. "Outside of making a fool investment, I guess your bet's all right."

Blackie took that jolt with scarcely a blink, and was able to smile in another minute. "It's like we always said, Jimmy," he philosophically concluded; "there's only two kinds of us—trimmers and lollups; and



Would the boys please strike up "Turkey in the Straw"?

when you quit being one kind, you have to be the other. What have you to drink?"

"Almost-whiskey and near-beer; but wait a minute and see the fun. Watch the appeal for employment of that bunch of laborers headed for the office."

As he spoke he indicated the rough crowd of men, twenty or more, who, alighting from the smoking-compartment end of the day-coach, had headed straight for the inquisition headquarters of the Kimbely Mine.

"You may have my share of their fun," offered Blackie, "and I'll give you something to boot. They flagged the train at a hobo-camp about ten miles down the track, and I still have my watch hung to my garter and my money in my shoe. They showed the price to the conductor, though, and he let 'em on; but if you have a police station here, I'm willing to be locked up until they leave town."

"Oh, hush," said Wallingford gaily. "This is my party."

If this was the case, it was an unusually rough-looking party, each man walking with a swagger, and nearly every one having upon his countenance some disfiguring scar or mark of recent battle. They were remarkably silent, also, though remarkably alert as they hurried, two by two, across to the office, where they found upon the door a brand-new sign which read, "No more laborers wanted." The man at the head of the procession, a brawny giant who perpetually showed his gums, knocked heavily upon the door.

"Whatchyou want?" rumbled the deep voice of Foreman McCorkle.

"Work," replied the big laborer.

"No chance," stated McCorkle from behind the closed door. "All full."

"I want to see Mr. Dougalbobber," insisted Mike Dimple.

"Which one?" demanded McCorkle.

"He ain't here," supplemented a high-pitched nasal voice from within.

"They're both there, boys," announced the giant with a happy grin; and then ensued a startling variation upon the usual evening-train program.

The score or more of earnest seekers after labor, each of whom had enjoyed the distinction of having been chased away from Dougalville with contumely and rocks, picked that frame office to pieces, plank by plank, and went in to hold an examination

of their own. There was a sound as of loud revelry by night; a sound like the splintering of wooden ships; like the dashing and smashing of heavy breakers upon a cliff-bound shore; like the voices from the bottomless pit of the damned and double damned; and then the yawning and jagged black orifice, which had once been the front of the building, spewed out Tim McCorkle with a bloody nose and a piece of a plank in each hand! Close behind him came Alec Dougalbobber with a ragged right ear, Ralph Dougalbobber with his Eastern-style derby jammed down over his eyes, and Frank Dougalbobber, who was wildly wondering whether he had his four missing teeth inside or out. With these came the six hired wallopers, each one now a wallopee; and the whole office "force" struck for the railroad track and headed due southeast, followed by about all that was left of the rock-ballasting of that poverty-stricken railroad. Pursued and pursuers alike, the gathering darkness swallowed them up, and Dougalville, quickly apprised of the incident, and all of it lying quite close enough to the railroad track to gather and see poetic justice so fully wrought, laughed itself hoarse.

Somebody stopped laughing by and by, and began to think, then nudged a neighbor and made him think; and the laugh died down. Was it possible that there was anything the matter with the Kimbely Mine? Had anybody poked a finger into the works and made it cease to tick? Couldn't it ever be wound up and started going again?

Wallingford asked and answered the same questions for the benefit of Blackie, as they walked up to the portable office.

"They're a set of the coarsest grafters I ever saw," Wallingford concluded as he produced a portable bottle in the shelter of his place of business. "It's their very coarseness, I guess, that let's 'em get across. I'm onto their game, though. I'm ashamed of myself, Blackie, but the very rawness of their play got me at first, the same as it got you. They don't care whether there's payore in sight or not. They're playing on the big odds that ninety-five per cent. of all mines are flivvers anyhow. They incorporate, take up all the stock themselves, and start digging at the same time they start selling shares. They get out as big a mountain of ore as possible, so that they can point

to an immense output, never stopping to find out whether there's enough iron in the ore to pay for the reduction. When the stock's all sold, they move on and dig another hole in the ground, and send their saucy brother Ralph out East to lift the pocket change of green-goods and gold-brick men and wise ginks who used to be in the same business. In the meantime, if a man comes into their camp who was ever in another one of theirs, they 'slug his head off to keep him from making foolish remarks.' If ever I get within gunshot of any mine they've started, and I find it out before they do, I'm going to lose fifteen pounds of embonpoint in the first fifteen miles."

"Fancy and effective," approved Blackie, "but what would they do if they struck a real mine?"

"That's where the brains filter through," replied Wallingford soberly. "They organize two companies, a mine company and an operating company. The operating company is to furnish all the expense of mining. The first seven per cent. of profits, if there are any, goes to the mine company—that's the one you bought stock in, you gink!—the second seven per cent. goes to the operating company; profits above that are divided equally between the two companies, but you can gamble upon it there never would be above fourteen per cent., if they cleaned up a million a minute, because the balance would be eaten up in fancy salaries. They sold me some of the stock in the operating company. I control four hundred and ninety-nine shares out of a thousand. I found out something they didn't know. I had quiet assays made by three different chemists, and the field is rich. It's worth millions, I think. I thought I was in good with my own stock until I saw a clause in the contract between the two companies that set me to guessing. The Kimbely Operating Company can sublet its contract at any price it chooses, to whomsoever it chooses. To-morrow is a stockholders' meeting. Any time between now and that meeting they might have received a wire from the smelting company telling them how good a thing they had. In that case, their first action in that meeting, with their five hundred and one shares, would have been to sublet the contract to themselves at a thousand dollars a year; so I arranged for them to be out of town."

"It was the best arranged exit I ever saw,"

admitted Blackie. "The Hippodrome could do it no better. But what can you do in that meeting? If they have over half the stock they'll have over half the profits, even if they never come back. They can send a messenger-boy for the money."

"They'll get five hundred and one dollars every fourth of July," stated Wallingford savagely; "for in the meeting to-morrow I intend to sublet that contract, at a thousand dollars a year, to J. Rufus Wallingford and Company, the company consisting of all the stockholders who are present. I'm glad you're here, Blackie; I shall need you for one of the officers. I'll give you a couple of shares of stock to-night, and—"

The back door flew open, and Toad Jessop bounced in with his eyes stretched to the full capacity of their sockets. "Hike!" he shouted in a tragic whisper. "Beat it! Hit 'er up quick or they'll git you!"

"What's all this about?" inquired Wallingford, but with no levity whatever, for Toad was in such deadly earnest that even his freckles were pale.

"Come away from there!" Toad almost screamed as Blackie started curiously toward the front door. "The whole town's comin' up Main Street, an' they say they're goana hang both of youse on top o' the big derrick."

"But for what? I don't understand," protested Wallingford, snatching up a small traveling-bag and opening his desk.

Toad grabbed him by the coat-tails and tried to drag him toward the back door. "You start runnin'!" he urged, beginning to cry, and falling into a furious anger because he found himself doing so. "If you stop to git anything you're goana stop a long time. Come outside, dang it!"

"Excuse me, I'm going," observed Blackie, slamming on his hat and not waiting to burden himself with his suit-case. He opened the back door, but closed it immediately. "Too late, Jimmy," he declared; "they're coming up the back way, too. We're caught."

They could hear the mob now. Its advance was like the sullen roar of a distant steamboat whistle, and Wallingford marveled that a mere sound could be so damp and icy.

"Quick, Toad; tell me what it's all about!" begged Wallingford.

"They've found out that these Dougal-bobbers is fakes an' frauds all the way

The New Adventures of Wallingford

through. They never got enough iron out o' all their mines to make a nail. They found out that you an' Blackie is grafters, too; an' they think you're in with this whole Kimbely Mine swindle. I told 'em it wasn't so, but all that got me was a sprint. Gee, you ought to see me comin'! Say! Ole Man Saghorn made a speech, an' it wasn't any drunken speech like Big Bill Slammet made, neither. It was some speech. Say! he called you all the thieves, an' robbers, an'—"

There came a stern knock upon the door, accompanied by the murmur of many voices. Wallingford turned pallid. The knock was repeated, and there were shouts for him to come out. It was Blackie who sprang to the door and opened it. Finding a man there who had it in his eye to lead the throng immediately inside, Blackie promptly confused the fellow's purpose by knocking him off the step. He grinned as the man fell, and one member of the mob was kind enough to laugh.

"Hello, boys," hailed Blackie cheerfully. "Who's the party on?"

"It's on you, I guess," came from the man who had laughed.

"We're a-goana hang you, that's what," was the determined announcement of a man in the very first row.

"Happy thought," returned Blackie. "But you want your money first, don't you? Every man who wants to sell his share of stock in the Kimbely Operating Company hold up his hand."

A hundred hands went up.

"Some of you are sensible anyhow," commented Blackie. "I refer to the gentlemen who have not yet decided that they want to sell. You've made the biggest mistake of your lives, boys. Mr. Wallingford will explain the situation to you."

Wallingford, emboldened by the fact that they were listening, stepped out upon the porch and confronted an acre of eyeballs.

"I'll buy every share of stock that is offered to me, and for spot cash," he announced.

"Will you buy our houses?" demanded Saghorn.

"I'll be cheating you if I buy even your stock," returned Wallingford, "Gentlemen, I have glorious news for you. The Kimbely Iron Mine is one of the richest in the country."

"It's a lie!" called a voice from the crowd.

"It was Beef Higgins called you that lie, Mr. Wallingford!" shrilled Toad. "I'll point him out to-morrow so you or Blackie k'n lick 'im!"

There was more than one snicker from the crowd upon this, and Wallingford, thankful to Toad for having turned the tide of that crisis, gained full command of himself and of the crowd. Helming the prow of his much-strained craft head-on against the waves and cutting them smoothly, he took the men, the solid, substantial men of Dougalville, right into his confidence! He explained to them exactly how matters stood; how he had known all along that the mine was a good one; how he had thwarted the dishonest Dougalbobbbers in their evil intentions, and had worked like a Trojan for the benefit of himself and his beloved citizens; and how to-morrow he wanted them to join with him in forming a new company, in which he would give them share for share in exchange for the stock they now held; and they would turn the magnificently rich Kimbely Mine into the foundation of a fortune for every dweller in Dougalville!

The magic of him got upon them. His voice soothed them like the odor of poppies. His presence, big, sleek, richly clad, and prosperous, held and satisfied their eyes. His words, rounded, well chosen, aptly and cleverly strung together, stole their reason. They answered his smile, they responded to his enthusiasm, they cheered him when he finished, and they gave him until to-morrow to prove what he said!

Flushed and triumphant, Wallingford, having cheerfully waved upon his way the last hand-shaking straggler of his friends and fellow citizens, came in the house, sat down in his chair, and trembled like a leaf.

"Do you know, for just three pins I'd take the first train out of here and let those happy stockholders run their own meeting to-morrow," he declared. "There may be a fortune in that mine across the track, but it's rather lost its charm for me. I don't think I'll ever be able to look up at the big derrick without feeling my spine turning into an icicle."

"I don't intend to go over and look at it at all," returned Blackie. "I'm glad I didn't see it when I got off the train. How did you come out with the houses, Jim?"

"Not so badly," said Wallingford, brightening. "I've collected nearly a hundred



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

The back door flew open, and Toad Jessop bounced in with his eyes stretched to the full capacity of their sockets. "Hike!" he shouted. "Beat it! Hit 'er up quick or they'll git you!"

thousand dollars on the houses and lots. I imagine I must have cleared some forty or fifty thousand dollars on the houses alone, but my share is invested in the instalment-plan mining stock I'm carrying for the mob that just wanted to hang me."

"Let's talk about our families," invited Blackie wearily. "Seems like I don't want to hear about mines any more, at all."

They were in quiet discussion of their respective domestic affairs when once more Toad Jessop burst in upon them.

"Now we do git!" he cried, his fists doubled and his nostrils distended. "There's a freight-train just pullin' in at the depot, an' if we run like Texas down the back way, in the shadow of the houses, we k'n climb her. There ain't a second! Start runnin', I tell you!"

Both men were upon their feet and had grabbed their hats.

"Now what's the matter?" demanded Wallingford.

"Don't ask me no questions," pleaded Toad. "Ole Saghorn is just finishin' a speech up on Red-eye Square, an' he's got 'em all to believin' that you two jes' gave 'em a slick talk to gain time so's youse could sneak out o' town. They'll be down here a-sizzlin' in about three minutes, by the way they was howlin', an' this time there won't be no speeches made. Saghorn, he says—"

"I don't care what he says," interrupted Blackie. "I have an important engagement, and if you two gentlemen will excuse me, I shall just jog upon my way."

Wallingford marveled at how slowly he ran for so swift a movement of his legs! He noticed that Blackie was several houses in advance of him, and he believed that Toad was darting along somewhere in his neighborhood, but he took no accurate observations; he was paying very strict attention to the stationary headlight of that freight-engine, and to the rough ground which he was traversing! It seemed constantly rising up toward him, and if he ever let it come up near enough to hit him in the place which most affected his breathing—well, there was enough money in the bank to make Fannie and little Jimmy comfortable; but he felt that they needed him!

Just before he reached the track, the train began to move. He saw Blackie run down to meet it and clamber upon the first car, and leap over its edge with the jerky motion

of a jumping-jack. With a desperate spurt, Wallingford reached the track as that same car came up to him. He made a wild clutch at it, and marveled to find his hand gripped tightly upon the hand-bar and his foot resting firmly in the iron stirrup. For a couple of minutes, which seemed as many ages, he hung there trying to regain his breath, then, summoning all his strength, he brought up his other foot, stepped to the buffer, crawled up on the edge of the car, and fell in! A groan told him that he had fallen upon Blackie, but neither one of them had the energy or the breath to move for some minutes. Blackie was the first to recover, and, the car being full of slack coal which pyramided down into the corners, he managed to wriggle himself out from under the heavy body which lay partly upon him, although the effort brought down a rush of the black, pebbly powder, which enveloped them both in the stifling, inky dust.

The thought which had made Blackie release himself so energetically was with him yet, however, for, as soon as he could free his tongue from its thick coating, he gasped,

"Where's Toad?"

Where was Toad? A quick search around the edges of the car revealed the fact that he was not with them, nor could they see him hanging to the train upon either side. In that heartsick moment, they knew how genuinely fond of the boy they were, and at that moment, also, the train gave a forward lurch as it left the top of the upward pull and started upon the down grade, and the water-tank which had just been filled slopped part of its contents back upon them, wetting them to the skin. It was a refreshing bath, and it washed off some of the coal-dust in streaks, though it made the dust which they acquired in the balance of the ride stick to them better.

It was so that Wallingford left Dougalville, and he gladly saw its lights fading behind him, as they jolted away, due south-east, toward the blessed land of taxis and push-buttons and bath-tubs.

"And I tried to save the burg!" wailed Wallingford, wiping the inky paste out of his eye. "I wish I hadn't played on the level with the citizens of Dougalville; they'd have respected me more."

"Aren't you going back?" demanded Blackie, surprised.

"Back!" howled Wallingford. "Back? Listen to me, Blackie. There isn't a leather



"Back? Why should I go back? Am I of a greedy disposition?" demanded Wallingford, digging lumps of wet coal-dust from between his collar and his neck.

chair nor a five-languaged waiter nor a bunch of orchids in the place, and there won't be for ten years. Back? When I can have my luggage carried in an elevator to the eleventh floor of the Dougalville Hotel I might consent to stop there overnight; but not before. Back? Why should I go back?"

"Oh, nothing, only a large fortune and that stockholders' meeting," suggested Blackie.

"Am I of a greedy disposition?" demanded Wallingford, digging lumps of wet coal-dust from between his collar and his neck. "No, Blackie, I gave them a tip, in my speech, on how they could handle their stockholders' meeting without the Dougal-bobber brothers, and I guess they can do it without me."

"It's tough on them, old man," responded Blackie, peering anxiously over the edge of the car as the train rounded a curve. "Where's Toad, I wonder?"

They firmly expected to see Toad come clambering down to them over the tops of the box-cars, but fifteen miles of miserable and melancholy riding brought them no Toad. Instead, it brought them to a real

town, where, under the full glare of the electric lights, Toad found them drenched and black and cold and hungry, just climbing down from their private car.

"You young devil!" gasped Blackie, angry for having wasted so much sorrow over him. "Where have you been?"

"I rode in the caboose," replied Toad cheerfully. "The conductor's a special friend o' mine. I knowed where you was. I seen you jump 'er. Gee, but you two's a sight!" and Toad was inconsiderate enough to laugh.

Wallingford surveyed himself ruefully. Never, even as a boy, had he looked so disreputable.

"And this," he complained, "is what I get for playing a straight game!"

"No, it ain't," declared Toad, who was at the exact age to spend much time in moralizing. "They never would 'a' chased you if you'd always been straight."

Blackie glared at him savagely. "Shut up!" he said. "Lead us to a drink, and some clean clothes and a drink, and something to eat and a drink, and a drink!"

The next story of "**Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford**" will appear in the June issue.

The Author of "Wallingford"

By Herbert Corey

AN interviewer once called on George Randolph Chester. "In what city were you born?" he asked the author of the Wallingford stories.

"Well," said Mr. Chester amiably, "I really don't care. Do you prefer any particular city?"

The record shows that, on this occasion at least, he selected Richmond, Indiana. But whether it was Richmond or another town, he left his birthplace so early in life that he has no sentiment to spare for "the dear old home." He is singularly free from flapdoodle, anyhow. It does not occur to him that there was anything romantic in the fact that a small boy had to go to work when other small boys were still running to their mothers to have their ears washed. Nor does he regard himself as having been a victim of hard luck. In fact, he had a fairly good time as a youngster, and for the next twenty years

or so he kept moving on. In that period he did about everything that can be done except to run a bank. A chronic case of "butter-fingers" kept him from handling money successfully. A dollar never seemed to him the foundation-stone of a fortune that should ultimately bulge. He recognized it only as available for the first payment on something he very greatly desired at the moment—subsequent payments to be made weekly over a period of ninety-nine years. In these early days he was always balanced between appetite and income.

He hasn't changed greatly since. Therefore his best friends can forgive his success. He still spends too much money, he keeps preposterous hours, he regards out-of-doors merely as a reason for the taximeter, he rolls his own cigarettes very badly, and he smacks his lips at the thought of



SPECIALLY POSED FOR THE COSMOPOLITAN

The latest portrait of George Randolph Chester, creator of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

canned sauerkraut and beer at three o'clock in the morning. His idea of a perfect day is to get so thoroughly worked up over a story he is writing that he has to drink half a dozen cups of black coffee before he can go to sleep. He is a standing denial of all the rules of hygiene. He never had an ache that he could not cure by flying in the face of a dietary providence.

In order to get the statistical portion of this narration out of the way as quickly as possible, it should be said that he is forty-two years old, has brown hair that is beginning to gray a bit, a rather prominent nose, a wide, humorous, and expressive mouth, and a pair of blue eyes that blink in the sunlight. He is about five feet ten inches tall, slender, never took any exercise voluntarily in his life and hopes that he never will, and is now in receipt of royalties from five volumes of collected short stories and from two plays. Six years ago he was an unknown copyreader on a Western newspaper. Today his stories are being chuckled over in every hamlet, because the types he presents live next door. Everyone has some time known a J. Rufus Wallingford and a Blackie Daw, and there is a Chester deacon and a Chester banker in every village big enough to have a town pump.

Before he became known as the worst reporter in Detroit he had held a series of irrelevant and episodic jobs. Their only likeness was that the whistle always blew at seven A. M. He ran the engine of a planing-mill until the town began to gall him. He was a pen-and-ink artist in Davenport, Iowa, and cooked in a restaurant, and waited on table, and was a plumber and a paperhanger and a ribbon-salesman and a chain-dragger for a civil engineer. Once he began in a chair-factory as bill-clerk, and resigned when he was offered the position of superintendent. For a time he produced the factory patterns.

"However," he said, "I was not a furniture-designer. I only designed furniture."

He didn't know it, but working in lumberyards and walloping mules was educating him to write good American fiction.

He did his first writing on the *Detroit News*. The city editor recognized latent ability, even if he did cry aloud because Chester lacked all news sense. If the youngster were sent out to report the story of a suicide, he would come back with all the horrifying scenery. He would make a

masterly analysis of the dead man's motives and describe the wife's grief, and vividly picture the dull, grim interior of the house of tragedy. But it was quite likely that he would forget the name of the deceased, and he seldom secured the street number. So that by and by even the city editor's bent toward literature could save him no longer. He went to the *Cincinnati Enquirer* at twelve dollars a week.

He had never been able to interest himself in the drab facts that make up the skeleton of news, but had always plucked at motives and emotions. Fortunately, the city editor recognized both the strength and the weakness of the recruit, and Mr. Chester was made Sunday Editor, six months after he joined the force. Then he began to find himself. In addition to the routine duties of the position, he was required to turn out from five to eighteen columns weekly of original matter. Eventually he built up a newspaper syndicate which netted him thirty-five dollars a week for serving twenty-five papers with a short humorous story weekly. When he succeeded in selling a story to a magazine for fifteen dollars, he dared to swing away from the shelter of the safe weekly salary.

He works without rules and as the spirit moves him. Sometimes he writes the first draft of a new story in long hand, sometimes on the typewriter, and sometimes it is dictated to his stenographer. He may rise at six o'clock to begin work, or he may stop work at that hour. But he always works hard. Few salesmen put in as many working hours weekly as he does. Creative work is fascinating to him. Perhaps that fact explains the celerity with which he turns out a completed story, and it may also account for the speed with which he has risen until—according to printed rumor—he is now one of the first three American writers in point of earnings. In all his life he has taken but one vacation, and that week almost bored him to death. Men and women and their springs of action alone interest him, and landscapes not at all. The one exception to this rule is that he insists upon looking out upon a tree when he rises in the morning. He is very fond of his friends. Toward those whom he does not like, his attitude is that of a candid early pagan. When he needs inspiration he finds an untouched village and sits in the First National Bank.



Nelson A. Miles in 1876, when he was colonel of the 5th Infantry and brevet major-general, U. S. A.

My First Fights on the Plains

THE INTIMATE, PERSONAL STORY OF THE BEGINNINGS OF A DECADE OF INDIAN WARFARE, TOLD BY THE GENERAL WHO FINALLY CONQUERED NEARLY ALL THE GREAT CHIEFS WHO FOR YEARS HAD TERRORIZED WHAT WAS THEN THE WESTERN FRONTIER

By
General Nelson A. Miles,
U.S.A.

IN the preceding chapter, I alluded somewhat to the life of the Indians on the plains. During the time I was stationed in that remote country, I had ample opportunity to study the history, traditions, customs, habits, and mode of life of the native Americans. I found it a most interesting subject. What we know of the Indians, and what has been written concerning them, would fill many volumes. What we do not know of their origin and history would fill many more. Whence they came and when we know not; but if we were to judge from their stature, features, color, language, art, music, and many of their characteristics we would be convinced that their ancestors were of Asiatic origin. There is evidence that they acquired control of this continent by conquest, rather than by peaceful means. Their displacement of the prehistoric races undoubtedly required centuries of time.

But whatever their history, their blood and experience produced a superior race. All the early explorers and historians speak of them as a strong, intelligent, honest, peaceful people. At first they welcomed the foreigners to their shores with cordial hospitality, and were repaid by their people

being kidnaped and transported to foreign countries, doomed to a life of captivity and servitude. From the days of Columbus, there are many accounts of their being transported to European countries, but no record of their being returned. They were sold into slavery in the colonies of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Virginia, and the Carolinas, and other parts of our country. They were hunted with hounds kept at public expense in Connecticut; were shipped to France to serve in the galleys.

Three hundred years of the cruelty, bigotry, and cupidity of the white race, and two hundred years of warfare, engendered hostility and hatred in both races. It was handed down from father to son, through generations, and became in our day as natural as it was universal. It was more intense with the Indians, as they were the unfortunate and subjugated people. Not only was their country overrun, but the vices and diseases brought among them by the white race were more destructive than war, and swept whole tribes out of existence. Still they maintained a courage and fortitude that was heroic. In vain might we search history for the record of a people who

contended as valiantly against the overwhelming numbers of a superior race, and defended their country until finally driven toward the setting sun, a race practically annihilated.

The art of war among the white race is called strategy or tactics; when practised by the Indians it is called treachery. They employed the art of deceiving, misleading, decoying, surprising the enemy, with great cleverness. The celerity and secrecy of their movements were never excelled by the warriors of any country. They exhibited courage, skill, sagacity, endurance, fortitude, and self-sacrifice of a high order. They had rules of civility in their intercourse among themselves or with strangers and in their councils. Some of these we could copy to our advantage.

With their enemies, they believed it right to take every advantage. If one of their own tribe committed a serious offense or crime, they believed it right for the victim to administer swift retribution, and the whole tribe approved. Within their own tribe and among their own people they had a code of honor which all respected. An Indian could leave his horse, blanket, saddle, or rifle any place by night or day, and it would not be disturbed, though the whole tribe might pass near. This could not be done in any community of white people.

An amusing incident occurred several years ago when Bishop Whipple was sent by the government to hold an important counsel with

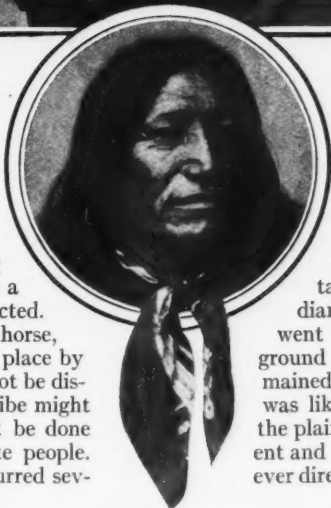
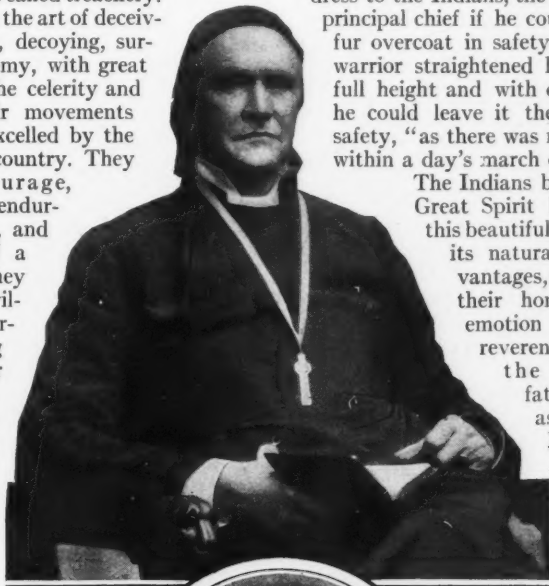
the Sioux nation. The bishop was a most benevolent man and a good friend of the Indians, and had much influence with them. It was in mid-winter, and a great multitude of Indians had gathered in South Dakota to receive this messenger from the Great Father at Washington. Before delivering his address to the Indians, the bishop asked the principal chief if he could put aside his fur overcoat in safety. The stalwart warrior straightened himself up to his full height and with dignity said that he could leave it there with perfect safety, "as there was not a white man within a day's march of the place."

The Indians believed that the Great Spirit had given them this beautiful country, with all its natural resources, advantages, and blessings, for their home; with deep emotion and profound reverence they spoke of the sun as their father and the earth as their mother.

Nature they worshiped, upon it they depended, with it they communed, they cherished it with deepest

affection. They looked upon the white race as their inferiors, as a grasping, degraded, cruel people. They had no respect for those who lived by digging the ground or by trade, in which the traders were ever seeking to take advantage of the Indians. As for the miner, who went down into a hole in the ground in the morning and remained until night, his life to them was like that of the gopher. On the plains their life was independent and most enjoyable. In whatever direction they moved they were

sure to find in a day's march beautiful camping-grounds, plenty of timber and grass, pure water, and



One of the noblest of the redmen and one of his, and his people's, staunchest friends—Spotted Tail, a chief of the Sioux, and Henry B. Whipple, bishop of Minnesota

My First Fights on the Plains

an abundance of food. Besides the flesh of animals, they had Indian corn, and wild vegetables, berries, fruit, and nuts were easily obtainable.

COLONEL FORSYTH'S BLOODY FIGHT

As the transcontinental railroad was constructed and the settlements advanced, the buffalo, deer, and antelope, the Indians' principal food supply, were destroyed. Enraged at the prospect of starvation, they gathered large war parties and raided the settlements of Colorado, Texas, and Kansas, and attacked surveying and working parties along the line of the railway. Against these powerful marauding bands expeditions of troops were sent; one, under command of General Eugene A. Carr, 5th Cavalry, made a forced march across the country and on July 12, 1869, surprised and attacked a large camp of Indians who had congregated at Summit Springs, Colorado, killing and wounding a large number of Indians and recapturing one white woman. This achievement was well planned and executed by the able and experienced commander and his gallant officers and soldiers. Another expedition the same year was under command of Colonel George A. Forsyth. It was made up of fifty frontier riflemen, noted for their courage and skilled marksmanship. This command, while bivouacked on the Arikaree, a small tributary of the Republican, in northern Kansas, was attacked September 17, 1869, by several hundred Indians. After a most desperate encounter, the Indians were repulsed with very severe loss, including their principal chief. The command of Colonel Forsyth lost, in killed and wounded, half its number, and was finally rescued by other troops after it had been besieged for nine days. The losses to the Indians did not dishearten them, but seemed to stir them to still stronger hatred for the white invaders of their country.

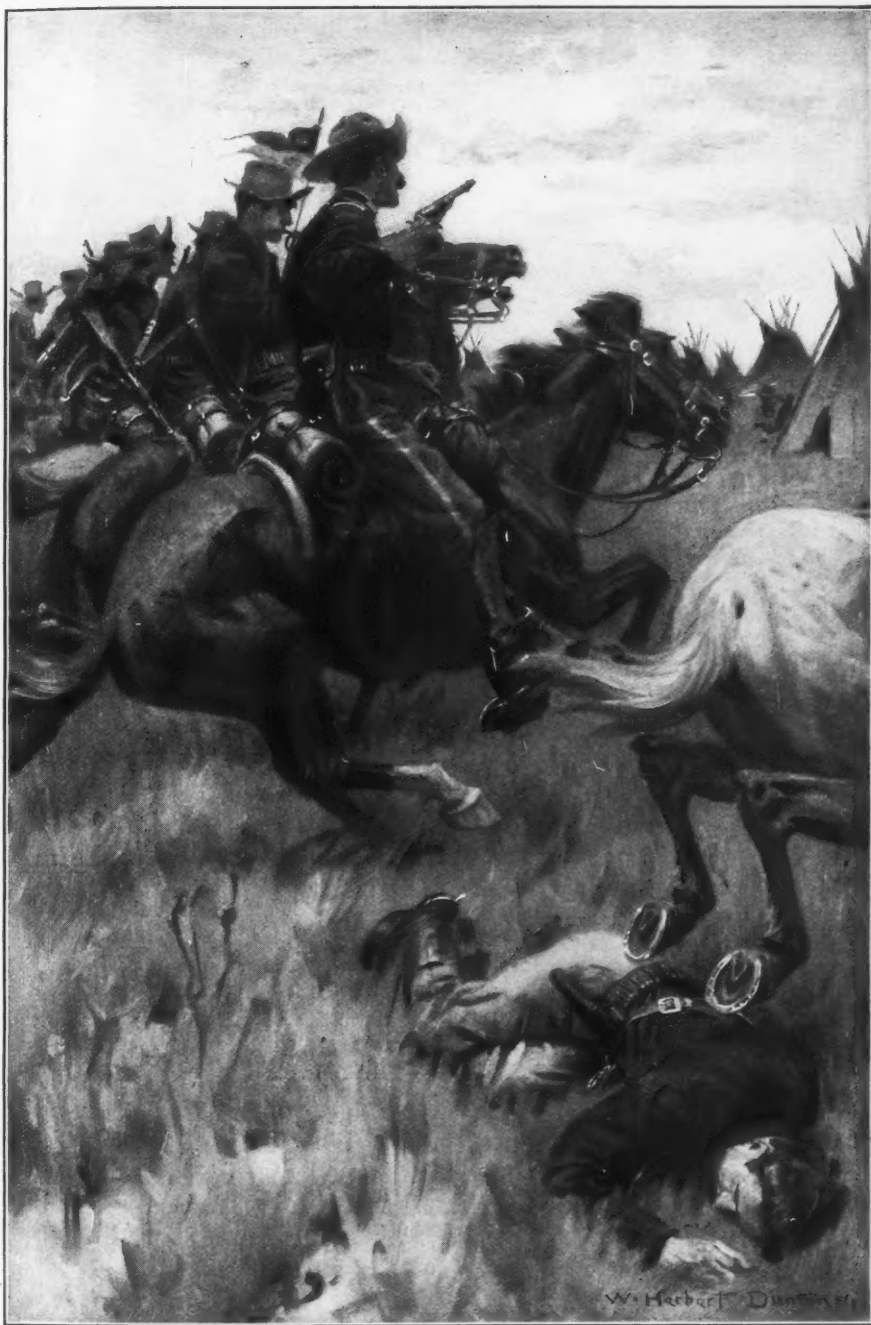
This condition of affairs continued for several seasons, until the spring of 1874, when the Indians gathered in great numbers at a place known as Medicine Lodge, Indian Territory. This was a grand council of war, similar to those held in the days of the Six Nations, or the time of the conspiracy of Pontiac, or that confederation of the great tribes inspired by The Prophet and led by his brother, Tecumseh. The Indians of the Southwest, who had been

accustomed to roam at will over Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Kansas, and Indian Territory, were gathered at this great council. Their grievances and their woes were proclaimed and their final destruction predicted with vivid native eloquence. Their savage natures were aroused to the most intense ferocity. There was but one sentiment, and that was for revenge and relentless war upon the white race. The unanimous resolve of the warriors of the different tribes was the formation of a great war party to attack and destroy the buffalo-hunters who were occupying a stockade at Adobe Walls on the Canadian River in the Panhandle of Texas. Fortunately the Indian attack upon the hunters occurred on Sunday when they were all gathered together. The Indians displayed the greatest courage, some of them dashing up to the very gates of the stockade and trying to beat them down with their spears and tomahawks while their comrades kept up a sharp fire with their rifles. Their assault was repulsed with severe loss, a large number were killed and many wounded, and the government troops were called upon to suppress the Indian hostilities.

ORGANIZING MY FIRST CAMPAIGN

In August, 1874, I was directed to organize a command at Fort Dodge, and move south against the hostile Indians. Other commands were also ordered to move; one east from New Mexico, under Major Price; one north from Texas, under Colonel Mackenzie; one west from Indian Territory, under Colonel Davidson. My command consisted of two battalions of eight troops of cavalry, commanded by Majors Compton and Biddle; one battalion of four companies of infantry, commanded by Major Bristol; a company of friendly Indians, a detachment of artillery, and a company of civilian scouts and guides. These were mostly hunters and expert riflemen, familiar with the country.

I resolved upon certain principles that I regarded as essential. Never, by day or night, to permit my command to be surprised; to hold it in such condition at all times, whether marching or camping, that it would be ever ready to encounter the enemy; to keep the divisions in communicating and supporting distance of each other whenever possible and always ready to act on the offensive. There is an old saying



DRAWN BY W. HERBERT DENTON FROM A DESCRIPTION FURNISHED BY GENERAL MILES

An attack on an Indian encampment at Summit Springs, Col., by General Eugene A. Carr, July 12, 1869.
War parties had been raiding the frontier settlements, and General Carr, sent against them, surprised and routed one of the largest bands

My First Fights on the Plains

that when an Indian wants food he hunts game; when he wants sport, he hunts the white man. But no man, be he white or Indian, likes to be hunted, and if the hunt is continued it will in time unnerve the stoutest hearted. During that year, that country had been scourged by a most prolonged and consuming drought and, what was most unusual and more destructive, by a visitation of myriads of locusts, which devoured almost every green thing.

THE BIG BATTLE ON THE RED RIVER

The command moved south to Camp Supply, Indian Territory, and thence southwest, crossing the Canadian River. We then continued that course until we struck the main heavy trail of the Indians, near the headwaters of the Washita River. The detachments of the command had already had slight encounters with scattered bands of Indians. Some days we would not see an Indian, although we knew they were watching us and in close proximity; but a very good rule to observe, when one is in the Indian country, is this, "When you see Indians about, be careful; when you do not see them, be more careful." On the 24th of August we followed the main body of the Indians south in the direction of the breaks of the Red River. Indians, when pursued, select with great care the roughest and most inaccessible places, and they could not have made a better selection than they did at this time. Concealed in the canyons and behind bluffs, they awaited the approach of the command. On the morning of August 30th, they made a wild dash and a furious charge against our advance-guard. Some 250 came with the suddenness and fury of a whirlwind, but they were met by one of the coolest and ablest officers, Lieutenant Frank D. Baldwin, who had made a distinguished record during the Civil War and afterward became a general officer. His command quickly dismounted and opened a destructive fire with their rifles, which checked the onslaught of the savages. As soon as the design of the Indians was developed, the cavalry of the command galloped into action. Then the artillery detachment, under Lieutenant Pope, took position on favorable ground, and the entire force assumed the offensive, immediately making a counter-charge. We drove the Indians from their chosen position, fighting over sand-hills, bluffs, dry arroyos and

coulées, the roughest broken country I have ever seen fought over. It was a continuous advance, the officers leading with great gallantry and every soldier a hero. The Indians were pursued for nearly twenty miles across the Red River, up the Grand Canyon of the Tulé, and out on the Llano Estacado or Staked Plains. It was the first serious engagement with the main body of the Indians, and while the loss was not serious on either side, it was a demonstration of the excellent fighting qualities of our troops, and the same fortitude and tenacity was maintained in all the subsequent encounters. I have never known men to suffer as much as they did in this engagement. The heat was intense, the ground parched by the burning sun, and not a drop of refreshing water within twenty miles of the field. The Red River, which, during the rainy season, has water enough to float a steamboat, was at this time a bed of drifting white sand. What little water there was in the vicinity was so impregnated with alkali that it was impossible for it to be used by man or beast. One little realizes the sufferings of men under such circumstances. In some instances they opened the veins of their arms to moisten their burning lips.

This country into which the command had been drawn is unlike any other section of this continent. The only country that I have ever seen like it is the steppes of Russian Siberia. It is high plateau or tableland covered with short buffalo-grass and as level as a billiard-table, without a tree or shrub to be seen as far as the eye can reach. We marched over it sometimes for days, and it seemed like being in mid-ocean in a dead calm. The canyons and broken country along its eastern border were a refuge for the Indians when pursued and a comparatively safe place to conceal their families and herds, and they undoubtedly thought they had made a fortunate escape.

DARING ADVENTURES OF SCOUTS

The command was now some two hundred miles from any base of supplies, and to have returned to our base would have left the Indians in full occupation of the country. I therefore resolved to send for additional transportation, make my wagon-train a movable base, and remain in that country until the Indians were subdued. I then made such disposition of the troops as to



Chief Stone Calf, who surrendered the two older Germaine girls to General Miles



Ben Clarke, chief of scouts for the expedition which rescued the two Germaine girls

make the country untenable for the Indians. Four troops of cavalry, under Major Price, joined mine and became a part of my command. Excellent service was rendered by the troops under Colonels Mackenzie and Davidson, but their forces were greatly embarrassed by the breaking down of their transportation. Our couriers, when sent on long journeys, were obliged to travel principally by night and conceal themselves during the day. Several instances of heroic daring on the part

of these men occurred. Scout William F. Schmalsle dashed out from a besieged train

Headquarters Indian Territory
Expedition.
In the field January 20th 1870.
To the Misses Germaine:
Your little sisters are well,
and in the hands of friends
Do not be discouraged. Every
Effort is being made for
your welfare.
Richard T. Miles
Colonel & Brevet Major General
U. S. Army
Commanding Expedition

Julia and Adelaide Germaine soon after they were taken from the Indians, who had killed several members of their family as they were journeying from Missouri to Colorado. On a similar photograph General Miles wrote the above note to their sisters, who were held by another band, and sent it by an Indian runner. They were all soon reunited

at night, and although pursued by Indians escaped by riding into a herd of buffaloes and after that by concealing himself during the day and traveling at night. At another time a party of six, four soldiers and two scouts, under Sergeant Woodhall, were surrounded by a large body of Indians on the open plains, but by getting into a buffalo-wallow and partly entrenching they repulsed the Indians, although outnumbered twenty to one. One was killed, two were severely wounded, and all were struck by the bullets of the enemy.

By a system of espionage at their agencies and by friendly Indians with whom

My First Fights on the Plains.

they were in communication I was enabled to learn much of the condition and designs of the hostile Indians, and this valuable information enabled me to anticipate some of their movements. Wherever the Indians could be found, they were fought and pursued. This occurred in several engagements during the autumn months. On November 8th, a command under Lieutenant Baldwin surprised the camp of Gray Beard on McClellan Creek, and after a spirited engagement routed the Indians, and recovered two little white girls, Julia and Adelaide Germaine, aged seven and nine years, whom the Indians had held in captivity. They told us that their family had been journeying from Missouri to Colorado when they were attacked. Their father, mother, brother, and a sister were killed, and they, with two older sisters, were carried away by the Indians, but for several weeks they had not seen their sisters. When rescued, they were the most emaciated mortals I have ever seen. Their little hands were like birds' claws. They had been forced to travel rapidly by night and by day with the Indians in their long journeys, but with insufficient and coarse food. Their condition excited the deepest sympathy of the brave troops. When the officers and soldiers looked upon these poor unfortunates, warm tears could be seen coursing down their bronzed faces. It nerved every man to heroic endeavor to avenge the wrong and rescue those still in the hands of the savages.

RESCUE OF THE GERMAINE GIRLS

Thus the weeks and months wore away, with constant marching and hunting the enemy. We had an occasional rest while awaiting supplies, and as the country was well stocked with every kind of game, our larder was well supplied. The approach of winter was our best ally. Timely and ample provision was made for the comfort of our troops, but the cold blasts of what is known as a Texas Norther added to the discomfort and destruction of the Indians. We drove them out of every place where they could be found, and finally across the Staked Plains to the valley of the Pecos River in New Mexico. Here a scarcity of food and the cold winter were most destructive and disheartening. I was convinced that the Indians were so reduced that they would surrender if an opportu-

nity was granted them. I therefore equipped a small party of friendly Indians, and sent by them a summons to the hostiles to surrender, making a condition of the surrender that they should bring in alive the two Germaine girls they held in captivity, and adding that unless this was done no terms would be granted and active measures would be continued until they were exterminated. In the meantime, the two little captives that we had rescued had been sent to Fort Leavenworth under charge of Doctor Powell, where the ladies of the garrison took care of them and nursed them back to health. The doctor, on returning to camp, brought me their photograph. It occurred to me to send it as a ray of hope to their unfortunate sisters, if they could be found. I therefore offered an Indian messenger a good reward if he would place it in their hands. On the back of the photograph I wrote the following message:

HEADQUARTERS INDIAN TERRITORY EXPEDITION.

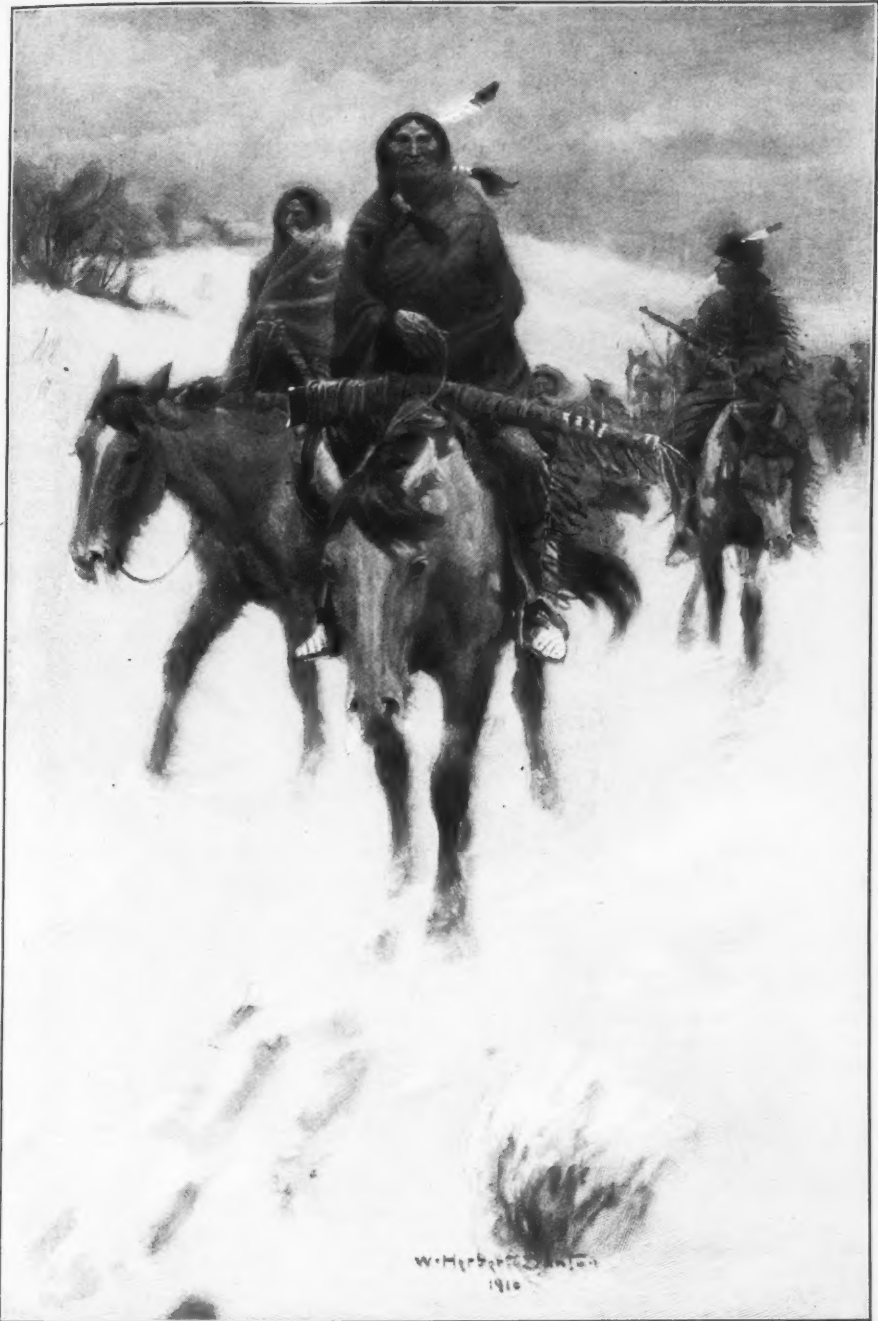
In the field, January 20, 1875.

TO THE MISSES GERMAINE:

Your little sisters are well, and in the hands of friends. Do not be discouraged. Every effort is being made for your welfare.

NELSON A. MILES,
Colonel and Brevet Major General,
U. S. Army,
Commanding Expedition.

I placed the photograph in an envelope and especially charged the runner to put it in the hands of one of the unfortunate captives. He carried this message a distance of some four hundred miles over the snow-covered plains and frozen rivers, across the Staked Plains, until he finally reached the camp of the hostile Indians on the Pecos River, New Mexico. The blasts of winter had destroyed a great number of their horses and ponies, which the campaign had reduced to poor condition, and the Indians were most destitute and desperate, so that the demand for their surrender was opportune and was accepted on the imperative conditions named. The principal chief, Stone Calf, sent for the two white girls, placed them in a tent next his, and treated them with care and marked consideration. The morning following the receipt of the demand for surrender the tribes commenced their difficult and laborious journey toward the agencies in the eastern part of the Indian Territory. They traveled mostly on foot, as the greater num-



DRAWN BY W. HERBERT DUNTON FROM A DESCRIPTION FURNISHED BY GENERAL MILES

The return to the reservation. Worn out with eight months of fighting, in which the soldiers had driven them hundreds of miles, the chiefs gladly yielded to General Miles's demand to surrender, and commenced the long journey back to the agencies

My First Fights on the Plains

ber of the horses and ponies with which they had commenced the campaign had been captured or destroyed, and those that remained were scarcely sufficient to transport their limited supplies and baggage.

When a favorable opportunity occurred, the courier quietly handed the eldest girl my note on the back of her sisters' photograph, and, as she told me afterward, she was overcome with joy and hope. It was the first information she had had that her sisters were alive, and that anyone knew of her existence, or was interested in the rescue of herself and her sister.

After reaching the agencies, the Indians formally surrendered their arms, horses, and captives to the military authorities. The Indian warriors were paraded in line under the guns of the troops, and the two white girls passed along in front of them, pointing out the Indians who had murdered their family and committed other cruel atrocities. Seventy-five were taken out, placed under a strong guard, and sent to Florida. The two girls were sent to Fort Leavenworth, where they joined their younger

sisters. They were all provided with a good guardian and a comfortable home. On my recommendation, \$10,000 was deducted from the annuities to the Indian tribe, and \$2500 was placed to the credit of each of these unfortunate girls. In time they grew up and married, and at last accounts were in comfortable homes in Kansas, Colorado, and California.

That campaign, lasting for many months, closed after most difficult and laborious efforts on the part of the troops, with the satisfactory result that that vast Southwestern country has been free from the terrifying and devastating presence of hostile Indians, and the citizens of the states of Kansas, Colorado, Oklahoma, Texas, and New Mexico have enjoyed an era of peace. Scarcely

a hostile shot has been heard in that country for the last thirty-five years.

After the campaign, I returned to my headquarters at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. The following autumn an outbreak which created a general alarm occurred in New Mexico, and troops were hurried from the different departments to suppress what appeared to be a serious uprising. I was directed to proceed to that locality, and to take such measures as I deemed advisable, using the troops there concentrated. I traveled by rail and stage until I reached the scene of the



Sitting Bull, a perfect type of the savage Indian and leader of the uprising which resulted in the Custer massacre.—Two stubborn Indian fighters—General Eugene A. Carr (left) and General Ranald Mackenzie. Even boundary lines did not stop Mackenzie, who once pursued a band of Indians into Mexico and there routed them.

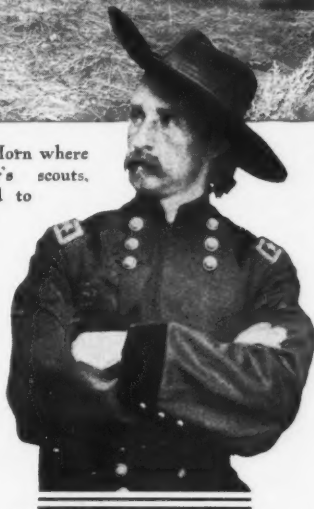


COURTESY OF MR. RUDMAN WANAHAKE

The hillside on the Little Big Horn where these four Indians, Custer's scouts, members of his command to mark the spot where

Custer and his troopers died, are supposed to have been the only escape. The wooden cross marks the spot where Custer's body was found

reported Indian disturbances at Cimarron, New Mexico. I there found that the Jicarilla Apaches and the Muache Utes had assumed a hostile attitude. They had threatened the life of their agent and driven him away, abandoned the agency, and gone up into the mountains. Before commencing a campaign against them, which would undoubtedly have extended into the winter and would have been very severe upon the troops, I determined to ascertain, if possible, the Indians' side of the controversy. After learning what the agent and employees of the Indian Bureau had to say concerning the disturbances, I found an Indian runner and sent him out to the camp in the mountains, with a message to the principal chief saying that I had been sent there by the government with sufficient troops to restore order and if necessary con-



General George A. Custer, the daring cavalry leader, who attacked a band of Indians outnumbering his command ten to one. The famous "Custer massacre" was the result

duct a campaign against them, but that before moving against them I desired to learn their side of the controversy and what they had to say in justification of their action. He sent word that he would come in and talk to me if he could be assured of protection and a safe return to his camp in the mountains. I assured him that we would take no advantage of him and should regard him as under the sanctity of a flag of truce. With that assurance he came in, and his talk related a tale of woe. He said that he had made a solemn treaty with the government to remain on a certain tract of land that was of little value, and that in consideration of his people staying there, and at peace, the government was to give him certain annuities and certain support for his people, but that the provisions given them were inadequate in quantity and quality to sustain human life. This part of the state-

My First Fights on the Plains

ment I found to be true; the beef furnished by the contractors was from old worn-out oxen that had been used in transporting stores across the plains, and the flour supplied under the contract was nothing but bran or the husks of the grain after the life-giving properties had been sifted out. The contractors were receiving full pay for wholesome food. The chief said that his people could not live in that way, and it was only a question of fighting or starving. He added that his people did not wish to go to war and would prefer to remain at peace provided they could do so and live.

THE "SQUARE DEAL" AVERTS A WAR

I assured him that I would see that the obligation of the government was fulfilled, but that he must bring his people back from the mountains and remain at peace under the supervision of an officer whom I would place in charge of their affairs. He accepted the conditions and brought his people back. I selected a judicious officer of the army and put him in charge of the agency. He treated the Indians justly. In a short time they were all contented and peacefully disposed, and the troops were returned to their former stations. To me it was gratifying to avoid an Indian war by acts of justice and humanity rather than to end it by the use of force. In making my report on the condition of affairs as I found them I urged in the strongest possible terms measures that I had previously advocated for the conduct of the Indians' affairs. In this report I recommended "first, that the Indians be placed under the control of officers of known integrity; second, that one-half the annuities to be given to the wild tribes be given them in domestic stock, and that they be compelled to care for and preserve it; third, that as far as possible, all children be gathered into schools and taught habits of industry and skilled labor. . . . If the tribal organizations can be used as a germ of civil government after the tribes are finally located, they might be so far retained with advantage, but with this possible exception—the sooner the Indians are, as individuals, placed on the same footing as others as respects their responsibility and rights and admitted to such privileges as their character and capacity may entitle them to, the sooner in my judgment will they cease to be a bill of expense, a source

of corruption, and a disturbing element of the country."

The following spring I was again sent to Colorado and western Nebraska to investigate Indian disturbances of a different tribe, and succeeded in restoring order and peace without using troops.

THE CUSTER MASSACRE

The celebration of the anniversary of our national independence in the centennial year of 1876 was more universally observed than at any other time, either before or since; but the universal rejoicing was followed by national gloom. The morning papers of July 5, 1876, announced that a good part of General Custer's command of the 7th Cavalry had been annihilated on the Little Big Horn in Montana. Custer's command was well known in the Southwest, and his troopers were very popular with the citizens of that region. The news of this disaster created intense excitement, and a feeling of the deepest sympathy. In fact, there had been no such demonstration of sorrow since the appalling tragedy of April 14, 1865. Public buildings and private houses were draped in mourning. Messages and telegrams were soon flying between military authorities, and a command was ordered to be prepared to move immediately from Fort Leavenworth to Montana to take part in the campaign against the victorious Indians. A part of my regiment was chosen for this service, and I requested permission to go in command of it. The request was approved by the higher authorities, and within a few days the command was equipped for field service, and marched away as light hearted as ever troops proceeded to the field of arduous and most hazardous service. We carried with us the confidence and sympathy of those left behind, for they bade us adieu with tears and I am sure many misgivings for our future. Taking the train at Leavenworth, we moved to Yankton, South Dakota; then embarked on one of the large river-steamers and proceeded up the Missouri River. As we passed the military stations along the upper Missouri, the small garrisons that had been left there in charge of the public property frequently gathered on the banks, cheering and waving their salutations and signaling messages of encouragement to those who were going to take the places of the ones who had fallen.

The next instalment of General Miles's Memoirs will appear in the June issue.

Cosmopolitan's
*Exclusive Portraits of
To-day's Stage Favorites*



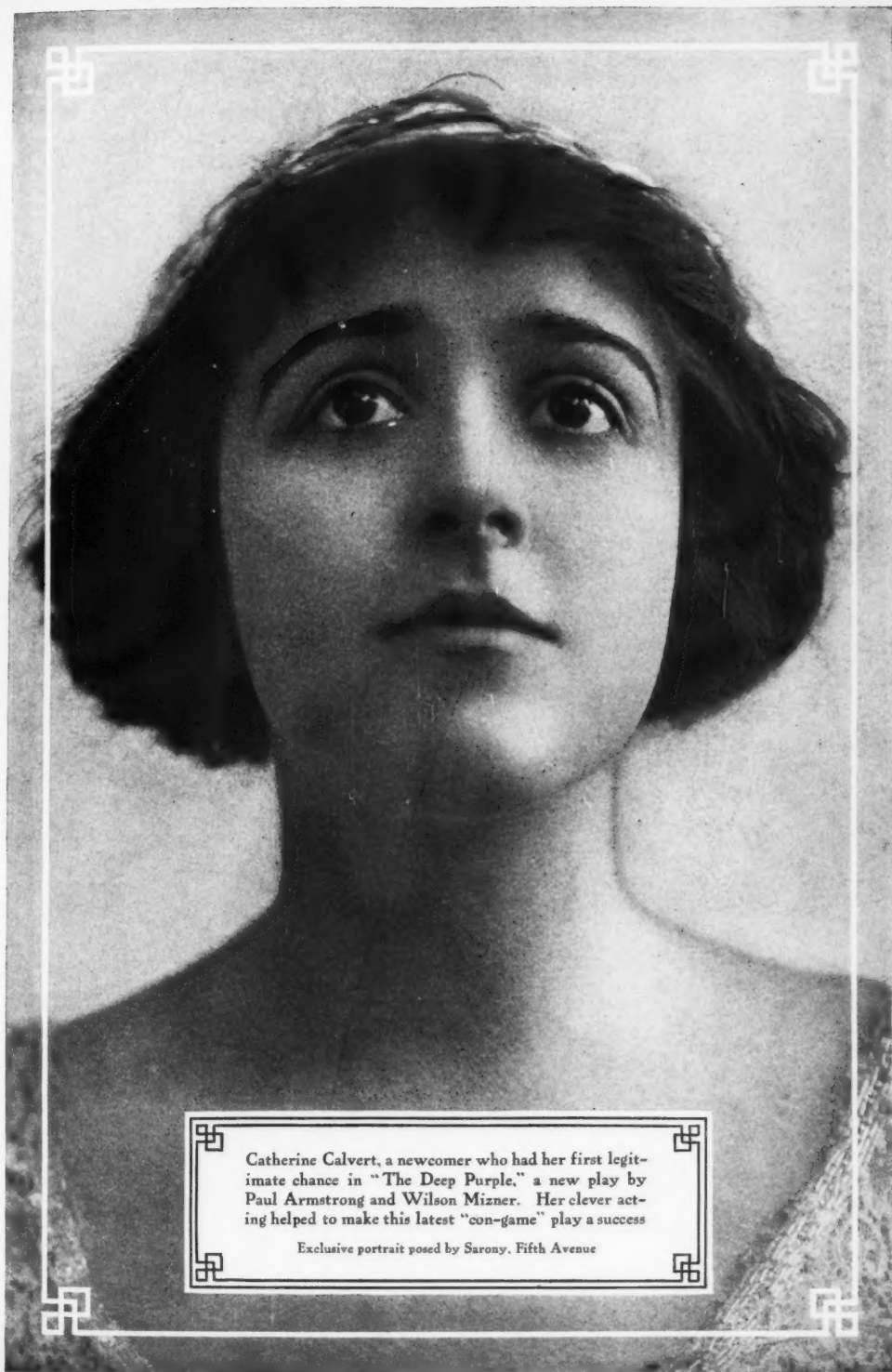
Lena Ashwell, a well-known English actress, who came to America to play the title rôle in "Judith Zaraine," by C. M. S. McClellan. Her previous appearance in this country was in "The Shulamite"

Exclusive portrait posed by Bangs, New York



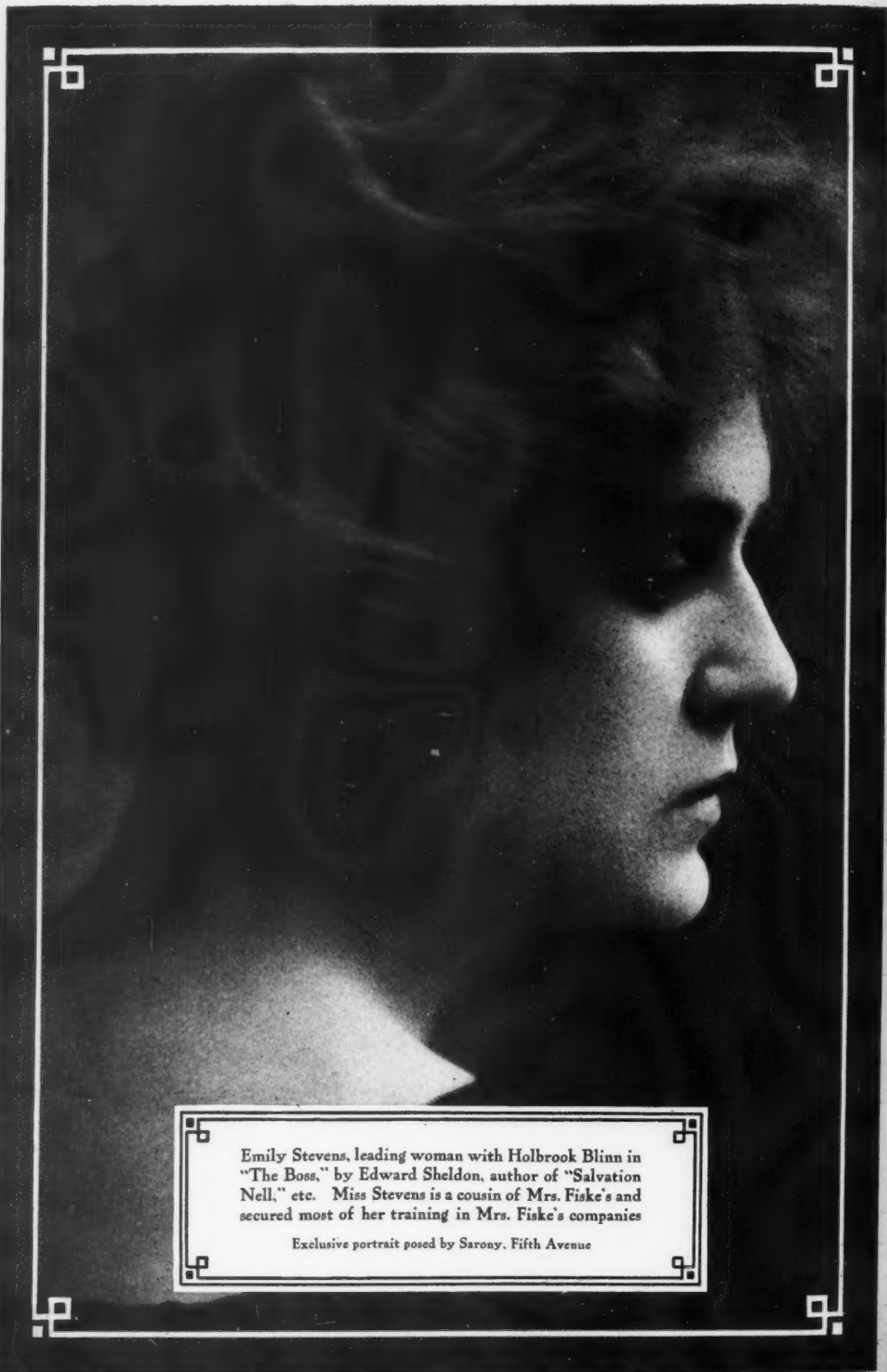
Margaret Lawrence, a Philadelphia girl who is new to the stage, who succeeded in several plays that failed, and who is now leading woman in "Over Night," a farcical comedy which is making a "hit" in New York

Exclusive portrait posed by Sarony, Fifth Avenue



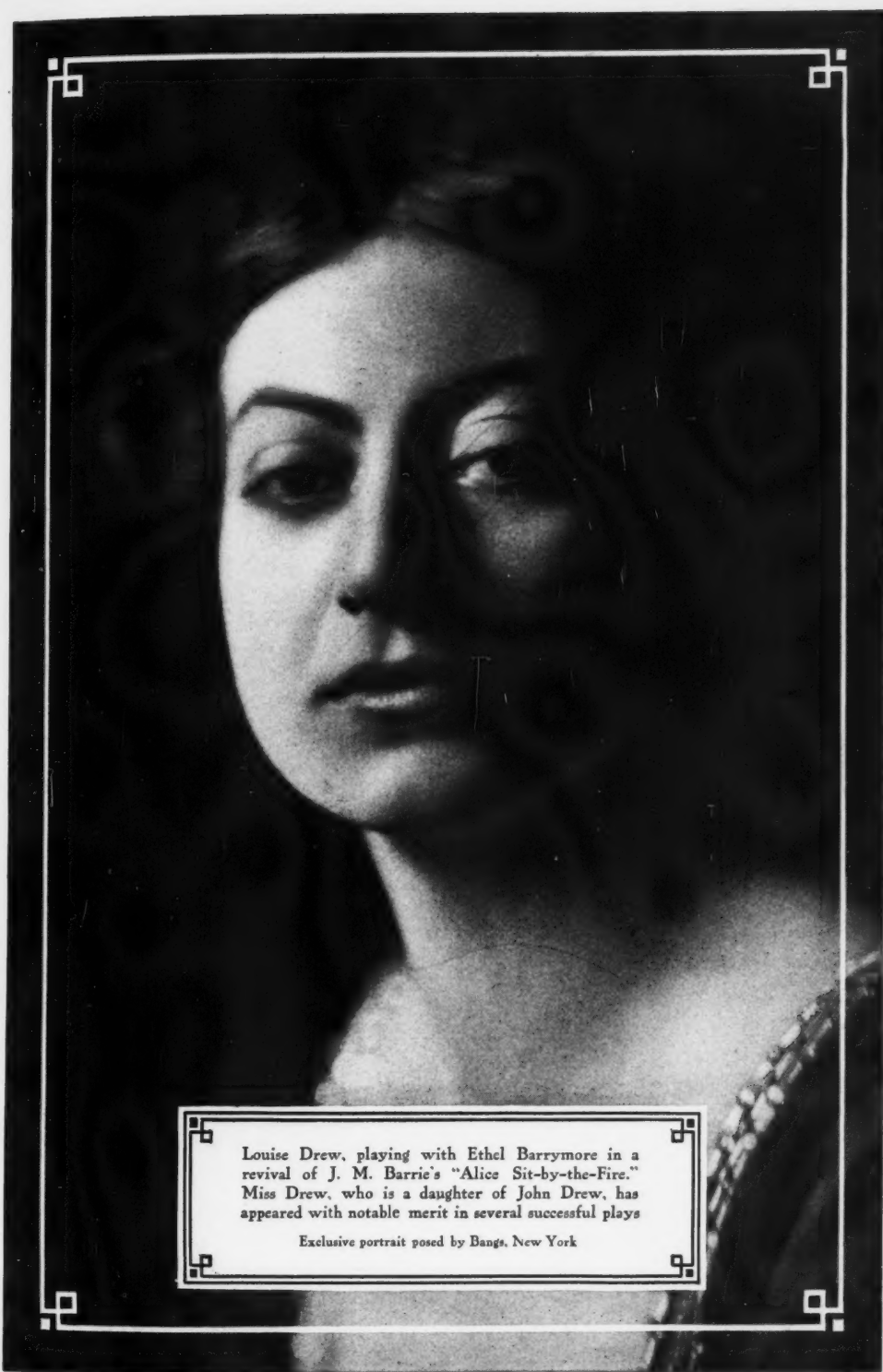
Catherine Calvert, a newcomer who had her first legitimate chance in "The Deep Purple," a new play by Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner. Her clever acting helped to make this latest "con-game" play a success

Exclusive portrait posed by Sarony, Fifth Avenue



Emily Stevens, leading woman with Holbrook Blinn in "The Boss," by Edward Sheldon, author of "Salvation Nell," etc. Miss Stevens is a cousin of Mrs. Fiske's and secured most of her training in Mrs. Fiske's companies

Exclusive portrait posed by Sarony, Fifth Avenue



Louise Drew, playing with Ethel Barrymore in a revival of J. M. Barrie's "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire." Miss Drew, who is a daughter of John Drew, has appeared with notable merit in several successful plays

Exclusive portrait posed by Bangs, New York



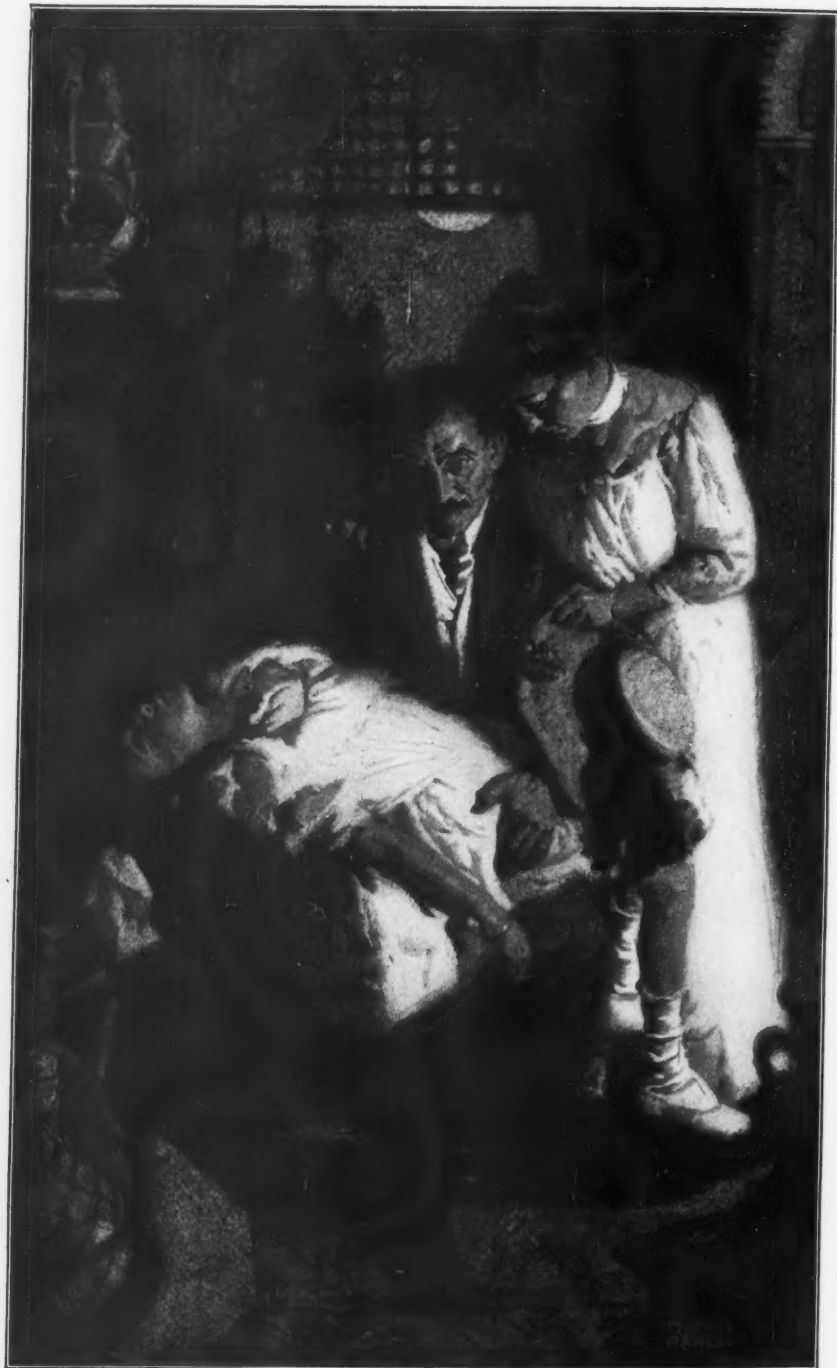
Mary Ryan, the charming Betty Graham of "The Fortune Hunter." With John Barrymore still in the title rôle and Miss Ryan as the village heiress this play is now meeting with huge success on the road

Exclusive portrait posed by Sarony, Fifth Avenue



Julie Opp, now appearing with William Faversham in "The Faun," a comedy by Edward Knoblauch which is being played on the road. Miss Opp previously appeared in "The World and His Wife" and "Herod"

Exclusive portrait posed by Bangs, New York



DRAWN BY M. LEONE BRACKER

"She was better," sobbed the mother, her eyes fixed on the still face of the child

(*"For the Sake of a Child"*)

For the Sake of a Child

Are you a selfish mother? If your doctor advised you to take your sick child or baby out of the city for a change of air and climate, would you make it a personal holiday? Would you forget your baby even for a minute? Most mothers wouldn't. In this little story one mother had the cruel handicap of ignorance and inexperience. She made a holiday of duty

By Mary Louise Goetschius

Author of "That Chi Chi," "Francine," etc.

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

THE metallic din of the gong, wielded by the Nubian in his white robes, red sash, and tarboosh, had barely vibrated its last harsh beat through the dingy hotel corridor when the tourists, in their reserve fund of best clothes, descended like noisy locusts upon the dining-room. There was about this hotel an elemental resemblance to many of its brothers, with only the shabby gaudiness of Orientalism at its lowest ebb, the make-up and dressing of brown skins, and the over-spreading clatter of the Arab tongue to give it place and name in the weary ranks of its masquerading family. As it offered its pitifully ungilded front to a squalid Cairene street, it looked now like a jaded mummer stumbling through a pretentious Eastern rôle.

To and fro went the itinerant waiter in his shoddy dress suit, the sly-eyed native servant, the pleased or disappointed but always dis-bursing tourist; while among all these little people the proprietor of the hotel, a dark, smooth Syrian, slid ingratiatingly, linking together loose ends, cursing a Nubian porter, rubbing his hands over a new arrival, casting honeyed words upon muddy waters, and suggesting to the dinner-hour a certain amount of formality for those whose importance abroad became the more as they strayed farther from home.

There were a hopeless few, however, who, unable to assimilate into the scheme and order of things, wandered detached and conspicuous, because of their lack of response, on the edge of the illusion which everyone else was laboring so hard to produce. It was as if the very strenuousness of their unaccustomed situation dismayed and distressed them beyond the reach of becoming pretense. Some fluttered, watching with imitative eyes the doings of the more self-assured ones;

others lay fallow. In the latter class were a father, mother, and child, who seemed engulfed by the swift motion and the biting glare of lights. Responsibility had evidently swooped overpoweringly upon the father and mother; the child remained clinging and bewildered.

The mother had in her eyes the appeal of a lost lamb. She was young and sharp boned, not unattractive in spite of her skimpy hair done in attempted puffs and her light, home-cut dress. The father, older, fretting slightly beneath his inexecutive helplessness, bore with stiff resignation the shouldering and elbowing of the sophisticated. The child, atomical and frail, clutched, gaping, now at one parent, now at the other. Its rat-tailed hair retreated askew, tortured beneath a top-heavy bow of red ribbon; its sallow, indeterminate face seemed to hang crookedly on two sharp hooks of eyes; the rest of it appeared all arms and legs, long and twisted. It half hopped, half dragged, as it walked.

The table finally assigned to these three by a discerning waiter, shrank inconspicuously against a back wall, offering scant sweep of festal display, but the father accepted it without a murmur. It had never occurred to him to protest at this shelving appraisal which so unflinchingly seemed to thrust him and his family aside.

They slipped into their chairs. The mother, leaning forward, draped a napkin about the child's neck. Then, without words, they fell to eating, their elbows never leaving the table, as if the effort of carrying food to their mouths, was an overtax to their inelastic arms.

The dinner, as it shuffled by its unsavory courses, engrossed their attention. The elders partook of each dish avidly, with visible but unexpressed curiosity; the child accepted

what was offered it, apparently without hunger, for after a first restless fling at the spoon, it merely dabbled and messed the contents of the plate, twisting the napkin around its chin, and contorting its legs about the legs of the chair.

Even in a conscientious application to food which seemed to fear waste of spent money, the father and mother tacitly kept a covert watch upon the child. One or the other was always observing it, following insistently its loose-jointed distortions, its nervous games with the food. There appeared to be hovering over them both a formless dread, a slow, heavy shadow of incoherent apprehension, fused and directed toward the straggly mite at their side. Neither of them caressed the child, beyond the immediate need of touching it, such as readjusting the napkin or the hair-ribbon; but it was not chidden for deplorable table-manners, nor pulled to rights from its sprawling pose. Only now and then a daintier bit of food than its plate offered was thrust before it by the mother, from her own helping.

As the dinner drew to its end, the mother spoke. "She seems better." It might have passed as an aimless observation had it not been for a dull charge of anxiety beneath the words.

"She does," agreed the father.

They both stared at the child. The heat of the room had brought a flicker of color to its cheeks.

"The change of food is good for her," continued the mother, helping herself to some melting green ice parading under the label of pistache ice-cream.

"We can't stay here long," stated the father, "it's too expensive."

"Yes, I suppose it is."

There came a relaxed silence.

"I asked about the price of the Nile trip," resumed the father. "There are cabins that can be had cheap, and the doctor told us the air was good on the river. We might take her there for a few days."

"Then let's go," said the mother.

Their eyes met, and from the common dullness leaped a spark. It was as if they both saw the same picture—a city of grime and smoke with unlit skies and dust-clogged air; the small rooms belonging to them hidden as securely in that, their native city, as a crumb under a profligate's feasting table; the housewifery of the woman, the modest business of the man, the child at danger-point, the grave

consultation with an indifferent physician and his relentless diagnosis coupled with meager hope—"Blue skies, good air, change of scene—why not Egypt for the winter?" Geographically vague, they had followed his idle suggestion. He had said Egypt, and they clung obstinately to the name. It could not be so far from England. So the business was sold, the rooms were given up, and the little three set adrift.

Now this—the appallingly strange world of alien tones and texture, of hawking shrieks and tendered palms, of sly, hard-faced appraisal, of close, thick air, soft and gray, which smothered and depressed with dim hope of blue beyond, with restless-leaved foreign trees and foliage and drag of heat. For it was khamsin, time of sand-winds, and the sense of a thunder-storm which would not break hung heavy and ominous overhead. The child moved and gasped a little under the oppression of the evening. Its arms and legs protested faintly the invisible weight on its chest.

"It's hot in here; let's go out," said the father.

In the reading-room the wily Egyptian sought to wheedle the mother toward his tempting wares. She wandered over to his counter, and the appeal of a lost lamb in her eyes slowly changed to mild wistfulness. She fingered tentatively a few of the vulture-wing pins, and even asked their price. But the father sat and watched the child, who with infinite pains was counting the patterns in a bright-colored Turkish rug. Every once in a while it would stop and cough—a nasty cough with a rattle like beads shaken in a hollow drum.

The tourists poured out from the dining-room, the smell of beer and food drifting after them. They scattered in groups, some bargaining—as they considered, shrewdly—with the cunning Egyptian, others settling importantly over microscopic cups of Turkish coffee, which they had never tasted at home. Many rustled toward the street, the mysterious call of strange life outside drawing them from the comparatively familiar circle of the hotel hall.

The example of these last seemed to interest the mother. After a flurry of small coughs from the child, she went over to the father. "I think it might amuse her if we took her out for a bit," she said. "The air might do her good."

Neither of them hinted at bed. The child might sleep at home.

The father assented immediately. "But we don't know where to go," he said.

"There's that man outside," began the mother almost eagerly. "The brown one in that funny silk dress, with the red thing on his head. He told me whenever we wanted to go anywhere he'd take us."

This man came forward at their timid sign. His soiled silk *galabeah* and broad sash revealed a stout, puffy figure. His badly fitting blue cloth coat bore on its sleeve the word "Dragoman," done in red. He bowed with a lowering of his bold eyes, but his teeth flashed white as he smiled at the mother.

Yes, it was better outside, he declared in broken English. It would do the little princess good to breathe the air, and there were many nice things he could show them. They slipped a home-trimmed coat and bonnet on the child, and followed the dragoman confidently to the street.

The night was black and fierce of sky, with only occasional stars, burning as in consuming fever. The air, lighter than it had been between four walls, was still pregnant with sand. The city seemed swathed in an impenetrable burnous, under which its stealthy, treacherous figure, brown skinned, swirled with glint of weapons, in a fanatical dance of the Dervish.

There was something cruel as a red stain in the slow crush and press of tarbooshes through the main café district of Cairo, where the dragoman led his little party, the father carrying the child.

The uneven sway of red topped by black tassels brought a blur to the eye; an under-drift of people brown and white were packed together in purposeless masses, tangled and interwoven with guttural threads of expostulating voices, bickering, shouting, or whispering. And in all the throng, under white turban or red tarboosh, squatting over café tables or lounging along the unswept streets, was that Eastern eye, soft as silk and oil, bold in its center, receding to sly greed at its corners, revealing the varnished lust of civilization taught by the European and the claw snatch of the barbarian, swift to be hidden—the eye which extolled and praised while it lied, the sleek eye which hunted fastidiously the curves of passing women, the naked eye of the Oriental, hurriedly clothed.

A brazen splash of color, displayed in the glare of night-lamps, flaunted something unashamed, as coins and necklaces which deck a dancing-girl. This something shook and

glittered evilly in its dance, cheap as the sequins of a vendor's wares, hoarse as the bray of a donkey, daring as a red scarf, its music, the beat and throb of tom-toms, side by side with the blare of hired brass.

The cafés threw open their doors. Inside were the brew of Turkish coffee smelling fragrantly, the odor of immodest perfumes, the click of billiard-balls, the challenging swing to the hips of unveiled women, the insinuating slide of veiled ones.

About the frayed edges of the night show blustered and strayed the incurable tourist, seating himself with sublime ignorance in the midst of native jargon, sweeping the tarbooshes aside, staring naively at the women, and matching gold with those at the next table.

Into this world the dragoman dexterously conducted his people. Their pale identity was lost, swallowed up in a mouth of color. The mother hung on his suave arm, her eyes dizzy with the mist of passing reds, her ears confused by the cacophony. The street looked to her like a long, writhing red tail, gold speckled. It fascinated her.

The father walked deliberately, his grasp on the child never loosening. And the child, from its furbished bonnet, peered impishly at the sights, its long legs dangling and jerking over the father's arm. It coughed frequently and tossed its head back with quick, suffocating motion. The dragoman suggested sitting down at a café. His manner, as he steered the mother through the crowd, was at once obsequious and protective. The flash of his teeth responded to the familiar environment; his eyes no longer drooped. He ordered coffee and offered to hold the child, but the father obstinately refused to allow this.

"Give her to him—she's heavy," ventured the wife.

"Heavy!—no," he said, and his voice was final.

The café life was strident and intolerant. It would have no silences. It crashed over gaps, filling in lapses of talk with music and clinking of cups. The mother sat forward, staring. She looked as if she had never heard music, never seen people before.

A party of tourists strolled in—big, fat, and hearty. They seemed to burst from a single healthy roar into an uneven succession of scattering exclamations and obvious laughter, catching the room and filling it for the moment with their boisterous presence. The two

dragomans, theirs and the first arrived, exchanged greetings, instinctively drifting together, fingering their stout guide-canes as they whispered and bowed to occasional friends at the tables. They were not of the superior class of dragomans. Their dress and manner proclaimed them second rate. There was also about the tourists an air of those who, rubbing elbows with men of alien blood, assume unctuously that it is inferior blood, and, happily forgetting the order of their rank at home, spend their small change magnificently, imagining themselves what they secretly wish to be. For this some people travel.

Their abundant swagger gave note to the café. The "tarboosh set" smiled contemptuously and shrugged its shoulders. But the father and mother, accentuating by no word or gesture their negative atmospheres, gave silent admiration to those polished individuals of the world who, having apparently gone everywhere, could conduct themselves familiarly under any circumstances.

Meanwhile the child, who had been very quiet, with eyes staring toward the door near where they sat, began to cough again, pitifully, without relief. The attention of the father and mother returned to it hastily, in tacit mutual accusation of their momentary absorption elsewhere.

"She seemed better," said the mother. It might have been an apology.

The father straightened the child on his knee and leaned its head against his shoulder. "I thought she was better," he echoed.

The dragoman came forward officiously. A few in the café turned and stared. A child's cough, at that hour, at that place, rang incongruously to listening ears.

But the child, with eyes still directed to the door, continued coughing. It was as if an inward storm had broken vengefully and was wrenching with concentrated fury at this single fragile tree.

The mother went white. "It's one of those she had at home," she murmured with dry lips. Then all grew confusion. The café became a receding surface with but a fringe of consciousness circling a small cruel cough. On the edge of the fringe bobbed and rose strange faces of vague dissolving colors, topped with red and white headgear. Voices gobbled one another, after frantic chase. At last, one figure, detaching itself from agitated shadows, gave orders short and sharp. Then, in a whirl, the scene swept to a quiet side room, upon the closed door of which the outer surge of excitement beat unavailingly.

In this shelter the cough seemed to grow and expand, terrible in its havoc.

Then came a space of silence, which spread and spread and commanded until it became majestic.

"She was better," sobbed the mother, her eyes fixed on the still face of the child. After a moment, harping on the note, "She was better."

Out from the café, over which a lull had fallen, they went. The street-turbulence in red, gold specked, jangled and ripped its way through the far-advanced night. Tom-toms beat and wailed, the clash of brass cymbals leaped to a dance, the life of the city glowed like the crimson of a heated iron.

At the café door a closed carriage waited, into which the dragoman helped the mother. His Oriental eyes were veiled with tears. He wept easily. The father followed, pale, rigid of mouth, carrying the quieted child.

With a rumble of wheels the carriage rattled forward. The father sat with a gaze which traveled past the city, the night, life itself.

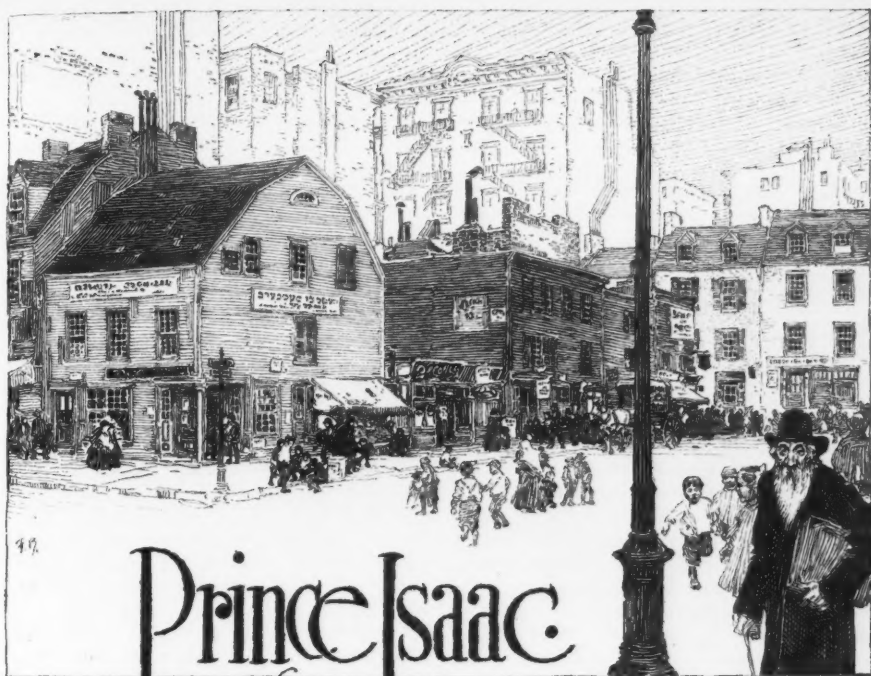
"We never should have brought her away from home," moaned the mother.

"It was for this," he said dully. And once again, "It was for this!"

The Monarch

By Lurana W. Sheldon

THAT man wears Triumph's laurel on his brow,
And knows the acme of life's sweetest dream,
Who to no lord or master makes his bow
Save that one monarch—his own self-esteem!



Prince Isaac

By Bruno Lessing

There is no one who can picture the humor and pathos, the little and big moments of comedy and tragedy in Jewish life to-day as skilfully as Bruno Lessing. His stories, which are now, and for a long time past have been, appearing exclusively in the *Cosmopolitan*, have gained him a nation-wide following. In "Prince Isaac" he tells again the world-old story of sacrifice and suffering which follow the first false step

Illustrated by Franklin Booth

IT was Itzik, the aged waiter of Shinkman's coffee-house, who first told me of Prince Isaac. I was destined, shortly afterward, not only to meet Prince Isaac himself, but to become very intimate with him, and I found him one of the most remarkable characters that ever lived on the East Side. But that night at Shinkman's was the first time I had ever heard of him.

The place was deserted, and we were discussing whether or not great wealth brings happiness.

"It must be a wonderful sensation for a Croesus to play providence with people's lives," I remarked.

"It isn't always necessary to be a Croesus in order to do that," said Itzik. And, after a moment's pause, he added: "I don't think much of the idea of playing providence, either. Have you ever heard of Prince Isaac?"

He then told me the story which I here relate.

In the happy slang of the East Side the frock coat or "Prince Albert"—the first concession which the newly landed Russian immigrant makes to his new surroundings—is frequently called a "Prince Isaac." On Shabbas you see thousands of them on every street east of the Bowery, from Canal to

Houston, and, the moment you hear the appellation, you can hardly keep from smiling.

The Reb or Rabbi Isaac Zoline always wore one of these garments, and, whether it was due to the accident of his name or the dignity of his appearance or his great rabbinical learning or even the fact that his garment was less shiny and less frowzy than the average frock coat displayed in the Ghetto, the younger generation of philistines had fastened upon him the nickname of Prince Isaac, by which, in the course of time, he became known throughout the neighborhood. The older folks frowned upon such levity, but the name stuck to him. In fact, you had only to mention Prince Isaac and every man, woman, and child in the Ghetto knew whom you meant—with the exception of the Reb Zoline himself.

Yet in this familiar sobriquet there was no intention of disrespect. You had but to look into the rabbi's eyes to realize that, despite the twinkle that lurked there, his was a personal dignity far removed from the familiarity that his nickname implied.

I wish you could see Prince Isaac as he now stands before my mind's eye, because the best that I can do in the way of describing him falls so far below the true picture. At first sight you would see nothing extraordinary in his appearance. The type, in fact, is quite common on the East Side, where most of the old, gray-bearded Jews that you meet look as if they had just stepped from the pages of Leviticus, and remind you of Abraham and the prophets and the flight from Egypt. But there was something gentle about him, something kindly in the light of his blue eyes, that made you like him instantly, made you feel that here was a strong man, ripe in wisdom and yet guileless as a child, and made you open your heart to him.

For many years he had lived alone with an old servant in one of those little brick houses that were built when the East Side was a fashionable neighborhood. Whence he derived his income no one seemed to know. He lived frugally, to be sure, but despite every precaution upon his part it leaked out, from time to time, that he had given large sums of money to schools and charitable institutions, besides alleviating, in a thousand practical ways, the conditions of such of his flock as were in dire need.

When David Horowitz lay dying he called Prince Isaac to his bedside.

"Will you take care of my little boy?" he asked. The rabbi looked at him and waited for him to say more.

"I have no other relative in the world, either here or in Russia," Horowitz went on. "I have some money. It will pay for his keep—and more besides. His mother was not a good woman. I have been both father and mother to him. I have tried to bring him up carefully. I want him to be good and happy. You are the only man I know in all the world to whom I would trust him. He is a lovable child, and he can be brought up to be a fine, good man. Will you do this and let me die in peace?"

The rabbi had known Horowitz for years. He knew his life's story—had even consoled him when his wife had blasted all his happiness.

"I will take him," he said.

"Swear it! Swear it on the Torah," cried the poor man excitedly. The rabbi swore on the Torah to cherish the lad as he would his own son, and Horowitz died contented. Thus to the many duties that had devolved upon Prince Isaac during many years was added the bringing up of a boy. If, as the good people tell us, there is a meeting in the hereafter where each of us accounts for his stewardship, the Rabbi Zoline, with head erect and unclouded eye, can give satisfactory account of his trust. Yet wait! Did I say satisfactory? I would rather use another word—he did his best. He loved the boy as he would have loved his only son had one been vouchsafed to him, and in all that pertained to the young man's welfare he exercised all the wisdom that he possessed in forming judgment. To err, however, is human—whether or not the rabbi erred you must judge for yourself.

Marcus Horowitz was twenty-five. He had received excellent schooling, had, under his guardian's guidance, covered a much wider range of reading than falls to the lot of most young men, and had been trained in as strict and clean a code of morality as the most conscientious parent could ask. In temperament he was somewhat idealistic. Since childhood he had lived in a dreamer's realm, preferring solitude to the companionship of boys of his own age and devoid of all interest in the practical affairs of life. When the time came for him to choose a vocation the rabbi was at his wits' end.

"What would you like most to do, Marcus?" he asked.



FRANK R. STOCKTON

As the woman passed him Prince Isaac heard that moaning sound again as though her soul were in agony, and he saw that her hands were tightly clenched

"I think I'd rather write poetry than anything else," was the young man's answer.

His guardian's brow puckered. "That isn't very practical, you know," he said.

Marcus smiled. "I know it. But, to be serious, the kind of work I'd like best is the kind that would allow me the greatest opportunity to write poetry."

In the end Marcus became a writer upon a Yiddish newspaper, where he not only gave a good account of himself, but—and this somewhat amazed his guardian—wrote poetry which was printed and highly commended. For the rest, he continued to live in his dream-world, as visionary and as impractical as ever. He had few companions, and when he was not working he either read or listened to the homilies of the rabbi.

It was a winter's night. It had been snowing during the day, but a thaw had set in, leaving the streets running with water and slush. There was a light fog, the air was damp and raw, as though rain were imminent—as disagreeable a night, all in all, as any human being would care to travel in. A call from a sick-bed had come to Prince Isaac late that night, and he was returning homeward when, out of the darkness, came a low, moaning sound as of a human being in dire distress. Prince Isaac stood still. He peered around him, but there was not a soul in sight. The sound, however, grew louder, and presently he espied a figure emerging from the gloom and approaching him. As the figure passed a lamp-post he saw that it was a woman, walking fast. He could not see her face, but the light from the lamp-post fell upon a tawdry hat, a cheap hat such as, had the night been fair, a man might have expected to find upon the streets at that hour. As she passed him, he heard that moaning sound again as though her soul were in agony, and he saw that her hands were tightly clenched.

"Are you in distress?" he asked. The woman did not turn her head, did not even appear to have heard him, but continued to walk rapidly down the street. The rabbi slowly followed her and, at the first corner, was about to turn off in the direction of his home when pity of her apparent distress, or curiosity to learn what could cause such despair, or one of those unaccountable impulses that come to all men at certain times—the rabbi himself could never afterward

tell just what feeling it was that impelled him—caused him to quicken his step and follow the woman. As soon as he caught sight of her again he called to her to stop. She did not even turn her head. The rabbi was a brisk walker, and after a few moments he observed that he was gaining upon her. At the same time he noticed that they had come to the end of the residential portion of the street and were passing the factories and warehouses that stand near the water-front. A few minutes more, and it was apparent that the woman was making for the wharf at the end of the street. Then the significance of it all flashed upon the rabbi's mind. He walked as rapidly as he could—he almost ran. The woman's steps were upon the first boards of the pier when he came abreast of her. She looked up then and saw him, apparently for the first time. She uttered a low cry. The rabbi seized her arm and halted her. Both were panting.

"What is it?" he asked. "What is the trouble?"

"I want to die! I want to die!" the woman cried, in Yiddish. "If you have a heart in your bosom, go away and let me die in peace."

The rabbi took both her hands in one of his and began to stroke them. They were icy cold.

"That is a foolish thing to say," he said. "Nevertheless I want to see if I can help you in any way. Tell me what the trouble is. If I can see no way out of it for you I promise you I shall not interfere. You may jump into the river."

The woman gazed at him, startled. Then, in a sort of gasp, she exclaimed, "The Reb!"

"Come over here to the lamp-post," said the rabbi. As the woman followed him he felt a violent shudder pass through her frame, and when, under the dim light, he turned to look at her, he found that she was weeping.

"*Lieber Gott!*" he exclaimed. "You are only a child! How old are you?"

"Nineteen," the woman sobbed. "I want to die. I cannot live any longer. Please go away and leave me."

"Nineteen!" repeated the rabbi in an inaudible whisper. Then he laid his hand on the woman's shoulder. "You have no relatives? No friends? No home?"

The woman's sobs grew louder, but there came no answer.

"If I find a nice home for you—somewhere

in the country, far away from New York—where no one knows and where you can begin all over again, would you still want to die?"

With great, staring eyes, the girl looked at him. "No one would have me! It is too late!" she moaned.

For a moment the rabbi stood stroking his beard. Then, "Come," he said sternly. "We will have no more nonsense about your dying. Come with me."

The girl's lips parted as if she were about to speak. For a moment she stood still. But the rabbi had already begun to walk off, and after that moment's hesitation she followed him in silence. When he arrived at his home, instead of opening the door with his key, he rang the bell. An old woman came to the door.

"Marna," said Prince Isaac, "this young lady has had a great deal of trouble, and we must take care of her. Give her a room and everything that she needs."

"You see," he explained smilingly to the girl, "I keep a regular hotel here for all my friends and my friends' friends. So make

yourself thoroughly at home. It will take a few days for me to settle that affair, and if you get lonesome at any time you can amuse yourself helping Marna with the housework."

Through all her bewilderment the girl understood that the rabbi was protecting her, and she looked at him wonderingly. Marna was kind hearted and old and had no curiosity.

A week went by, and the girl was still in Prince Isaac's house. The change that had come over her was amazing. Her youth and rest, added to the wonderful faculty that all women possess of adapting themselves to new environments, had transformed her into a new being. For two days she had followed Marna all over the house as if she were afraid to be left alone. During those two days she saw no one else. Then Marna set her to work about the house, cleaning the rooms and, finally, waiting upon the table. When Marcus saw her for the first time he turned to the rabbi.



He saw a tear slowly roll down her cheek. She turned away to hide it, but he seized her wrist and held her. "What are you thinking of?" he asked

"A new servant?" he asked. The rabbi answered loud enough for the girl to hear,

"She was out of work, and I gave her a place until I can find something for her to do."

Her name was Malvina Rosen. And when the light of life and hope returned to her eyes, as it did within a week, she was pleasant to look upon.

Then fate played one of its curious pranks. Marcus became ill one morning after the rabbi had left the house, and sent for a physician. It was Malvina who admitted the physician, and it was she who heard his diagnosis.

"It's the strangest thing in the world," he said, "but I'm absolutely certain that he has smallpox. We haven't had it in this neighborhood for years. I shall have to notify the Board of Health, and nobody who is in the house will be allowed to go out. He had better have a nurse."

Malvina hesitated a moment and then, timidly, "I nursed my mother a long time," she said. "Can I nurse him?"

"You might catch the disease," said the doctor.

"My sisters both had smallpox, and I didn't catch it," said the girl. "If a nurse comes in she might catch it. I won't."

"Very well," said the doctor. "If you've escaped it before I guess there isn't much danger. Particularly after you've been vaccinated."

Malvina was promptly vaccinated, the house was quarantined, and for four weeks no one but the patient, the physician, Malvina, and the old servant was within its walls. The rabbi came to the door several times a day to inquire after Marcus's condition, but his many affairs made it impossible for him to remain in the house.

During those four weeks the inevitable happened. A young man, fancy free, who had in all his life known but little of women, was here tied to his bed with no one but an attractive girl to minister to him. In the beginning he was too weak to do aught but follow her with his eyes. As he grew stronger he began to talk to her.

"The doctor says your sisters had smallpox and you nursed them," he said, one day.

Malvina colored, hesitated a moment, and then, in a low voice, said: "I never had any sisters. I told a lie."

Marcus looked at her curiously. "I'd like to know why," he said finally, "but I

don't want you to tell me unless you feel like it."

The girl's eyes met his frankly. "The rabbi was so good to me that I wanted to do something. The doctor would not have let me nurse you if I hadn't told him a lie."

By degrees he learned the story of her life—all but the darkness—and, by degrees, his soul awoke. And when, slowly, it dawned upon Malvina, and she divined the meaning of the light that came into his eyes when he looked at her, the greatest joy of life came into her heart—and the greatest dread.

"To-morrow," said Marcus, "the doctor says I'll be able to go to the country. Then the house will be disinfected and the dear rabbi can come home again. I'm dying to see him."

He was sitting up, and Malvina was bending over him to give him his medicine. He saw a tear slowly roll down her cheek. She turned away to hide it, but he seized her wrist and held her.

"What are you thinking of?" he asked.

Malvina smiled, but another tear came following after the first. "You won't need a nurse any more," she said.

His arm went slowly around her neck, and her head, unresisting, was drawn lower and lower until she felt his breath upon her lips. "Malvina!" he whispered. Then their lips met.

Prince Isaac came to the door in a carriage the next morning to take Marcus to the country. As they drove off Marcus kept looking at the windows of the house with an expression of disappointment upon his face.

"What is it?" asked the rabbi. "What are you looking at?"

"I expected that Malvina would be at the window," said Marcus.

"Malvina?" repeated the rabbi.

And then Marcus told Prince Isaac that he loved the girl. Slowly and hesitatingly he began his confession, but the very recital of it aroused his ardor until his whole being kindled with the passion of his avowal. Several times the rabbi attempted to speak, but each time Marcus held up his hand for indulgence to finish his story.

"What do I care whether she is a servant or not? She ceases to be a servant when she is my wife. What do I care whether she is educated or not? I will educate her. She risked her life for me. She is the sweetest, purest, noblest woman in the world."



"I am sitting in a coffee-house writing this and writing to Marcus. Then I am going where you will never find me"

He paused a moment and laughed.

"I used to think how terrible it would be to marry and become tied down for the rest of my life. For the last twenty-four hours I have been thinking how terrible it would be if I lost her. I think I'd jump into the river."

Then he looked at his companion.

"You've been good to me and have listened to all my foolishness, and now I'll listen to you."

But the rabbi's face had turned slightly pale. "I have nothing to say now," he said in a strained voice. "I want to think it all over."

"The more I think it over," said Marcus laughingly, "the more I adore her."

Prince Isaac took Marcus to a small farm on Long Island where he had arranged for him to stay and, to the latter's great surprise, immediately left him.

"I have some important business to look after. I will come out to-morrow," he said.

He did not go straight home. He went to a private room that was reserved for him in the *Beth Hamedrash*, or House of Study, of the synagogue, and there, alone, sat down to grapple with his problem. And even as he began to ponder over it his instinct told him that there was no solution

—at least, no satisfactory solution. He realized his utter helplessness. He felt that the outcome of it all would be unhappiness.

"God forbid," he murmured, "that I should choose upon whom the unhappiness is to fall!"

He reviewed all the circumstances and, when he had finished, found himself reviewing them over again.

"I do not know what to do," he exclaimed. "I do not know what is right."

He determined to talk with Malvina. He had not the faintest idea what he would say to her or what he hoped she would say to him. He went home. He found her in Marcus's room, alone, quite pale and dry eyed. She smiled when he entered, a wan, pathetic smile.

"I was waiting for you," she said. "Have you told him?"

"No," said the rabbi bluntly. He seated himself and looked at her sternly, but her gaze never faltered, and slowly the sternness died out of his. A sudden thought came to her, and she leaned forward eagerly.

"Did he say he loved me? Did he? Did he? Tell me that—anyway!"

The eagerness in her voice and the pleading went to the rabbi's heart. He nodded silently, and her eyes shone with joy. But

the joy quickly died out of them, and they became dull again.

"Why didn't you tell him?" she asked. The rabbi gave no answer. He was keenly distressed and could only look at her. She laughed lightly.

"You thought I would tell him?" she asked.

Still he gave no answer. She rose wearily and walked toward the door.

"He said he loved me because I was pretty and he loved me because I had saved his life, but he loved me most of all because he knew I was a good woman. 'You could no more do evil,' he said, 'than the sky could grow dark when the sun is shining.'"

She repeated the words mechanically and suddenly stopped with her hand upon her breast and looked at the rabbi.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

She continued to look at him as if she had never seen him before. Then she laughed. "I'm going to get my hat and make myself as pretty as I can, and then I'm going out to see him and tell him everything."

She smiled, quite gaily, and left the room. The rabbi remained seated where he was, unhappy, helpless to grapple with the tragedy that he felt was being enacted almost before his eyes.

How long he sat there he did not know. He heard the front door open and shut. And, after that, all was silent for an hour or two or three—he had no idea of the flight of time. Then he heard the door-bell ring, and presently Marna brought him a letter that had arrived by messenger. He had never seen the handwriting before.

"Do you think I could tell him to his face?" it began abruptly. "Do you think I could bear to see the look of love in his eyes turn to ashes? I have written him a letter. He will never show it to you, so I will tell you what I said. I said I was a bad woman and that if it hadn't been for

you I would be dead. I know how good he is, and I know he will never tell you what I wrote. But I also know his love will die. What he loved most in me was my goodness. And I have none.

"I do not blame you. I cannot blame anybody. He is so good that I could not have married him under a lie. And I cannot bear to see his love for me die. I have not the courage.

"I can almost laugh. Don't you remember that I told you it was too late? Do not worry. I shall not kill myself. I was sick and weak that time. My health is good now.

"I am sitting in a coffee-house writing this and writing to Marcus. Then I am going where you will never find me. I shall change my name and begin over again. I am going on the railroad so you cannot look for me. I will try to be good. I will try my best. If I fail—what difference will it make?

"Only, every night I will pray for you because you are so good. And I will pray for Marcus because I love him more than my own life."

The rabbi read the letter again and again and again, never moving from his chair. The tears rolled down his cheek into his long beard.

Such was the story that Itzik, the old waiter, told me. It was a long time before I spoke.

"And Marcus?" I finally asked.

"He died—of a broken heart, they said."

"And—"

"No one ever heard of Malvina again."

A customer came into the place, and Itzik rose to wait upon him. He lingered, for an instant, to reply to any further question that I might ask. But what was there to ask? I smiled at Itzik, but my eyes were blurred.

Love's Shrine

By Mary Germaine

SHE called it Love, e'en when the candle flame burned low.
Oh, sacred rite defiled! She did not know
That on Love's hallowed shrine a vestal cup of holy fire
Burns ever quenchless with the soul's desire.



"The whole wealth of the nation runs roundly into \$125,000,000,000. Prophet Smith could take a lead-pencil and a large piece of paper, and—given a continuance of present conditions—show you when every dollar of those billions will wear the Mormon mark"

The Viper's Trail of Gold

By Alfred Henry Lewis

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the third and concluding article by Mr. Lewis in the series on Mormonism. He has shown how, though its very origin is based on the flimsy foundation of fraud, the Mormon cult, not eschewing bloodshed and intrigue, has spread its insidious influence through politics and business into the last of the nation's strongholds—the home. In this article he tells of the Mormon Conquest by Gold. It is an amazing and to many will be an eye-opening story of the secret of the control of Trusts by one of the greatest of them.

COME we now to the last word. In the article immediately preceding this, I said I would here show how the Mormon Church, abandoning those earlier plans of a physical conquest of this people, is to-day making its sinister approaches through the quieter, surer, safer avenues of politics and commerce, and under the latter head is setting "figure four" traps with the purpose of crushing the country beneath a final dead-fall of gold. That being the task, let me preface the work in hand with an outline story of the church itself.

Joe Smith, first "prophet, seer, and revelator," uncle of the present prophet, and brother of that Hyrum Smith who was the

present prophet's father, was a native of Vermont. The family moved to New York, where, liking idleness rather than hard work, Smith—then a young man—was led (?) by the Angel Moroni to where the "golden plates" were hidden in a hill. This was in the middle twenties. After much fuss and feathers, and months on months of waiting—to the end, doubtless, that idleness and anticipation should purify him—Smith was permitted to take possession of the plates. They made a book eight inches by six inches, and six inches thick.

The plates were scratched upon, as though by some child not otherwise engaged and armed for the purpose with a ten-penny nail; and Smith, enlightened by Moroni,

The Viper's Trail of Gold

discovered at once that the scratches were written characters, the language employed being "Reformed Egyptian." Moroni, it appeared, could not aid in the translation of the plates, albeit that assiduous angel had himself written one of the "books." For that purpose of translation, two stenographic angels, Thummin and Urim, were detailed from on high; and these, working through Smith, who lapsed into a convenient trance—trances were just then coming into fashion—rendered the plates into English. Their labors culminated in the "Book of Mormon."

Joe Smith, his labors of translation over, and Thummin and Urim gone about their regular affairs, organized the Mormon Church. The outfit, being organized, removed to Kirtland, Ohio, where they built a temple which still stands. The atmosphere of the Western Reserve proving chilly, however, Smith led the church to Missouri.

THE REIGN OF THE "DESTROYING ANGELS"

The Mormons settled in Missouri and went to work. Also, they went to stealing. For the church taught—as it still teaches—that those not of the church were even as the Egyptians, and it was lawful, nay, holy, to spoil them. The Egyptians—that is to say, the Missourians—however, did not share this view, and after losing a fortune in horses, cattle, and hogs, to say nothing of chickens and farm tools, they fell upon the Mormons and routed them.

Smith next led his people to Illinois, and founded Nauvoo. From Nauvoo, missionaries went abroad into the land. Converts were made, and the church flourished. Also, its members kept on stealing. To give criminal variety to the situation, the Destroying Angels, or Danites, were invented, and men's throats were privily cut. With that the Illinois people, as had the incensed Missourians, fell foul of the Mormons, and, among other woundy deeds, killed Joe Smith and his brother Hyrum, the latter, as has been written, the sire of our present prophet. Brigham Young, at that time one of the apostles and owning force and brains, having advantage of the death of Smith, seized the Mormon leadership.

The thefts and the murders continuing to inflame the Gentile mind, and the bigamies now permitted adding to that inflammation, Brigham resolved to move. While in Missouri he had heard of the Salt Lake Valley

from St. Vrain, Sublette, Bent, Jim Bridger, and others among the trappers and fur-traders. Across the weary plains, to that happy valley, he resolved to lead the Mormons. Brigham was glad of those desert miles. They would serve as a bulwark, and save him and his thievish, much-married followers from angry Gentiles, left behind.

Over the plains and far away went the Mormons. They were a stubborn brood, as men must have been who dared so much in matrimony, and in the end they reached Salt Lake. Brigham founded Salt Lake City. It was to be at once the Rome of the church and the Mormon market-place. From Salt Lake the Mormons spread themselves throughout all that broad region, the heart of which is now the state of Utah.

The Mormons had hardly settled down before fresh trouble came upon them. Gold was found in California, and argonautic spirits began to roam from East to West through Utah. Brigham hated these gold-seekers, fearing what their advent promised. By his order, the Destroying Angels "got busy," and "saved" as many gold-questing Gentile travelers as they could without exciting too much Eastern interest and resentment. In 1857 came the Mountain Meadows Massacre, when a whole caravan was butchered. After that the "Mormon War" was declared by the Washington authorities, and General Albert Sidney Johnston journeyed West to subjugate Brigham and his hostile co-religionists.

A CHANGE FROM STEEL TO STEALTH

Brigham was defiant, and at first declared for blood. But when what the Indians called the "walk-a-heaps, the pony soldiers, and the big thunders" went into bristling camp in front of his private residence, the Lion House, his heart turned to water under his Mormon ribs, and, calling his Danites about him, he fled to Antelope Island in the salt, safe midst of the lake. From his island retreat he sued for peace. Peace was granted, and Brigham returned to the Lion House and the forty-odd outstretched, loving arms of the twenty-odd wives of his bosom.

Then Brigham had a streak of luck. Civil war befell, and the Mormons, while North and South contended, were given a four-year breathing space, in which to indulge themselves liberally in wedlock and wax rich.

With peace between North and South, the government again turned to polygamy, Brigham, and the Mormon Church. Clouds again obscured the Mormon sky. There followed in succession the struggle with the federal courts, the execution of John D. Lee as chief Danite at the Mountain Meadows Massacre, the death of Brigham—who perished miserably, hiding under a porch, driven mad by what evil ghosts had come to haunt and taunt him—and the drastic Edmunds law.

Beaten, hopeless, the Mormons pretended repentance, and under Prophet Woodruff asked for Utah statehood. Statehood was granted, against the protests of such as Senator Edmunds, and the Mormons returned smiling to the present criminal state of things.

Having had all they would of actual war under Brigham, the Mormons—growing wiser with what tamer souls succeeded him as “prophets, seers, and revelators”—decided to do by gold and stealth what they dared not forcibly attempt by ways of lead and steel. They would not surrender their original design of dominating the country;

only their method of attack was to be changed. They would compact the church into a political machine, and overcreep the country at the ballot-box; they would invest the church millions in our “protected” industries and banks, and overcreep the commerce of the country with their gold. When they had secured victory on fields of politics and trade, they would be the nation’s masters, and might then marry, and cut Gentile throats, with old-time fervor and religious heat.

This is the Mormon plan, and the basis of the Mormon hope. Every Mormon gives one-tenth of his yearly increase to the church. No one, outside of Prophet Smith and the Holy Twelve, knows the towering sum into which the Mormon tithes pile annually up. Ask a Mormon; he “guesses” \$2,000,000. Ask a Gentile; he “guesses”

\$20,000,000. For myself, I think it much nearer the latter than the former figure, since the Gentile has less reason to lie than has the Mormon. Also—for example—there is a devout mining and smelting Mormon whose single tithes aggregate an annual



The Mormon missionaries are everywhere. These three pictures were taken in London and show not only that the menace is established there, but that an earnest propaganda is carried on. One missionary is speaking in the open air, the other is arguing with an English matron at her cottage door

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\$100,000. It would not take many such to heap up \$20,000,000. You are to recollect, too, that—foreign and domestic; in Mexico, Canada, the Sandwich Islands, and America—there are over eight hundred thousand Mormons. Quite a tithe-field, that, into which the hungry sickle of Mormonism is thrust!

You may assume, without straining the probable, that the Mormon tithes roll up a yearly fortune for the church of full \$15,000,000. That of itself should make a tidy fund for any war of politics or trade. Tithes, however, are not the single source of churchly income nor, when totals are regarded, the richest. **Consider what money must have been paid as tithes into the hand of the Mormon Church during the sixty years last past! At what millions would you put the whole amount? Whatever you make it, it was, every dollar, invested the moment it came in; and its profits have been invested and reinvested ever since as fast as they accrued. Sixty years of investment and reinvestment! What would a Rockefeller or a Rothschild say to that!**

Prophet Smith is "trustee in trust" for the whole wealth, the whole hoard, of the Mormon Church. He, his two counselors, and the twelve apostles are the only ones who know what, from day to day and year to year, is done with that world of money. No accounting is made. No Mormon would dare ask for one. The Mormon millions are turned and turned and turned on wheels of money-making, as were never the dollars of any Russell Sage or Hetty Green.

SMITH—"TRUSTEE IN TRUST"

And their investments have been marked by an evil wisdom. To-day the Mormon Church, through Prophet Smith as "trustee in trust," owns huge blocks of stock in those petted gold-vampires, the trusts. There is Mormon money, millions upon millions of it—a golden Pelion on a golden Ossa—in Sugar, Steel, Lead, Copper, Standard Oil, Tobacco. There are Mormon millions in railroads, other Mormon millions in the stocks of New York banks.

Observe, too, the character of Mormon investment. It is not too much to say that the average of the Mormon investments pay not less than thirty per cent. And that thirty per cent., you must not forget—if you would understand what is going on against

you in the full measure of its menace—is reinvested and set to compounding itself. All this has been going on for sixty years! Likewise don't overlook that ceaseless yellow tithe-stream of new money flowing in—that golden stream which Gentiles "guess" measures \$20,000,000, while Mormon surmise simmers it down to \$2,000,000!

THE CONQUEST OF GOLD

Taken by and large, do I overshoot when I say that as a money mountain Mormonism overtowers such peaks of gold as Standard Oil and Steel? And where is it to end? Prophet Smith and the church intend it shall end in a practical Mormon conquest of the country. Is their hope a mad one? Is its attainment impossible? The whole wealth of the nation runs roundly into \$125,000,000,000. Prophet Smith could take a lead-pencil and a large piece of paper, and—given a continuance of present conditions—show you when every dollar of those billions will wear the Mormon mark.

Do you remember what Prophet Smith reluctantly confessed, during the Smoot hearing, touching a few of the Mormon investments? He did not tell of one one-hundredth of the enterprises which church money supports and dominates. Those who questioned him possessed but a meager knowledge wherewith to guide them, and the prophet never once came to the testifying front as a volunteer. And yet, prodded, he admitted that:

My principal business is being president of the Mormon Church. I am also engaged, however, in numerous other businesses. I am president of the Zion Cooperative Mercantile Institution, capital stock a little over a million; I am president of the Zion State Bank of Utah; of the Zion Savings Bank and Trust Company; of the Utah Sugar [beet] Company; of the Consolidated Wagon and Machine Company; of the Utah Light and Power Company; of the Salt Lake and Los Angeles Railway Company; of the Saltair Beach Company; of the Inland Crystal Salt Company; of the Salt Lake Dramatic Association; of the Salt Lake Knitting Company. As to the Union Pacific Railroad Company, I am a director; and I am also vice-president of the Bullion-Beck and Champion Mining Company. Likewise I am the editor of the *Young Men's Mutual Association*, the *Improvement Era*, and the *Juvenile Instructor*.

As I've said, there is inside word that the above auriferous muster doesn't record a tenth of those enterprises in which church money is invested. A notable instance of

this is the Oregon Short Line Railroad, which the Mormons, squarely speaking, own outright.

Once, as a boy, I saw a Lake Erie whitefish to which a lamprey eel had fastened. The eel was fat and sleek; the fish showed thin and worn. A fisherman told me that it was only a matter of months when the eel would have drained out its life and killed the fish. The country is the whitefish; the Mormon Church the eel, and the question for you to consider is, "How soon will the country die?"

Asevidencing Mormon

shoe-factories? And all of these industries "protected"!

In this connection, again turn to that son of a plural wife, that Mormon senator, that pilot fish to the shark of Prophet Smith, Apostle Smoot. Is he not on the Senate Finance Committee, which made your last tariff bill and thereby fixed a Mormon "protection"? Surely he is. Could anything be more admirable? It's a situation like a lemon-squeezer! Prophet Smith, as "trustee in trust," investing and re-investing the Mormon millions in our "pro-



Liberty Jail ("The Prison Temple"), Clay County, Mo., where Joseph Smith was confined in the winter of 1838-9.—Joseph Smith's home at Nauvoo, Ill.—Hyrum Smith (left) and Joseph Smith (right), from a print published in London in 1847.

craft and Gentile thickness—to which, of course, should be added the treason and public treachery of Gentile senators, who for their open-eyed villainies are to be rated as worse than any Arnold—take up, in connection with Mormon investments, the Senate position of Apostle Smoot. There are those millions—and, for all I know, billions—of Mormon gold invested in our petted and "protected" industries. **Wool, hides, beef, tobacco, sugar, oil, steel, tin, iron, farm implements, what you will, one and all, on huge blocks of Mormon-owned stocks and bonds, pay giant tribute to the Mormon Church.** How many cotton-mill hands are blindly working for Prophet Smith? How many lumber hands? How many in the

ted" industries; and Prophet Smith's man Friday, Apostle Smoot, imposing a tariff which shall force in favor of those industries a Mormon dividend of twenty, thirty, sixty, one hundred per cent! The last is by grace of Senator Aldrich—into whose rubber trust the Mormon Church has deeply plunged.

Senator Aldrich, the Republican machine—partisan before patriotic—dare not offend the Mormon Church. The church can turn eight states inside out politically. The late Mr. Hanna offended Prophet Smith three days before an election, and, behold, "Republican Utah" went Democratic by a Mormon 51,000. And so Apostle Smoot is on the Senate Finance Committee, rigging

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"protection" traps to catch Gentile money in favor of the "protected" trust investments of "Prophet, Seer, and Revelator" Smith, "trustee in trust" for the Mormon Church!

Take the National City Bank of New York—the Rockefeller-Standard Oil bank, at 52 Wall. Its "call" loans mount up to \$90,000,000. A panic—a stock storm—can be, and has been, created at the lifting of a Rockefeller finger. All the bank has to do is "call" these loans. As much might be disastrously said of the lifting of a Morgan and a Ryan finger. Those Ryan-Rockefeller-Morgan fingers are after a manner, and in no slight degree, Mormon fingers—Prophet Smith fingers. For there are Mormon millions in that Rockefeller-National City Bank, as well as in what banks and arsenals of money are distinguished by the Morgan-Ryan brand.

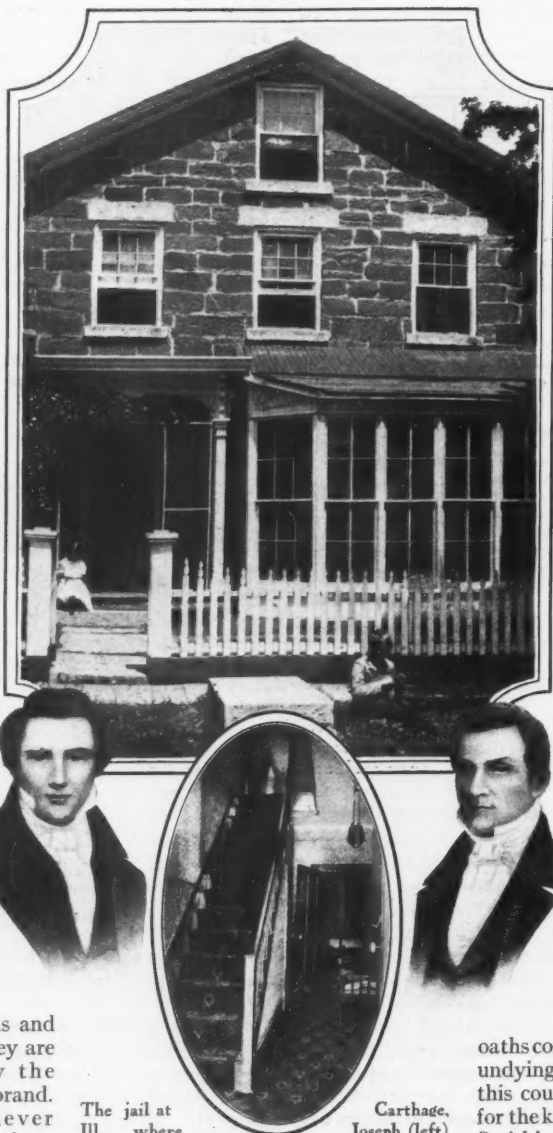
You have never heard, you say, of those bank-invested Mormon millions? Should that seem strange?

Does the enemy lay bare the strength and disposition of his forces, and take you into his plotting confidence touching what designs he entertains for your destruction? To be

sure you never heard of those Mormon millions, hidden away in the Rockefeller-Morgan-Ryan stocks. They are there, none the less. Also, they will swell and multiply and grow tall, and a day will dawn—if it has not already dawned—when at a nod from the Mormon prophet panic will sweep business like a storm, prosperity be laid on its beam-ends and commerce blown as flat as any field of turnips. All this is being planned and looked forward to by the Mormon Church—the church, with its Prophet Smith and its Apostle Smoot, whose endowment

oaths commit them to an undying enmity against this country, in revenge for the killing of Prophet Smith's father and prophetic uncle during those long-ago riots about the Carthage jail.

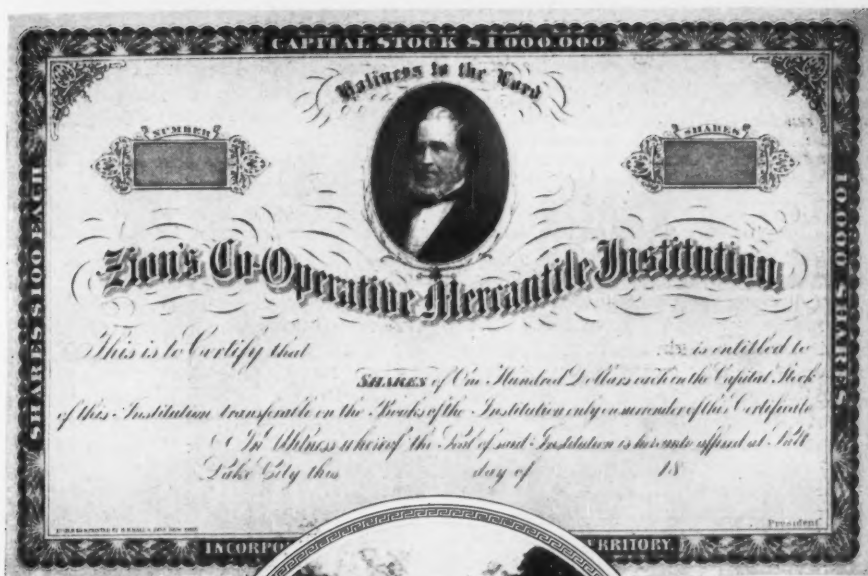
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The jail at Ill., where and Hyrum Smith

murdered June 27, 1844, and the stairway which the mob ascended to their room. The door to the main prison is shown back of the stairs

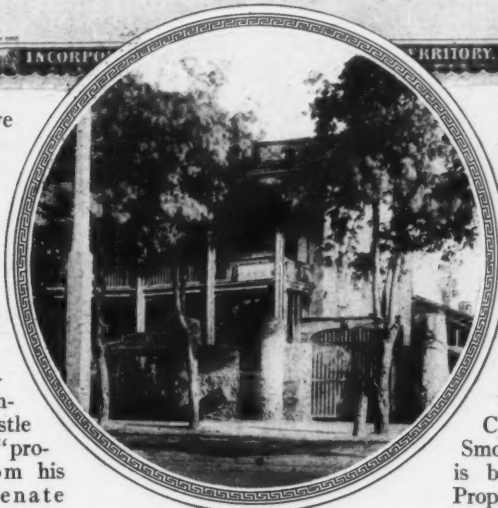
Carthage. Joseph (left) (right) were



You do not believe the church controls Apostle Smoot in his Senate comings in and goings out? Hear what Prophet Smith said in his testimony at the Smoot trial. It may throw a light on that question of Mormon influence over Apostle Smoot—who by “protection,” and from his place on the Senate Finance Committee, searches your pockets to fill the pockets of Mormonism. At that Smoot inquiry, Mr. Taylor asked, “Was it necessary for Apostle Smoot to get consent to run for senator?”

Prophet Smith answered: “He had to get the consent of his associate apostles and the first presidency, in order to go before the legislature. He obtained that consent.”

That was what the prophet swore to. Do you fancy that the “consent” referred to was given to one who might rebel? No, my friend; quiet yourself with the black



Blank of stock-certificates issued by the Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution, which was organized by Brigham Young in 1866 for the purpose of securing a profit for the church on practically every transaction in Utah. Merchants did not have to join, but business was better if they did.—Tithing-house in Salt Lake City where the church receives part of its enormous income

certainty that the Mormon Church, not you, owns Apostle Smoot. The ox knoweth its owner, and the ass its master's crib, and Apostle Smoot is of as docile an intelligence as theirs.

The Mormon Church owns Apostle Smoot. And the church is but an alias for Prophet Smith, whose father, Hyrum, was mob-slain in Illinois, and who each year—with Apostle Smoot—re-swears in the Endowment Room of the Temple his quenchless oath of vengeance against American mankind! For what said Brigham, in the days

when he was an apostle and while old Joe Smith as prophet reigned supreme? Said Brigham—and it's the church's word now as strongly as when he uttered it:

The first principle of our cause and work is to understand that there is a prophet in the church. He is at the head of the church. Who called Joseph

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Smith to be a prophet? God, and not the people. Had the people appointed a prophet, he would have been accountable to the people. But, inasmuch as he was called by God, he is accountable to God only. We, the twelve apostles, are accountable to the prophet and not to the church for the courses we pursue, and we have learned to go and do as the prophet tells us.

You may be sure that Apostle Smoot, in the inner privacies of Mormonism, says of the present "prophet, seer, and revelator," Smith, all that Apostle Brigham said of old Joe Smith as "prophet, seer, and revelator." Apostle Smoot wouldn't be in the church if he didn't; for that matter, he wouldn't be in the Senate.

As shedding a kindred ray, read Orson Pratt. His words not only settle the status of Apostle Smoot, and define his position as to this government and the Mormon Church, but show us where we poor Gentiles "come in." Said that mighty Mormon teacher—and his precepts, like Brigham's, are taught as parcel of the modern Mormon lesson:

The Kingdom of God is an order of government established by divine authority. It is the only legal government that can exist in any part of the universe. All other governments are illegal and unauthorized. God, having made all beings and worlds, has the supreme right to govern them by his own laws, and by officers of his own appointment. Any people attempting to govern themselves by laws of their own making, and by officers of their own appointment, are in direct rebellion against the Kingdom of God.

That means us. Likewise it means Apostle Smoot and Prophet Smith. Apostle Smoot subscribes to and believes with Brigham Young and Orson Pratt. Prophet Smith subscribes to and believes with Brigham Young and Orson Pratt. And the one, investing Mormon gold in our "protected" industries, and the other, in his place on the Finance Committee, working Senate overtime to fix in Mormon favor that industrial "protection," have sworn our destruction as a republic. We are one and all to come beneath the Mormon yoke. All told, are you now so sure that Apostle Smoot would listen to his Senate obligations rather than the "commands" of Prophet Smith?

POLYGAMY IN SPITE OF LAW

What does Prophet Smith care for law?—what for his promise when given to a Gentile or a Gentile government? He was a Mormon apostle and "promised," with Prophet Woodruff and the rest, to abandon

polygamy, if only President Harrison and the Congressional powers which then were would make Utah a state. And yet look again at his testimony before that Smoot Committee. Speaking of his plural wives, he said:

"I have continued to cohabit with them since the manifesto of 1890, and they have borne me children since that date. I was fully aware of what I was doing."

"You have five wives now?" asked Chairman Burrows.

"That is correct."

"How many children have you had since the manifesto of 1890?"

"Eleven."

Inquiry was then made as to the present status of those five wives. Replying, Prophet Smith said:

"Each of my families has a home in Salt Lake City, and comparatively near each other. I call the home of my first wife my 'official residence.' I 'visit' at the homes of the others."

Having thus ingenuously confessed his own crimes and his own vicious promise-breaking, Prophet Smith went on to say that Apostles Teasdale, Taylor, Merrill, Grant, Smith, and Crowley, together with Apostle Lyman, chief of the Holy Twelve and next in succession to himself for the First Presidency and the post of "prophet, seer, and revelator" of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, were one and all practicing and practical polygamists, teaching by both precept and example the holy doctrine of "celestial marriage and a plurality of wives." These, with scores of other bigamists, Prophet Smith named as living in criminal defiance of the law; and all with an air of innocent challenge, on his brazen, smiling part, that proved how safe he felt.

THE CHURCH COURTS PERSECUTION

Speaking of that Senate inquiry and the testimony of Prophet Smith, many have expressed astonishment at the simple frankness of that deeply wedded patriarch. They have felt about in vain for an explanation. While I do not profess to be fully "up" in the stealthy strategies of the Mormon Church, I well recall that it struck me, as I stood looking at and listening to him, that Prophet Smith, in what he told of his own and his churchfellows' immoralities, was half-way courting a Gentile storm. Gray, wise, crafty, sly, one who had carried men-



"To-day the Mormon Church, through Prophet Smith as 'trustee in trust,' owns huge blocks of stock in those petted gold-vampires, the trusts. There is Mormon money, millions upon millions of it—a golden Pelion on a golden Ossa—in Sugar, Steel, Lead, Copper, Standard Oil, Tobacco. There are Mormon millions in railroads, other Mormon millions in the stocks of New York banks"

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dacity to the heights of art, Prophet Smith, "seer and revelator," would have liked vastly, I thought, to be given a chance to lift up the cry of "the church persecuted!" That of itself would stiffen the Mormon line of battle and invoke recruits. For human nature is both obstinate and belligerent. Wherefore, stroking complacently his long white beard, he made no secret of his five wives, and seemed to invite the Gentile condemnation.

This hardihood was—as I read the signs—of deliberate plan. Prophet Smith was fishing for what he would have called "persecution." He could snap his fingers at the Utah courts, and any attempt at "prosecution" there would but serve as a pressure to bring Mormons together. That pressure would squeeze out the last drop of political independence among Mormons, which, to the extent that it existed, might have interfered with his future disposal of a compact Mormon vote. In short, "persecution" would tighten the hold of Prophet Smith, close-herd the Mormons, and leave them ready politically to be driven hither or yon as seemed most valuable for Mormon purposes. And so Prophet Smith was guilelessly frank concerning his polygamies and his broken promises to lead, with his fellows—in return for Utah statehood—a purer if not a happier life. He but defied, like a Mormon Ajax, the Gentile lightnings.

THE CANCER OF MORMONISM

Take my last warning: **You, as a good American, should watch narrowly the Mormon Church. It is a national cancer, and if you would have the nation live you must set about its cure.** In its malignant inflammations and corruptions, that cancer of Mormonism has already spread politically over Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, Colorado, Nevada, California, Washington, and Oregon. Was it not so shown by the Senate vote which retained in his Senate seat Apostle Smoot? And now, to be added to the above, you have New Mexico and Arizona!

To every one his fear. The Mormon fear is an amendment to the Constitution which will clothe the federal courts with power to punish polygamy. It is against that chance the church bestirs itself politically in what states have just been named. **The church, through Prophet Smith, is neither Democrat nor Republican, but Mormon. It**

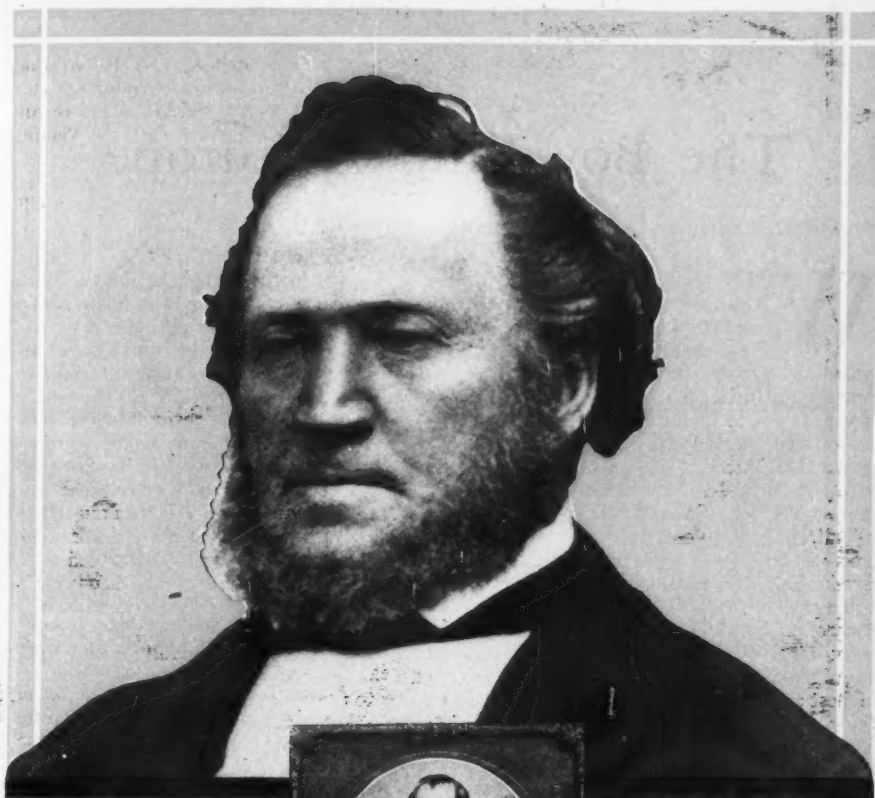
trades with both parties; and the word of Prophet Smith is of decisive weight with the managing influences of either party in all our territory that lies between the Pacific and the western boundaries of Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, and the two Dakotas. Within those east-and-west lines, you will find the Kingdom of Mormon: it is there the church has already conquered politically.

THE TRIUMPH OF MORMON GOLD

It is to Wall Street you must come, however, to learn how the Mormon Church, with Prophet Smith, pushes its war commercially. Just as it has triumphed in the politics of the West, so has Mormonism triumphed in the markets of the East. **Mr. Morgan, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Ryan, is each in his way a power where gold is made and counted. And yet not one of the three dare shove from shore, for any money purpose, without consulting Mormon convenience and getting Mormon consent.** Mormon gold is a Bourse power, and Wall and Broad streets can be brought to their golden knees at a word from Prophet Smith.

Twenty years more of tithes, of profits on investments, of speculation, of an Apostle Smoot in a Senate seat, of rapine under the specious pretext of "protection," will behold Mormonism the overpowering money-force of the country, indeed, of the world. This is no dream, no vision. Nor am I any he-Cassandra, prophesying the burning of an American Troy. Consider the income of Mormonism, by the light of what you yourself now know—its income from tithes, from dividends. Consider the work of Apostle Smoot on the Senate Finance Committee, and how it makes for those Mormon profits on Mormon gold invested in the "protected" businesses of the country. If you will but look into this problem of Mormonism from those angles, you will see how sane is the declaration that, unless met and checked, the Church of Mormon will one day—and that no very distant day—have this nation conclusively by the throat.

Mormonism each day grows in money and in men. Its two thousand missionaries—travelers without purse or script, costing the church nothing—are ransacking Denmark, Sweden, Norway, England, for converts. Mormon recruits are coming in on every ship. And yet you are not afraid!



FORREATHS FROM THE COLLECTION OF

Mormonism belongs to neither this age nor this people. It is the Old Serpent, and the heel of every clean American should bruise its head. Its purpose is inimical, and it must either destroy or be destroyed. It is a political menace, a commercial menace. Most of all, it is a moral menace and threatens the whiteness of American womanhood. The morals of a people are in the custody of its women. Also, woman knows what Mormonism means. It was she who compelled that Senate investigation of Apostle Smoot and what Mormon influences and conspiracies produced him as their Washington representative.

The battle should continue until all of Mor-



Brigham Young, Joseph Smith's successor as president of the Mormon Church, and leader of the migration to Utah, 1846-48. He retained the presidency of the church until his death in 1877.—General Albert Sidney Johnston, who was sent to Utah in 1857 to suppress an uprising of the Mormons

house above his head must mind repairs, in season and out of it, and the word is quite as true when written of a nation.

monism and what it stands for are destroyed. Then, and not before, will this republic be safe. Then, and not before, may wifehood or womanhood write itself safe between the oceans. The government must go forward to that constitutional amendment against polygamy which the Mormons fear. It must adopt methods that shall save the trade and commerce of the country from Mormon domination. The right sentiment of you who are the people should compel the politicians to this work. Nor can you move too soon. He who would hold his

The Boy King of Europe

By Kellogg Durland

WHEN you shake hands with Don Alfonso XIII you come in contact with a live wire. His long, slender fingers close round yours in a grip you don't forget. His swarthy features glow with a warm smile that puts you at instant ease. His lustrous brown eyes dartle expressive flashes that reveal all at once the dominating characteristics of the man—courageous determination, conviction, sincerity, rugged courage.

Tall, lithe, clean cut, quick of movement, erect of carriage, forceful in thought, decisive in speech, he radiates the magnetism of a rare personality. Watch him reviewing a body of troops, or shooting at the traps, or at polo; meet him on a country road driving one of his eighty-horse-power touring-cars at highest speed; chat with him in his study at the royal palace at Madrid, or run across him in a fashionable hotel corridor in London—the one impression surges upon you that here is a born leader of men.

I have seen him under all these conditions, and many more. I have observed him from a myriad angles, and talked with him on the greatest range of subjects, from politics to religion, anarchism, socialism, clericalism, feminism, and Mr. Roosevelt. He is the keenest, the most alert, of men, and the most radical king on any throne. Therein lies the secret of the security of his throne. Republican France presses upon his kingdom from the north, and republican Portugal nestles close at the southwest. Agitation against dynastic governments rages in every section of Spain, yet Spaniards are loyal to Don Alfonso. That he is the most popular man in the country is facetiously attested by the reply I so often received from republicans to the question, "Who would be the popular choice for President if the monarchy were overthrown?" Answer: "Don Alfonso." This is not a joke. The manliness of the man appeals to all men. As an American I share in the general prejudice against the institution of kings. But Don Alfonso would have my

vote for President, though he ran for office as repeatedly as Porfirio Diaz has claimed the votes of the Mexican people.

Don Alfonso inspires the confidence of his people on another score. He attends to business. I have seen him leave the palace at six A. M. to review a regiment of soldiers quartered outside the capital. Every day he is up by seven, even when he has not gone to bed till the wee hours. After breakfasting with his beautiful queen and a quarter of an hour of play with their three children, he repairs to his study and is occupied with correspondence until ten, when his ministers have daily audiences. When the ministerial audiences have been concluded, military and civil audiences follow, generally lasting until one thirty or two. After luncheon he attends to the multitudinous social and public duties that devolve upon sovereignty. He visits institutions, opens bazaars and art exhibitions, lays corner-stones and what-not.

At four he has tea with the nursery. At five he takes his exercise—polo and trap-shooting are his favorite pastimes. At polo he plays a hard, reckless game. At the traps he is the crack shot in his kingdom. Last year at the annual championship shoot he came out second, having taken nineteen birds out of twenty-one, while the prize went to one who took twenty out of twenty-two. Several previous years he had scored first. At seven o'clock he returns to the palace and runs through the forty-six leading newspapers of Europe. Fluent in English, French, German, and Italian, in addition to his own Spanish, he is able to read for himself what the world is saying about him and his kingdom.

There is nothing of the megalomaniac about Don Alfonso. He wants to hear all sides of every question. He learns from wide reading and personal conversation just what current opinion really is. After dinner he goes to a theater or the circus, of which he is very fond, or to a social function at the home of one of his court. With nothing exceptional to prevent he retires about midnight.



Two sturdy arguments against a Spanish republic—Alfonso, Prince of the Asturias, and Prince Jaime with their royal father, Alfonso XIII.

The crown prince is standing. The other picture shows the Spanish king and his English queen

Since childhood Don Alfonso has enjoyed a famous appetite. He eats prodigiously and thus keeps hotly burning the fires of his energetic, nervous, but strong physique. Popular rumor to the contrary, he is a well, wholesome man. Only a very strong man could endure his long and strenuous days.

Considering his inheritance, Don Alfonso is a psychological mystery. Wholesome

minded, firm of purpose, strong of will, he gives the lie direct to the theory that the hereditary taint universally dominates posterity. Perhaps he is the exception that proves the rule.





DRAWN BY NEIL FORSYTH

"Really, Mr. Kennedy, you had better talk to Mr. Kahan," said Mrs. Morowitch. "My husband talked very little to me about business affairs"

(*"The Diamond Maker"*)

The Diamond Maker

Here is a story that thrills with the fulfilment of the alchemists' dreams of transmutation—it also thrills with the success of Craig Kennedy, scientific detective, in finding out why a heavily insured man died. It is the sixth story in the mystery series

By Arthur B. Reeve

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Illustrated by Will Foster

"I'VE called, Professor Kennedy, to see if we can retain you in a case which I am sure will tax even your resources. Heaven knows it has taxed ours."

The visitor was a large, well-built man. He placed his hat on the table and, without taking off his gloves, sat down in an easy chair which he completely filled.

"Andrews is my name—third vice-president of the Great Eastern Life Insurance Company. I am the nominal head of the company's private detective force, and though I have some pretty clever fellows on my staff we've got a case that, so far, none of us has been able to unravel. I'd like to consult you about it."

Kennedy expressed his entire willingness to be consulted, and after the usual formalities were over, Mr. Andrews proceeded:

"I suppose you are aware that the large insurance companies maintain quite elaborate detective forces and follow very keenly such of the cases of their policy-holders as look at all suspicious. This case which I wish to put in your hands is that of Mr. Solomon Morowitch, a wealthy Maiden Lane jeweler. I suppose you have read something in the papers about his sudden death and the strange robbery of his safe?"

"Very little," replied Craig. "There hasn't been much to read."

"Of course not, of course not," said Mr. Andrews with some show of gratification. "I flatter myself that we have pulled the wires so as to keep the thing out of the papers as much as possible. We don't want to frighten the quarry till the net is spread. The point is, though, to find out who is the quarry. It's most baffling."

"I am at your service," interposed Craig quietly, "but you will have to enlighten me as to the facts in the case. As to that, I know no more than the newspapers."

"Oh, certainly, certainly. That is to say, you know nothing at all and can approach it without bias." He paused and then, seeming to notice something in Craig's manner, added hastily: "I'll be perfectly frank with you. The policy in question is for one hundred thousand dollars, and is incontestable. His wife is the beneficiary. The company is perfectly willing to pay, but we want to be sure that it is all straight first. There are certain suspicious circumstances that in justice to ourselves we think should be cleared up. That is all—believe me. We are not seeking to avoid an honest liability."

"What are these suspicious circumstances?" asked Craig, apparently satisfied with the explanation.

"This is in strict confidence, gentlemen," began Mr. Andrews. "Mr. Morowitch, according to the story as it comes to us, returned home late one night last week, apparently from his office, in a very weakened, a semi-conscious condition. His family physician, Doctor Thornton, was summoned, not at once, but shortly. He pronounced Mr. Morowitch to be suffering from a congestion of the lungs that was very like a sudden attack of pneumonia."

"Mr. Morowitch had at once gone to bed, or at least was in bed when the doctor arrived, but his condition grew worse so rapidly that the doctor hastily resorted to oxygen; under which treatment he seemed to revive. The doctor had just stepped out to see another patient when a hurry call was sent to him that Mr. Morowitch was rapidly sinking. He died before the doctor could return. No statement whatever concerning the cause of his sudden illness was made by Mr. Morowitch, and the death-certificate, a copy of which I have, gives pneumonia as the cause of death. One of our men has

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seen Doctor Thornton, but has been able to get nothing out of him. Mrs. Morowitch was the only person with her husband at the time."

There was something in his tone that made me take particular note of this last fact, especially as he paused for an instant.

"Now, perhaps there would be nothing surprising about it all, so far at least, were it not for the fact that the following morning, when his junior partner, Mr. Kahan, opened the place of business, or rather went to it, for it was to remain closed, of course, he found that during the night some one had visited it. The lock on the great safe, which contained thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds, was intact; but in the top of the safe a huge hole was found—an irregular, round hole, big enough to put your foot through. Imagine it, Professor Kennedy, a great hole in a safe that is made of chrome steel, a safe that, short of a safety-deposit vault, ought to be about the strongest thing on earth.

"Why, that steel would dull and splinter even the finest diamond-drill before it made an impression. The mere taking out and refitting of drills into the brace would be a most lengthy process. Eighteen or twenty hours is the time by actual test which it would take to bore such a hole through those laminated plates, even if there were means of exerting artificial pressure. As for the police, they haven't even a theory yet."

"And the diamonds?"

"All gone—everything of any value was gone. Even the letter-files were ransacked. His desk was broken open, and papers of some nature had been taken out of it. Thorough is no name for the job. Isn't that enough to arouse suspicions?"

"I should like to see that safe," was all Kennedy said.

"So you shall, so you shall," said Mr. Andrews. "Then we may retain you in our service? My car is waiting down-stairs. We can go right down to Maiden Lane if you wish."

"You may retain me on one condition," said Craig without moving. "I am to be free to get at the truth whether it benefits or hurts the company, and the case is to be entirely in my hands."

"Hats on," agreed Mr. Andrews, reaching in his vest pocket and pulling out three or four brevas. "My chauffeur is quite a driver. He can almost beat the subway down."

"First, to my laboratory," interposed Craig. "It will take only a few minutes."

We drove up to the university and stopped on the campus while Craig hurried into the Chemistry Building to get something.

"I like your professor of criminal science," said Andrews to me, blowing a huge fragrant cloud of smoke.

I, for my part, liked the vice-president. He was a man who seemed thoroughly to enjoy life, to have most of the good things, and a capacity for getting out of them all that was humanly possible. He seemed to be particularly enjoying this Morowitch case.

"He has solved some knotty cases," was all I said. "I've come to believe there is no limit to his resourcefulness."

"I hope not. He's up against a tough one this trip, though, my boy."

I did not even resent the "my boy." Andrews was one of those men in whom we newspaper writers instinctively believe. I knew that it would be "pens lifted" only so long as the case was incomplete. When the time comes with such men they are ready to furnish us the best "copy" in the world.

Kennedy quickly rejoined us, carrying a couple of little glass bottles with ground-glass stoppers.

Morowitch & Co. was, of course, closed when we arrived, but we had no trouble in being admitted by the Central Office man who had been detailed to lock the barn door after the horse was stolen. It was precisely as Mr. Andrews had said. Mr. Kahan showed us the safe. Through the top a great hole had been made—I say made, for at the moment I was at a loss to know whether it had been cut, drilled, burned, blown out, or what-not.

Kennedy examined the edges of the hole carefully, and just the trace of a smile of satisfaction flitted over his face as he did so. Without saying a word he took the glass stopper out of the larger bottle which he had brought and poured the contents on the top of the safe near the hole. There it lay, a little mound of reddish powder. Kennedy took a little powder of another kind from the other bottle and lighted it with a match.

"Stand back—close to the wall," he called as he dropped the burning mass on the red powder. In two or three leaps he joined us at the far end of the room.

Almost instantly a dazzling, intense flame

broke out, and sizzled and crackled. With bated breath we watched. It was almost incredible, but that glowing mass of powder seemed literally to be sinking, sinking right down into the cold steel. In tense silence we waited. On the ceiling we could still see the reflection of the molten mass in the top of the safe.

At last it fell through into the safe—fell

as the burning roof of a frame building would fall into the building. No one spoke a word, but as we cautiously peered over the top of the safe we instinctively turned to Kennedy for an explanation. The Central Office man, with eyes as big as half-dollars, acted almost as if he would have liked to clap the irons on Kennedy. For there in the top of the safe was another hole, smaller but identical in nature with the first one.



Kennedy was winding two strands of platinum wire carefully about a piece of porcelain and smearing on it some peculiar black, glassy granular substance that came in a sort of pencil, like a stick of sealing-wax

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"Thermit," was all Kennedy said.

"Thermit?" echoed Andrews, shifting the cigar which he had allowed to go out in the excitement.

"Yes, an invention of a chemist named Goldschmidt, of Essen, Germany. It is a compound of iron oxide, such as comes off a blacksmith's anvil or the rolls of a rolling-mill, and powdered metallic aluminum. You could thrust a red-hot bar into it without setting it off, but when you light a little magnesium powder and drop it on thermit, a combustion is started that quickly reaches fifty-four hundred degrees Fahrenheit. It has the peculiar property of concentrating its heat to the immediate spot on which it is placed. It is one of the most powerful oxidizing agents known, and it doesn't even melt the rest of the steel surface. You see how it ate its way through the steel. Either black or red thermit will do the trick equally well."

No one said anything. There was nothing to say.

"Some one uncommonly clever, or instructed by some one uncommonly clever, must have done that job," added Craig. "Well, there is nothing more to be done here," he added, after a cursory look about the office. "Mr. Andrews, may I have a word with you? Come on, Jameson. Good day, Mr. Kahan. Good day, Officer."

Outside we stopped for a moment at the door of Andrews's car.

"I shall want to see Mr. Morowitch's papers at home," said Craig, "and also to call on Doctor Thornton. Do you think I shall have any difficulty?"

"Not at all," replied Mr. Andrews, "not at all. I will go with you myself and see that you have none. Say, Professor Kennedy," he broke out, "that was marvelous. I never dreamed such a thing was possible. But don't you think you could have learned something more up there in the office by looking around?"

"I did learn it," answered Kennedy. "The lock on the door was intact—whoever did the job let himself in by a key. There is no other way to get in."

Andrews gave a low whistle and glanced involuntarily up at the window with the sign of Morowitch & Co. in gold letters several floors above.

"Don't look up. I think that was Kahan looking out at us," he said, fixing his eyes on his cigar. "I wonder if he knows more

about this than he has told! He was the 'company,' you know, but his interest in the business was only very slight. By George—"

"Not too fast, Mr. Andrews," interrupted Craig. "We have still to see Mrs. Morowitch and the doctor before we form any theories."

"A very handsome woman, too," said Andrews, as we seated ourselves in the car. "A good deal younger than Morowitch. Say, Kahan isn't a bad-looking chap, either, is he? I hear he was a very frequent visitor at his partner's house. Well, which first, Mrs. M. or the doctor?"

"The house," answered Craig.

Mr. Andrews introduced us to Mrs. Morowitch, who was in very deep mourning, which served, as I could not help noticing, rather to heighten than lessen her beauty. By contrast it brought out the rich deep color of her face and the graceful lines of her figure. She was altogether a very attractive young widow.

She seemed to have a sort of fear of Andrews, whether merely because he represented the insurance company on which so much depended or because there were other reasons for fear, I could not, of course, make out. Andrews was very courteous and polite, yet I caught myself asking if it was not a professional rather than a personal politeness. Remembering his stress on the fact that she was alone with her husband when he died, it suddenly flashed across my mind that somewhere I had read of a detective who, as his net was being woven about a victim, always grew more and more ominously polite toward the victim. I know that Andrews suspected her of a close connection with the case. As for myself, I don't know what I suspected as yet.

No objection was offered to our request to examine Mr. Morowitch's personal effects in the library, and accordingly Craig ransacked the desk and the letter-file. There was practically nothing to be discovered.

"Had Mr. Morowitch ever received any threats of robbery?" asked Craig, as he stood before the desk.

"Not that I know of," replied Mrs. Morowitch. "Of course every jeweler who carries a large stock of diamonds must be careful. But I don't think my husband had any special reason to fear robbery. At least he never said anything about it. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing. I merely thought there might be some hint as to the motives of the robbery," said Craig. He was fingering one of those desk-calendars which have separate leaves for each day with blank spaces for appointments.

"Close deal Poissan," he read slowly from one of the entries, as if to himself. "That's strange. It was the correspondence under the letter 'P' that was destroyed at the office, and there is nothing in the letter-file here, either. Who was Poissan?"

Mrs. Morowitch hesitated, apparently either from ignorance or from a desire to evade the question. "A chemist, I think," she said doubtfully. "My husband had some dealings with him—some discovery he was going to buy. I don't know anything about it. I thought the deal was off."

"The deal?"

"Really, Mr. Kennedy, you had better ask Mr. Kahan. My husband talked very little to me about business affairs."

"But what was the discovery?"

"I don't know. I only heard Mr. Morowitch and Mr. Kahan refer to some deal about a discovery regarding diamonds."

"Then Mr. Kahan knows about it?"

"I presume so."

"Thank you, Mrs. Morowitch," said Kennedy when it was evident that she either could not or would not add anything to what she had said. "Pardon us for causing all this trouble."

"No trouble at all," she replied graciously, though I could see she was intent on every word and motion of Kennedy and Andrews.

Kennedy stopped the car at a drug-store a few blocks away and asked for the business telephone directory. In an instant, under chemists, he put his finger on the name of Poissan—"Henri Poissan, electric furnaces, — William St.," he read. "I shall visit him to-morrow morning. Now for the doctor."

Doctor Thornton was an excellent specimen of the genus physician to the wealthy—polished, cool, suave. One of Mr. Andrews's men, as I have said, had seen him already, but the interview had been very unsatisfactory. Evidently, however, the doctor had been turning something over in his mind since then and had thought better of it. At any rate, his manner was cordial enough now.

As he closed the doors to his office, he began to pace the floor. "Mr. Andrews,"

he said, "I am in some doubt whether I had better tell you or the coroner what I know. There are certain professional secrets that a doctor must, as a duty to his patients, conceal. That is professional ethics. But there are also cases when, as a matter of public policy, a doctor should speak out."

He stopped and faced us.

"I don't mind telling you that I dislike the publicity that would attend any statement I might make to the coroner."

"Exactly," said Andrews. "I appreciate your position exactly. Your other patients would not care to see you involved in a scandal—or at least you would not care to have them see you so involved, with all the newspaper notoriety such a thing brings."

Doctor Thornton shot a quick glance at Andrews, as if he would like to know just how much his visitor knew or suspected.

Andrews drew a paper from his pocket. "This is a copy of the death-certificate," he said. "The Board of Health has furnished it to us. Our physicians at the insurance company tell me it is rather extraordinary—vague. A word from us calling the attention of the proper authorities to it would be sufficient, I think. But, Doctor, that is just the point. We do not desire publicity any more than you do. We could have the body of Mr. Morowitch exhumed and examined, but I prefer to get the facts in the case without resorting to such extreme measures."

"It would do no good," interrupted the doctor hastily. "And if you'll save me the publicity, I'll tell you why."

Andrews nodded, but still held the death-certificate where the doctor was constantly reminded of it.

"In that certificate I have put down the cause of death as congestion of the lungs due to an acute attack of pneumonia. That is substantially correct, as far as it goes. When I was summoned to see Mr. Morowitch I found him in a semi-conscious state and scarcely breathing. Mrs. Morowitch told me that he had been brought home in a taxicab by a man who had picked him up on William Street. I'm frank to say that at first sight I thought it was a case of plain intoxication, for Mr. Morowitch sometimes indulged a little freely when he made a splendid deal. I smelled his breath, which was very feeble. It had a sickish sweet odor, but that did not impress me at the time. I applied my stethoscope to his



Craig whipped out his automatic and began pumping the bullets out in rapid succession

lungs. There was a very marked congestion, and I made as my working diagnosis pneumonia. It was a case for quick and heroic action. In a very few minutes I had a tank of oxygen from the hospital.

"In the meantime I had thought over that sweetish odor, and it flashed on my mind that it might, after all, be a case of poisoning. When the oxygen arrived I administered it at once. As it happens, the Rockefeller Institute has just published a report of experiments with a new antidote for various poisons, which consists simply

in a new method of enforced breathing and throwing off the poison by oxidizing it in that way. In either case—the pneumonia theory or the poison theory—this line of action was the best that I could have adopted on the spur of the moment. I gave him some strychnin to strengthen his heart and by hard work I had him resting apparently a little easier. A nurse had been sent for, but had

not arrived when a messenger came to me telling of a very sudden illness of Mrs. Morey, the wife of the steel-magnate. As the Morey home is only a half-block away, I left Mr. Morowitch, with very particular instructions to his wife as to what to do.

"I had intended to return immediately, but before I got back Mr. Morowitch was dead. Now I think I've told you all. You see, it was nothing but a suspicion—hardly enough to warrant making a fuss about. I made out the death-certificate, as you see. Probably that would have been all there was to it if I hadn't heard of this incomprehensible robbery. That set me thinking again. There, I'm glad I've got it out of my system. I've thought about it a good deal since your man was here to see me."

"What do you suspect was the cause of that sweetish odor?" asked Kennedy.

The doctor hesitated. "Mind, it is only a suspicion. Cyanide of potassium or cyanogen gas; either would give such an odor."

"Your treatment would have been just the same had you been certain?"

"Practically the same, the Rockefeller treatment."

"Could it have been suicide?" asked Andrews.

"There was no motive for it, I believe," replied the doctor.

"But was there any such poison in the Morowitch house?"

"I know that they were much interested in photography. Cyanide of potassium is used in certain processes in photography."

"Who was interested in photography, Mr. or Mrs. Morowitch?"

"Both of them."

"Was Mrs. Morowitch?"

"Both of them," repeated the doctor hastily. It was evident how Andrews's questions were tending, and it was also evident that the doctor did not wish to commit himself or even to be misunderstood.

Kennedy had sat silently for some minutes, turning the thing over in his mind. Apparently disregarding Andrews entirely, he now asked, "Doctor, supposing it had been cyanogen gas which caused the congestion of the lungs, and supposing it had not been inhaled in quantities large enough to kill outright, do you nevertheless feel that Mr. Morowitch was in a weak enough condition to die as a result of the congestion produced by the gas after the traces of the cyanogen had been perhaps thrown off?"

"That is precisely the impression which I wished to convey."

"Might I ask whether in his semi-conscious state he said anything that might at all serve as a clue?"

"He talked ramblingly, incoherently. As near as I can remember it, he seemed to believe himself to have become a millionaire, a billionaire. He talked of diamonds, diamonds, diamonds. He seemed to be picking them up, running his fingers through them, and once I remember he seemed to want to send for Mr. Kahan and tell him something. 'I can make them, Kahan,' he said, 'the finest, the largest, the whitest—I can make them.'"

Kennedy was all attention.

"You know," concluded the doctor, "that

in cyanogen poisoning there might be hallucinations of the wildest kind. But then, too, in the delirium of pneumonia it might be the same."

I could see by the way Kennedy acted that for the first time a ray of light had dawned upon him in tracing out the case. As we rose to go, the doctor shook hands with us. His last words were said with an air of great relief, "Gentlemen, I have eased my conscience considerably."

As we parted for the night Kennedy faced Andrews. "You recall that you promised me one thing when I took up this case?" he asked.

Andrews nodded.

"Then take no steps until I tell you. Shadow Mrs. Morowitch and Mr. Kahan, but do not let them know you suspect them of anything. Let me run down this Poissan clue. In other words, leave the case entirely in my hands in other respects. Let me know any new facts you may unearth, and some time to-morrow I shall call on you, and we will determine what the next step is to be. Good night. I want to thank you for putting me in the way of this case. I think we shall all be surprised at the outcome."

It was late the following afternoon before I saw Kennedy again. He was in his laboratory winding two strands of platinum wire carefully about a piece of porcelain and smearing on it some peculiar black glassy granular substance that came in a sort of pencil, like a stick of sealing-wax. I noticed that he was very particular to keep the two wires exactly the same distance from each other throughout the entire length of the piece of porcelain, but I said nothing to distract his attention, though a thousand questions about the progress of the case were at my tongue's end.

Instead I watched him intently. The black substance formed a sort of bridge connecting and covering the wires. When he had finished he said: "Now you can ask me your questions, while I heat and anneal this little contrivance. I see you are bursting with curiosity."

"Well, did you see Poissan?" I asked.

Kennedy continued to heat the wire-covered porcelain. "I did, and he is going to give me a demonstration of his discovery to-night."

"His discovery?"

"You remember Morowitch's 'hallucina-

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tion,' as the doctor called it? That was no hallucination; that was a reality. This man Poissan says he has discovered a way to make diamonds artificially out of pure carbon in an electric furnace. Morowitch, I believe, was to buy his secret. His dream of millions was a reality—at least to him."

"And did Kahan and Mrs. Morowitch know it?" I asked quickly.

"I don't know yet," replied Craig, finishing the annealing.

The black glassy substance was now a dull gray.

"What's that stuff you were putting on the wire?" I asked.

"Oh, just a by-product made in the manufacture of sulphuric acid," answered Kennedy airily, adding, as if to change the subject: "I want you to go with me to-night. I told Poissan I was a professor in the university and that I would bring one of our younger trustees, the son of the banker, T. Pierpont Spencer, who might put some capital into his scheme. Now, Jameson, while I'm finishing up my work here, run over to the apartment and get my automatic revolver. I may need it to-night. I have communicated with Andrews, and he will be ready. The demonstration will take place at half-past eight at Poissan's laboratory. I tried to get him to give it here, but he absolutely refused."

Half an hour later I rejoined Craig at his laboratory, and we rode down to the Great Eastern Life Building.

Andrews was waiting for us in his solidly furnished office. Outside I noted a couple of husky men, who seemed to be waiting for orders.

From the manner in which the vice-president greeted us it was evident that he was keenly interested in what Kennedy was about to do. "So you think Morowitch's deal was a deal to purchase the secret of diamond-making?" he mused.

"I feel sure of it," replied Craig. "I felt sure of it the moment I looked up Poissan and found that he was a manufacturer of electric furnaces. Don't you remember the famous Lemoine case in London and Paris?"

"Yes, but Lemoine was a faker of the first water," said Andrews. "Do you think this man is, too?"

"That's what I'm going to find out to-night before I take another step," said Craig. "Of course there can be no doubt that by proper use the electric furnace will make

small, almost microscopic diamonds. It is not unreasonable to suppose that some day some one will be able to make large diamonds synthetically by the same process."

"Maybe this man has done it," agreed Andrews. "Who knows? I'll wager that if he has and that if Morowitch had bought an interest in his process Kahan knew of it. He's a sharp one. And Mrs. Morowitch doesn't let grass grow under her feet, when it comes to seeing the main chance as to money. Now just supposing Mr. Morowitch had bought an interest in a secret like that and supposing Kahan was in love with Mrs. Morowitch and that they—"

"Let us suppose nothing, Mr. Andrews," interrupted Kennedy. "At least not yet. Let me see; it is now ten minutes after eight. Poissan's place is only a few blocks from here. I'd like to get there a few minutes early. Let's start."

As we left the office, Andrews signaled to the two men outside, and they quietly followed a few feet in the rear, but without seeming to be with us.

Poissan's laboratory was at the top of a sort of loft building a dozen stories or so high. It was a peculiar building, with several entrances besides a freight-elevator at the rear and fire-escapes that led to adjoining lower roofs.

We stopped around the corner in the shadow, and Kennedy and Andrews talked earnestly. As near as I could make out Kennedy was insisting that it would be best for Andrews and his men not to enter the building at all, but to wait down-stairs while he and I went up. At last the arrangement was agreed on.

"Here," said Kennedy, undoing a package he had carried, "is a little electric bell with a couple of fresh dry batteries attached to it, and wires that will reach at least four hundred feet. You and the men wait in the shadow here by this side entrance for five minutes after Jameson and I go up. Then you must engage the night watchman in some way. While he is away you will find two wires dangling down the elevator shaft. Attach them to these wires from the bell and the batteries—these two—you know how to do that. The wires will be hanging in the third shaft—only one elevator is running at night, the first. The moment you hear the bell begin to ring, jump into the elevator and come up to the twelfth floor—we'll need you."

As Kennedy and I rode up in the elevator I could not help thinking what an ideal place a down-town office-building is for committing a crime, even at this early hour of the evening. If the streets were deserted, the office-buildings were positively uncanny in their grim, black silence with only here and there a light.

The elevator in the first shaft shot down again to the ground floor, and as it disappeared Kennedy took two spools of wire from his pocket and hastily shoved them through the lattice work of the third elevator shaft. They quickly unrolled, and I could hear them strike the top of the empty car far below in the basement. That meant that Andrews on the ground floor could reach the wires and attach them to the bell.

Quickly in the darkness Kennedy attached the ends of the wires to the curious little coil I had seen him working on in the laboratory, and we proceeded down the hall to the rooms occupied by Poissan. Kennedy had allowed for the wire to reach from the elevator-shaft up this hall, also, and as he walked he paid it out in such a manner that it fell on the floor close to the wall, where, in the darkness, it would never be noticed or stumbled over.

Around an "L" in the hall I could see a ground-glass window with a light shining through it. Kennedy stopped at the window and quickly placed the little coil on the ledge, close up against the glass, with the wires running from it down the hall. Then we entered.

"On time to the minute, Professor," exclaimed Poissan, snapping his watch. "And this, I presume, is the banker who is interested in my great discovery of making artificial diamonds of any size or color?" he added, indicating me.

"Yes," answered Craig, "as I told you, a son of Mr. T. Pierpont Spencer. Professor Poissan, Mr. Spencer."

I shook hands with as much dignity as I could assume, for the rôle of impersonation was a new one to me.

Kennedy carelessly laid his coat and hat on the inside ledge of the ground-glass window, just opposite the spot where he had laid the little coil on the other side of the glass. I noted that the window was simply a large pane of wire-glass set in the wall for the purpose of admitting light in the daytime from the hall outside.

The whole thing seemed eerie to me—

especially as Poissan's assistant was a huge fellow and had an evil look such as I had seen in pictures of the inhabitants of quarters of Paris which one does not frequent except in the company of a safe guide. I was glad Kennedy had brought his revolver, and rather vexed that he had not told me to do likewise. However, I trusted that Craig knew what he was about.

We seated ourselves some distance from a table on which was a huge, plain, oblong contrivance that reminded me of the diagram of a parallelopiped which had caused so much trouble in my solid geometry at college.

"That's the electric furnace, sir," said Craig to me with an assumed deference, becoming a college professor explaining things to the son of a great financier. "You see the electrodes at either end? When the current is turned on and led through them into the furnace you can get the most amazing temperatures in the crucible. The most refractory of chemical compounds can be broken up by that heat. What is the highest temperature you have attained, Professor?"

"Something over three thousand degrees Centigrade," replied Poissan, as he and his assistant busied themselves about the furnace.

We sat watching him in silence.

"Ah, gentlemen, now I am ready," he exclaimed at length, when everything was arranged to his satisfaction. "You see, here is a lump of sugar carbon—pure amorphous carbon. Diamonds, as you know, are composed of pure carbon crystallized under enormous pressure. Now, my theory is that if we can combine an enormous pressure and an enormous heat we can make diamonds artificially. The problem of pressure is the thing, for here in the furnace we have the necessary heat. It occurred to me that when molten cast iron cools it exerts a tremendous pressure internally. That pressure is what I use."

"You know, Spencer, solid iron floats on molten iron like solid water—ice—floats on liquid water," explained Craig to me.

Poissan nodded. "I take this sugar carbon and place it in this soft iron cup. Then I screw on this cap over the cup, so. Now I place this mass of iron scraps in the crucible of the furnace and start the furnace."

He turned a switch, and long yellowish-blue sheets of flame spurted out from the

electrodes on either side. It was weird, gruesome. One could feel the heat of the tremendous electric discharge.

As I looked at the bluish-yellow flames they gradually changed to a beautiful purple, and a sickish sweet odor filled the room. The furnace roared at first, but as the vapors increased it became a better conductor of the electricity, and the roaring ceased.

In almost no time the mass of iron scraps became molten. Suddenly Poissan plunged the cast-iron cup into the seething mass. The cup floated and quickly began to melt. As it did so he waited attentively until the proper moment. Then with a deft motion he seized the whole thing with a long pair of tongs and plunged it into a vat of running water. A huge cloud of steam filled the room.

I felt a drowsy sensation stealing over me as the sickish sweet smell from the furnace increased. Gripping the chair, I roused myself and watched Poissan attentively. He was working rapidly. As the molten mass cooled and solidified he took it out of the water and laid it on an anvil.

Then his assistant began to hammer it with careful, sharp blows, chipping off the outside.

"You see, we have to get down to the core of carbon gently," he said, as he picked up the little pieces of iron and threw them into a scrap-box. "First rather brittle cast iron, then hard iron, then iron and carbon, then some black diamonds, and in the very center the diamonds."

"Ah! we are getting to them. Here is a small diamond. See, Mr. Spencer—gently François—we shall come to the large ones presently."

"One moment, Professor Poissan," interrupted Craig; "let your assistant break them out while I stand over him."

"Impossible. You would not know when you saw them. They are just rough stones."

"Oh, yes, I would."

"No, stay where you are. Unless I attend to it the diamonds might be ruined."

There was something peculiar about his insistence, but after he picked out the next diamond I was hardly prepared for Kennedy's next remark.

"Let me see the palms of your hands."

Poissan shot an angry glance at Kennedy, but he did not open his hands.

"I merely wish to convince you, Mr. Spencer," said Kennedy to me, "that it is

no sleight-of-hand trick and that the professor has not several uncut stones palmed in his hand like a prestidigitator."

The Frenchman faced us, his face livid with rage. "You call me a prestidigitator, a fraud—you shall suffer for that! *Sacré-bleu! Ventre de Saint Gris!* No man ever insults the honor of Poissan. François, water on the electrodes!"

The assistant dashed a few drops of water on the electrodes. The sickish odor increased tremendously. I felt myself almost going, but with an effort I again roused myself. I wondered how Craig stood the fumes, for I suffered an intense headache and nausea.

"Stop!" Craig thundered. "There's enough cyanogen in this room already. I know your game—the water forms acetylene with the carbon, and that uniting with the nitrogen of the air under the terrific heat of the electric arc forms hydrocyanic acid. Would you poison us, too? Do you think you can put me unconscious out on the street and have a society doctor diagnose my case as pneumonia? Or do you think we shall die quietly in some hospital as a certain New York banker did last year after he had watched an alchemist make silver out of apparently nothing?"

The effect on Poissan was terrible. He advanced toward Kennedy, the veins in his face fairly standing out. Shaking his forefinger, he shouted: "You know that, do you? You are no professor, and this is no banker. You are spies, spies. You come from the friends of Morowitch, do you? You have gone too far with me."

Kennedy said nothing, but retreated and took his coat and hat off the window ledge. The hideous penetrating light of the tongues of flame from the furnace played on the ground-glass window.

Poissan laughed a hollow laugh.

"Put down your hat and coat, Mistair Kennedy," he hissed. "The door has been locked ever since you have been here. Those windows are barred, the telephone wire is cut, and it is three hundred feet to the street. We shall leave you here when the fumes have overcome you. François and I can stand them up to a point, and when we reach that point we are going."

Instead of being cowed Kennedy grew bolder, though I, for my part, felt so weakened that I feared the outcome of a hand-to-hand encounter with either Poissan or

François, who appeared as fresh as if nothing had happened.

"That would do you no good," Kennedy rejoined, "for we have no safe full of jewels for you to rob. There are no keys to offices to be stolen from our pockets. And let me tell you—you are not the only man in New York who knows the secret of thermit. I have told the secret to the police, and they are only waiting to find who destroyed Morowitch's correspondence under the letter 'P' to apprehend the robber of his safe. Your secret is out."

"Revenge! revenge!" Poissan cried. "I will have revenge. François, bring out the jewels—ha! ha!—here in this bag are the jewels of Mr. Morowitch. To-night François and I will go down by the back elevator to a secret exit. In two hours all your police in New York cannot find us. But in two hours you two imposters will be suffocated—perhaps you will die of cyanogen, like Morowitch, whose jewels I have at last."

He went to the door into the hall and stood there with a mocking laugh. I moved to make a rush toward them, but Kennedy raised his hand.

"You will suffocate," Poissan hissed again.

Just then we heard the elevator door clang, and hurried steps came down the long hall.

Craig whipped out his automatic and began pumping the bullets out in rapid succession. As the smoke cleared I expected to see Poissan and François lying on the

floor. Instead, Craig had fired at the lock of the door. He had shattered it into a thousand bits. Andrews and his men were running down the hall.

"Curse you!" muttered Poissan as he banged the now useless lock, "who let those fellows in? Are you a wizard?"

Craig smiled coolly as the ventilation cleared the room of the deadly cyanogen.

"On the window-sill outside is a selenium cell. Selenium is a bad conductor of electricity in the dark, and an excellent conductor when exposed to light. I merely moved my coat and hat, and the light from the furnace which was going to suffocate us played through the glass on the cell, the circuit was completed without your suspecting that I could communicate with friends outside, a bell was rung on the street, and here they are. Andrews, there is the murderer of Morowitch, and there in his hands are the Morowitch—"

Poissan had moved toward the furnace. With a quick motion he seized the long tongs. There was a cloud of choking vapor. Kennedy leaped to the switch and shut off the current. With the tongs he lifted out a shapeless piece of valueless black graphite.

"All that is left of the priceless Morowitch jewels," he exclaimed ruefully. "But we have the murderer."

"And to-morrow a certified check for one hundred thousand dollars goes to Mrs. Morowitch with my humblest apologies and sympathy," added Andrews. "Professor Kennedy, you have earned your retainer."

The next mystery story, "*The Azure Ring*," will appear in the June number.

The Grafter

By Edwin Davies Schoonmaker

To have gone from home with confidence of friends
And then return, a thing that has his price;
To know within his heart that this is so—
To have sold honor, yet to take men's hands;
To meet the honest merchant in the street,
The humble workman clean beneath his grime;
To face the Sabbath in the little church,
And after service feel the press of friends
And hear sincerely spoken words of praise,
While wife and children stand admiring by—
Is this not Hell?



In a huge lounging-chair, his back to the door, his feet crossed nonchalantly outside upon the window-ledge, stretched the long lank figure of the genius of the place

The Trailers of Dreams Co.

If you have joy in the irresponsibilities of the age when everything looks rosy, and if you are young or would like to be, you will enjoy this story. It tells in lighter vein of the winning of a maid by a man who had the nerve and the wit to take a chance at the right time

By Frank K. M. Rehn, Jr.

Illustrated by Howard Giles

"GOING up! This side up! No, locals on the other side. Who? Denval? Yes, Room 2051. In here!" The starter pressed his buzzer, and the elevator shot upward.

"Floors, please!" asked the operator.

"Twenty," said the man who had asked for Denval.

At the desired level he disembarked, hurried swiftly through marble halls, and stopped before Room 2051. The heavy plate-glass bore the name ALLISON VAIL DENVAL, unilluminated by any reference, business or professional.

The man knocked. There was no response. Again he knocked, and a languid voice drawled out, "Come in." He opened

the door and entered the queerest office ever known. No desk nor files met the eye. A great tawny rug covered the floor, in the center of which stood a table and upon it a bowl of gold-fish and a mandolin. At one side was a divan covered with a cloth of purple velvet. The walls—of a neutral buff—were hung with charts dotted over with musical notes and scales. Near the window was a sort of stage or dais draped in orange velvet. Upon this dais rested a huge lounging-chair, and in this chair, his back to the door, his feet crossed nonchalantly outside upon the window-ledge, stretched the long lank figure of the genius of the place. He neither turned nor looked at the intruder.

His visitor glanced round, and suddenly bent double with suppressed mirth. As suddenly, he straightened up and asked obsequiously,

"Have I the honor of addressing Mr. Allison Denval?"

"You have," replied the other with serene indifference.

Again the visitor's face was convulsed with mirth. "May I ask what is your business?"

"You may," drawled the voice.

"Well, what is it?"

A cloud of blue tobacco smoke shot into the air above the back of the lounging-chair.

"My own," came the voice out of the smoke.

"Ah, I see!" continued the other. "Doubtless it is lucrative, but—er—what, may I ask, do you there upon that throne?"

"I listen to the chords of the Symphony of Toil. Hush! Be still! Even you may hear them."

To the ears of the visitor came a dull muffled roar, appalling and ponderous. In it he could distinguish the rattle of traffic, the roar of the "L," the harsh vibrant clatter and clang of steam-drills, the whistle of steam, the melody of chimes, and the voice of a siren.

"And what do you think of?" he asked of the chair.

"I think that in all the bustle and noise, I, *only* I, am calmly, serenely, delightfully idle."

A roar of laughter greeted this speech.

"Vail! Vail! you darned old duffer!"

The head of the genius of the place raised itself above the chair-back and surveyed the cause of this uproar. An instant later, Allison Denval had gathered his feet from the window-ledge and projected himself from his throne.

"Billy!" he muttered softly to himself. "If it isn't Billy-be-Damned! Where in the essence of joy did you waft from?" The two men fell on each other's neck, and if they did not weep, that is only because customs have changed.

"The *Mauretania* towed me into port two weeks ago," explained Billy when the rhapsody of their greeting had somewhat expended itself. "Couldn't find any trace of you until this morning, when I ran into Howard—Howard Branson—and he said you had found a fortune and lost your mind. Also, he gave me your address."

Denval held him off at arm's length. "Sight for jaded vision, let me look at you!" He shook his head hopelessly. "The same old Bill—! Handsome as ever and just as good-for-nothing!" He led him to the divan. "Here! Sit here, and unfold to me thy tale."

"Not me!" said Billy, sitting down gingerly on the gorgeous draping; "it's you who are going to vocalize. So you really belong to the 'idle rich'? There's no doubt about the 'idle' part of it, and these, I suppose (indicating the orange and purple velvets), are symbolical of a bank-account magnum magnificum. Who, may I ask, has passed beyond?"

"Uncle," said Denval. "Uncle Joshua. Blessings be upon his homely head—he never had the pleasure of looking upon this noble front. Silently, surreptitiously, he slipped away and left his refuse unto me. It's an awful pile!"

"How much?" demanded Billy. His friend showed him some figures that caused him to gasp. Even in this day of millions the sum was astounding.

"Well, for bull-headed luck you were born with the ring in your nose!" gasped Billy. "Now will you kindly elucidate this unto me?" indicating the office and dais.

"Why, certainly! It's very simple. You know, Billy, how seven years of my young life were wasted in severe and ill-repaid toil under a certain miser, the sub-head of a mighty company."

"Yes," said Billy.

"Well, a few days before Uncle Josh's departure—in fact, almost coincidently with it—this money-hog and myself had words in excess of the yea-and-nay vocabulary. I—mind you, I—was fired. The before-mentioned taskmaster addressed unto me these words as a benediction, 'You're no great loss, young fellow; you're not worth your salt, anyway, and don't send people around here for a reference!'"

Denval continued,

"Now, Billy, if you will ascend my throne with me."

Billy did as he was requested, and found himself staring across a narrow canyon of a court into a splendidly appointed office and directly confronting the corpulent figure of a man who, surrounded by several pale-faced clerks and stenographers, was toiling away at some papers on his desk.

"Yonder," said Denval with a wave of

his hand, "yonder is the slave-driver—my former taskmaster. There he labors, day by day, while I lounge here at my ease and observe him, without envy, without hatred. It is to me the sweetest of balms, the most exquisite of joys. At times, in an excess of brain labor, he carelessly raises his eyes, and they rest on me. And then—would you believe it, Billy?—though I am careful not to move, other than perchance to exhale some smoke, the sight, instead of being restful and soothing, seems to awake in him a demon of fury, and he will lean forward and yank down the shade. But not always, and this is my acme of bliss—you see, he does not know of my bank-account; few do, as yet—so sometimes he sits and grins at me in a grim, hateful sort of way. It is obvious that he thinks my rest-cure sheer bravado; and he as much as says, 'It won't be long, my young fool, before you are down and out!' At such times, Billy, I merely smile, very slightly, but sweetly. Look! As now—"

At that very moment the man opposite happened to glance up, and seeing the mirth-convulsed face of Billy and the blandly smiling one of Denval, he fairly crimsoned with rage and jerked down his window-shade with such fury that it was torn half-way from its roller.

Weak with laughter, Billy sank down on the orange-covered stage. When at length his paroxysm had expended itself, he dragged a note from his pocket and weakly demanded:

"Did you send me this? It was forwarded to me from 123 Pall Mall."

"I did," said Denval, "and I'm glad you reminded me of it, Billy. You see, in my present exalted position, it becomes imperative that I should have a secretary—a *very* private secretary. Now you, Billy Hughes, because of certain eccentricities, have been recommended to me as the very man for the job. Of course the salary at the start will be small, but—er—exclusive, and there will be excellent opportunities for wasting your time. Do you accept?"

"Do I accept! Are you serious?" gasped Billy.

"Oh, no! Not at all! I'm never serious, but I mean what I say."

"Well, then, you're on!" cried Billy.

"Good! Now, as to salary," drawled Denval, relighting his yard of Indian pipe, "I shall pay five dollars a week."

"A *what!*" cried his chum.

"A week," reiterated Denval.

His friend regarded him sadly for a moment, then stretched forth his arm and deliberately closed the window. "Better keep this down, Den, old man. You're catching the microbes from over the way."

Denval smiled. "Your current expenses, however, are on Uncle Josh. For past, present, or tentative ones, collect at the Day and Night Bank. I have so ordered it. Oh, yes! and remember, for the honor of the company don't draw small sums."

Billy Hughes sprang to his feet. "Now look here, Vail! You know I can't accept any such arrangement—"

"Silence, sir!" thundered Denval. "Don't dare to *'don't'* me! I'm surprised at you, Billy! You evidently forget that there rests at this very moment, here in my pocket, an agreement between your lowly self and my Highness, whereby we have covenanted to share and share alike in this game of Ping-Pong sometimes called Life. At present I'm Ping, and, willy-nilly, you are Pong. I have spoken."

"But, Vail," pleaded Billy, and a bright red flushed his cheeks, "I've met Her."

Again Denval's head reared itself swiftly. "Her!" he repeated. "*Her!* A Her, or *the* Her?"

"*The* Her," said Billy. "We met on the steamer, and have seen a good deal of each other since landing."

"Continue," urged Denval. "You interest me, Billy."

"Well, there isn't much to tell. She's a wonder, Vail! And if she only hadn't so much money—"

"Hush!" warned Denval. "Here, one does not speak of money. It might hear one. But, tell me—you are sure she is the Dream that we all of us await?"

"By Jove, Vail, she's—" And Billy was off, and good for an hour.

Denval leaned back, his pipe forgotten, his eyes half closed. At times he nodded as though greeting a friend. "Billy, you've found her!" he said at the close. "In the tones of your voice and the gleams of your eyes, I recognize her. The company's launched! We're off! Have I told you what we are? Well, we are trailers of dreams, wherever they dwell and whatever they are! 'Sweet Lyre! Sweet Lyre!' he quoted. 'I love thy tone, thy drunken tone of toads! From what time, from what dis-

tance, come thy tones unto me, from a far distance, from the ponds of love.' Allons, Billy! Go out, look the town over, and see if we want to buy it, to lay at Her feet!"

II

It was a warm spring day—the seventieth following the discharge of Denval, the fifth since the partnership of Billy. Allison Denval, lounged in his throne-chair, strumming his mandolin with maddening monotony. He had conceived a passion for a certain simple melody:

"Plink-a-plink; plink-a-plink; plink-a-plink-ity; plink-a-plink."

This he allowed to waft out the window, accompanied by whiffs of tobacco smoke. Occasionally he changed the key, and with head on one side and eyes half closed, studied the varying effect upon the man across the court. His compulsory audience, however, worked on with an indifference that held something sinister in its unruffled calm.

The door of 2051 suddenly opened, and Billy Hughes breezed in. Billy was indeed

a sight to make a Fifth Avenue men's upholstering-shop heave a sigh of delicious delight. A harmony in browns and buff was Billy, from his tan face and nobby English walking-hat, down through his cravat, pongee shirt and darker suiting, to his richly ox-blooded shoes.

Billy laid his walking-stick beside the gold-fish and inquired cheerfully,

"Well, old man, how's business?"

"Fair," drawled Denval, "only fair, Mr. Hughes. The market is woefully steady, which makes trading rather dull. Methinks I scent an ill wind that blows somebody no good. Billy, there's something doing!"

"Hello! What's this?" queried Billy, picking up a typewritten communication from the table.

"Oh, that!" said Denval, glancing over his shoulder. "That is a communication setting forth that I am a nuisance—a malicious nuisance, I believe, is the exact phraseology—and that legal steps will at once be taken for my removal. It's of no consequence."

But his private secretary looked grave.



"I'll give you this tip," said the inspector: "don't try to leave this building or you'll be put under arrest. There's something funny going on here—you're not as bughouse as you talk"

"It's from the company, isn't it?" he asked, jerking his head toward the windows across the court.

"Officially. Actually, it's from his 'Grumps.' I recognize his insolent diction."

"But, see here, Vail, this is getting serious—"

A knock sounded on the door.

"Ah, we have a client, Billy! Admit him."

The client, who proved to be a stout, pompous individual with a disagreeable set of features distributed over an unprepossessing countenance, strode heavily to the middle of the room and there swung round on Billy. "Are you Allison Denval?" he demanded with a certain insolence of tone inevitably inherent in lesser minions of the law.

"No," said Billy. "I'm his secretary, however. What can I do for you?"

The intruder vouchsafed no reply other than a scornful glance which took in the whole room and its equipment, then strode to the dais and demanded of its occupant, "Are you Denval?"

Denval, who was in the midst of his ditty, calmly continued, his head nodding to the rhythm, his eyes staring vacantly out the window. He had caught the gaze of his 'audience' fixed in grim amusement on what was transpiring behind his back.

"Say!" began the intruder noisily, but Billy checked him.

"Pardon me, but Mr. Denval is engaged just now. Won't you be seated?" He led his dazed client to the purple-vested divan. "Now, what is your business?"

"Look here, young feller!" burst forth the other hotly. "My business is with Allison Denval. If you ain't him and don't want to git in trouble, you keep out of this!"

"Ah, I see!" said Billy suavely. "Your business is of a purely personal nature. Just a moment, please, and I will ascertain if Mr. Denval can see you."

Billy approached the throne-chair and stood in silence while his friend completed his pathetic ballad for the hundred and fourth time. Then, before he could recommence,

"Excuse me, sir, but there is a gentleman here who would like to see you on some personal matter."

Denval paused. "Eh? What's that?"

he asked. "I thought I told you I was not to be interrupted. No, I can't see anyone!"

"Very good, sir! Only this seemed to be of importance—"

"Well, well—er—all right, then!" Denval rose, yawned, stretched, and turned suddenly on his now thoroughly enraged though dumfounded visitor.

"Ah! Did you wish to see me?"

"Your name Denval?" snapped the other.

"That is my name."

"Well, I'm an inspector—see?"

"Perfectly."

"Now, you answer me some questions and no more fooling about it, either! There's a complaint against you at headquarters." He pulled out a notebook. "What's your business?"

"I am the president of the Trailers of Dreams Co.," replied Denval calmly.

"Say, you quit your kiddin', young man, or—"

"Pardon me," interrupted Denval, "I have no time to waste. If you have any more questions to put, please do so."

The inspector gasped, swallowed a heart-felt curse, and demanded, "What visible means of support have you?"

Denval glanced round the office, grinned, and shrugged his shoulders. "None," he drawled. "I'm far too subtle for that."

"Humph," sneered the inspector, "just as I thought—a vagrant!" He snapped his notebook shut and rose to depart. "All right, Mr. President!" His sarcasm was superb. "I'll make my report, and I'll give you this tip: don't try to leave this building or you'll be put under arrest. There's something funny going on here—you're not as bughouse as you talk! Good day!" and the door slammed behind him.

"Now you've done it!" groaned Billy, but Denval interrupted.

"Quick! Look at his 'Grumps'!" he cried. "He's so interested he's using opera-glasses!"

"Yes, but what are we going to do?"

"Well," drawled Denval, "you're going down-stairs and buy a morning paper. No—now never mind—go on, that's a good fellow!" and he pushed Billy gently out the door. At the same moment the postman handed him an enormous bundle of mail.

He sat down at once and rummaged diligently through the litter. Suddenly he

uttered an ejaculation of delight, carefully perused the legal document in his hand, rang for a messenger, wrote a brief note, addressed it, handed it to the messenger, then reached for his pipe. When Billy returned, the mandolin was plinking along merrily.

"The superintendent gave me this note for you, Vail—said it should have been delivered two days ago."

"What does it say?" murmured Denval dreamily.

The private secretary tore it open and gasped. "*Suffering owls!*

It's all up, Vail! This notifies you that you have been found an undesirable tenant and that your lease is hereby canceled and that unless you vacate the premises by noon on Wednesday, you will be forcibly ejected. Wednesday! Why, that's to-morrow! For Heaven's sake, stop that eternal noise—Hello!" he exclaimed. "Look! What's happening across the way?"

The corpulent figure of the sub-boss had suddenly surged to its feet. The sub-boss's face was the picture of thunder. Savagely he reached for his hat and made a rush for the door.

Denval gave vent to a chuckle. "Clear decks for action, Billy!" he laughed. "We are about to have an engagement with the enemy."

"Vail," pleaded Billy, "now for the love of Pete, tell me what's going on!"

"You'll see!" grinned Denval. "Just

calm yourself, say nothing, and hold fast to that newspaper. There's the first shot," he added as a rain of blows that threatened to demolish it descended on the door.

Billy opened the door, and with the lumbering rush of an infuriated bull the sub-boss crashed into the room.

"What the devil do you mean, you young puppy, by sending me such a note as this?" he roared at Denval.

That young gentleman was still picking softly at his favorite ditty. "Ah, good morning, Mr.

—er—"

"Answer me!" interrupted his late boss.

"What note do you refer to?" queried Denval blandly.

"This one!" shouted the irate chief, waving it in the younger man's face. "This one right here, in which you have the audacity to state that the company's lease, which expires on the thirtieth of this month, will not be renewed. What the devil have you got to do with it? Who are you, anyway?"

"I am the president of the Trailers of Dreams Co.," returned Denval calmly. "You had this note sent to me, did you not?" proffering the note which Billy had just received from the superintendent.

"I did," said his visitor.

"I thought so. Now if you will take back your note, I will mine."

The sub-boss seemed in danger of choking to death with rage. He pulled at his collar



"What do you mean, you young puppy, by sending me such a note as this?" his former chief roared at Denval

with one stubby forefinger and at last managed to gasp out, "But mine is valid, and yours nothing but infernal impudence, for which you shall pay or I'm not—"

"Oh, pardon me!" interrupted Denval. "Mr. Hughes, kindly hand me that newspaper." Taking the paper, he opened it and pointed out a paragraph to his apoplectic visitor. "You overlooked this, this morning, I see—you might read it now."

Wrathfully the other seized the paper and read:

Rollins & Rollins announce the sale of properties No. 108-120 Blank Street, known as the Gotham Building, by the Property Holding Co., to the Trailers of Dreams Co., Allison Vail Denval, President.

III

"BILLY," said Denval, as that young gentleman entered Room 2051 one morning, "what do you mean by pestering me after business hours? My man said you called me up twenty times last night. Fortunately, I was not at home. Hello! What's up?"

Shades of blue draped Billy's figure, and, judging from his countenance, extended inward to his soul. He lifted hopeless eyes to Denval, and ejaculated:

"Everything! The whole bloomin' shootin'-match!"

"Meaning?" queried Vail.

"Ethel, of course!" snapped Billy. "What else should I mean—fireworks?"

"What!" cried Denval. "You mean it's all off?"

Billy nodded.

"But I thought things were flourishing. Why, only yesterday you said— Come now, tell me the whole affair."

"Oh, what's the use! I went up there last night and popped the question. Answer—everything that I could hope for. Then what do you suppose occurs?"

"Well," said Denval, "since I've got to guess, I should say: since Daughter accepted you, Papa probably rejected you."

"Rejected me!" scoffed Billy. "Man alive, he ejected me! Do you know who he is?"

"I know what he is, but not who he is."

"Well, that's him!" cried Billy ungrammatically, pointing across the way to the figure of the sub-boss.

"Hanneman?" cried Denval. "Great Jupiter, you don't mean—"

"That's precisely who I do mean," stated Billy.

For an astonished minute the president of the Trailers of Dreams Co. stared from his friend to his enemy in speechless amazement, then collapsed on the divan in a helpless convulsion of laughter.

Billy sprang to his feet angrily. "Oh, yes! Ha! Ha! It's a peach of a joke, isn't it? If I had your sense of humor I'd commit suicide and have a *good* laugh!"

Denval stretched out a shaking hand, "Excuse me, Billy!" he gasped. "But—oh, ye gods!" and again he was lost in a burst of merriment.

His chum regarded him reproachfully. "Well, there's an end of Billy Hughes's dream," he said. "I'm glad it gives some one a laugh, anyhow. Suppose it is funny, only— Oh, well, so-long! I'm off. Got a notice from my lawyers. I know what that means—overdrawn bank-account. See you later."

"You'll see me right now!" cried Denval, seizing him by the shoulders. "What are you talking about—end of your dream! The girl loves you, doesn't she? Well, let the old he-hoodoo go hang and marry her."

"Now there's a fine piece of conversation for you!" scoffed Billy. "If I marry her, Hanneman will cut her off without a cent, and what is she to live on? Oh, I know!" anticipating Denval's quick objection, "but you don't think for one moment that I'm going to take this money of yours just because of a fool agreement drawn up when we were a couple of kids?"

It was Denval's turn now to get angry—and angry he got with a vengeance. "Look here, B. Hughes, I know exactly what you're going to do! I thought this was understood. It takes some time to divide an estate of this size, but there are men at work at this very moment doing just that. When their report comes in, half of this coin will be transferred to you, and unless you use it, there it will stay until it *rots*! You can't stop my doing what I want with my own money, and can't you see, you bally idiot, that I don't want all this money! I can't begin to spend half of it, and it would take all my time to look after it. Now, don't ever mention this subject again. You chase out and get Ethel and bring her here at three thirty sharp. I've got a hunch. No, now not another word—this is a matter of business, my boy."

But dreams are elusive things, as Allison Denva was soon to discover.

No sooner had he gotten rid of Billy than he "got busy" with the telephone. By one o'clock bundles began to arrive—curious paper-draped bundles and boxes of various shapes. But with the boxes came a man—a solemn-faced man, by name, Milford Terrence. He was Denva's solicitor.

For a half-hour he stayed and talked over papers, then departed, leaving behind him a world topsyturvy.

For the space of ten minutes, dazed and bewildered, Denva stood watching the gold-fish as they lazily circled in their globe of glass. What had transpired meant nothing to them. It seemed impossible. He walked to the window, and there instantly perceived that in the office across the court all was excitement.

Hanneman, flushed and triumphant, was reading aloud from a newspaper to a group of assistants. Suddenly he caught sight of Denva, and his face was illumined with the light of victory. Holding his paper by the top, he swung it around so that Denva might read.

It was an extra, and the great black letters of its caption proclaimed this news:

MILLIONAIRE FOR A MOMENT

Allison Denva Loses Fortune through Finding of Final Will

"So they've got it already, eh!" muttered Denva to himself, even while his features were forming themselves into their calmest and blandest of smiles. For Denva was a true sport and game to the core. This was not the first time in his life that things had looked black; and the blacker they got the more irritatingly self-confident grew

his smile. So now he smiled, and so wonderfully that for a moment he saw a shadow of doubt flick Hanneman's face, and in that moment Denva lowered his shade.

"I thought his absence from his office for these last ten days meant something," soliloquized Denva. "And so, Mr. Hanneman, I have you to thank for all this, eh! And Billy—poor old Billy! The end of your dream? I'm afraid it is, old man—and all my fault, too!" He sprang to his feet and shook his fist at his blue-shaded window. "Maybe!" he shouted. "But I'll give you a run yet—you dream-robber!"

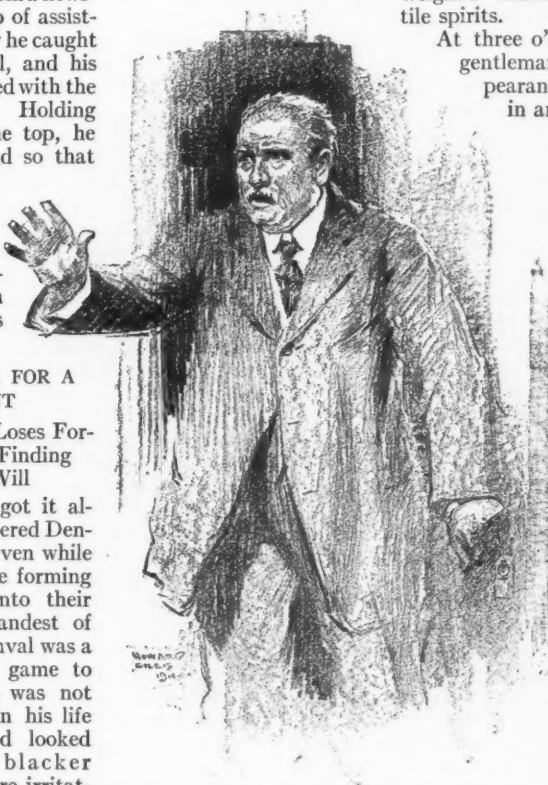
Forthwith he attacked the boxes and bundles with a fierceness that tumbled their florescent contents into huge heaps of roses, smilax, and ferns. By three o'clock he had Room 2051 looking like a miniature rose-garden; but he surveyed his handiwork with little joy. The thought of Billy weighed heavily on his volatile spirits.

At three o'clock that young gentleman made his appearance. He stopped in amazement on the threshold.

"Where's Miss Hanneman?" demanded Denva before Billy could utter a word.

"She's coming shortly. But what's all this?"

"Good!" ejaculated Denva. "That gives us time for a talk. This, Billy, is for a wedding that will never take place. Billy, old man, we're broke. Completely, absolutely. That money was all a mistake. It seems Uncle Joshua made a



"Stop!" bellowed Hanneman. "I forbid this service"



"We are trailers of dreams," said Denval. "For Exhibit A in our sample line, let me show you this," and he indicated the bride

subsequent will, leaving his entire estate to a ward. It also appears that Uncle Josh and Hanneman were as thick as thieves and that H. knew of the existence of this later document, had the matter investigated, and the instrument has been found. You see, Billy, six months ago I didn't know I had an Uncle Joshua, and the whole thing has happened so quickly that I've hardly had time to investigate the matter. At the time of the transfer, the will being apparently the last one recorded and there being no counter-claim, all I had to do was to establish my identity. Well, there you have the whole thing!" he shrugged his shoulders eloquently and essayed a smile, though his friend caught the gleam of tears in his eyes. "The fairy-wand's broke, Billy, my boy—the trailers are off the scent."

Billy strode forward. "I know, Vail, old man—saw it in the papers; but why, then, all this?"

The old whimsical smile twisted Denval's mouth. "Well, you see, I had these flowers, and I thought, or maybe I hoped, you and your dream might—you see, Billy, you never can tell what may happen 'whenever a dream and a dream agree.'"

"Vail, you're a corker! And what's more, you're right! Ethel—I mean, Miss Hanneman, has decided that better a crust with Yours Truly than caviar with Pa.

She's gone for her things. Here're the license and the ring; now where's your minister?"

Denval threw his arms around his friend. "Billy!" he shouted, "Billy-be-Damned, you're a man after my own heart! And Ethel!" He bowed to an imaginary Ethel. "My hat off to you—you are, indeed, the Dream. But, hush! Here's the minister."

At three thirty that afternoon the window-shade of Room 2051 rose on the quaintest and prettiest tableau ever given in an office-building. Upon the dais in the window, under a perfect bower of roses, stood two radiant young people, facing the frock-coated figure of a clergyman, book in hand. Out of the window trailed the strains of a curious wedding-march:

Plink-a-plink, plink-a-plink, etc.

Hanneman glanced up from his work. The tableau met his gaze. His eyes grew wide, his face white. A pencil dropped from his nerveless hand. To his ears came, faintly, the droning words of the marriage service. Two minutes later he had burst into Room 2051.

Denval met him at the door. "Ah!" cried Denval, "you're just in time to give the bride away!"

"Stop!" bellowed Hanneman. "I forbid this service."

"On what grounds, sir?" asked the minister.

"Grounds? Grounds? On the grounds of a father!"

"But your daughter is of age, Mr. Hanneman."

The sub-boss swung round on Denval. "This is your doings, young man! Don't you know yet that you're penniless? Joshua Billings's money, which you thought was yours, goes to—"

"Your son-in-law, Mr. Hanneman," said Billy.

A silence, unutterably surprised, followed Billy's words. If Hanneman was astounded, Denval was stupefied. Together they stared at Billy in speechless amazement.

"I, Mr. Hanneman," continued that gentleman, "am the William Hughes, quondam ward of the late Joshua Billings. When I was eighteen we had a disagreement, and he made me an allowance and packed me off. I never knew of his subsequent change of feelings, nor had I ever any idea of his wealth or relationship to Denval; in fact, Vail, you never told me your Uncle Joshua's last name. This is what my lawyers had to tell me instead of an overdrawn bank-account."

"Then—then *you* are the man to whom I've transferred this money!" gasped Hanneman.

"I am the man."

Denval at length found his voice. "Will you give the bride away, sir?" he asked.

Hanneman whirled on him fiercely, though a grin suddenly twitched at his mouth. "No, I will not," he said.

Denval reached for his mandolin. Perceiving his action, Hanneman threw up his hands.

"Hold!" he cried, "hold! I give up—on one condition, and that is that you smash that devilish instrument, and swear never to play it again."

"*Done!*" cried Denval, hurling the mandolin to the floor at his feet.

"Young man," said Hanneman when the service was over, "I take back my words—you *are* worth your salt, with a dash of paprika thrown in. I've got a place for you with the company. Will you take it?"

"That's me!" said Denval.

"Not if I know it!" cried Billy. "Why, man, we need you here in your own company. Now, not another word!" he continued, mimicking Denval's manner. "Don't dare to 'don't' me, Mr. Denval. Evidently you forget that there rests there in your pocket a certain agreement. I can do what I want with my money—and there it can stay till it *rots*, etc., etc. You see," he laughed, "it's useless! I know all the arguments. What's sauce for the Ping is sauce for the Pong!"

Denval grinned sheepishly. "But, Billy, you forget!" he objected. "You're a married man now; you can't do what you want with your money."

"If he doesn't do this," cried the bride, "I'll divorce him!"

"There, you see!" cried Billy triumphantly.

Denval bowed low. "I yield me," he said simply, though there was a suspicious catch in his voice.

"Well," chimed in Hanneman, "don't know but what I'll have to take some stock in this company myself. Let me see! What is your asinine business, anyway?"

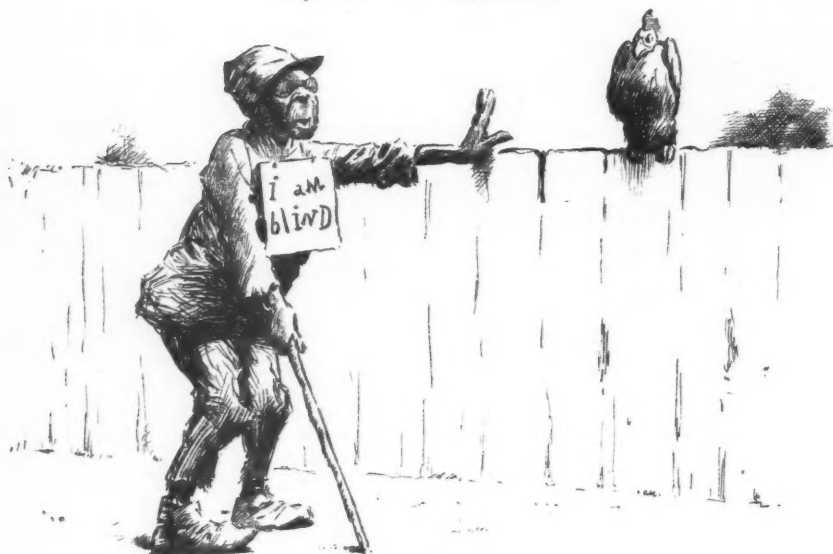
"We are trailers of dreams," said Denval. "For Exhibit A in our sample line, let me show you this," indicating the bride. "If she isn't a dream, then I don't know one when I see it!"

"Young man, you're an expert!" was Hanneman's comment.



Help the Blind

By E. W. Kemble



"Please help de blind!"



"Help a po' blind man."



"Please ter help de blind."



"If you doan help de blind, de blind's gwine ter help hisself."

High Finance

Drawings by Grace G. Wiederseim. Verses by Key Cammack



Starting off for Sunday-school, looking innocent and cool,
Little Tommy for the plate was given by his Auntie Kate
A bright new nickel.



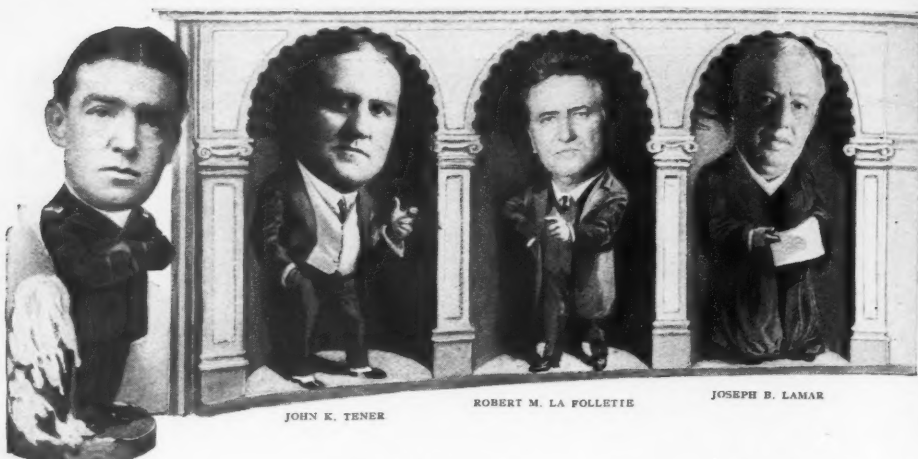
As he hurried up the stairs his fingers opened unawares:
Two shining nickels skipped and spun, and through a deep dark crack slipped one.
O Fortune, thou art fickle.



For one had been his own to "blow" on peppermint, from Cousin Joe,
The other given for the plate—and that alone—by Auntie Kate.
Wasn't that a pickle?



Tearful Tommy stood in thought, clutching tight the one he'd caught:
Then irresolution cleared and a joyous smile appeared—
The plate had lost a nickel!



SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON

JOHN K. TENER

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

JOSEPH B. LAMAR

The Story-Tellers

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON, who has been stalking the south pole, for which he was knighted, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by the Pilgrims in New York. Apropos of a piece of geographical ignorance which he had encountered, he said:

"It was incredible. It reminded me of a little waiting maid:

"As she brought me my tea and toast and bloater one morning I said to her:

"What a rainy morning, Mary! It's almost like the flood."

"The flood, sir?" said the little maid. She looked at me with a puzzled smile.

"Yes," said I. "The flood—Noah, you know—the Ark, Mount Ararat."

"She shook her head and murmured apologetically, 'I ain't had no time to read the papers lately, sir.'"

JOHN K. TENER, the new governor of Pennsylvania, is an inveterate smoker and choice as to his selection of cigars. Lighting a Havana recently, he said:

"The Londoners are indifferent about their tobacco—indifferent and blasé, like an omnibus conductor I saw in Oxford Street.

"You know the London omnibus? It is a double-decker. If you sit on top you must go up and down by a very steep stairway.

"Well, this blasé conductor pulled up his 'bus at Regent Circus, and the ladies bound for Peter Robinson's eagerly got out. But one fat lady, who had been sitting on top, came down the steep and winding stairs very slowly. Her skirt flapped round her ankles, and at every step she stopped and thrust it carefully down. The conductor waited with a bored expression, his hand on the bell-rope; but he lost patience when the fat lady stopped for the fifth or sixth time to thrust down her billowing skirt, and he burst out angrily:

"Now, then, lydy, 'urry up, can't yer? Figgers ain't no treat to me!"

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE, criticizing a trust, said:

"Its dignity under abuse and attack is, somehow, funny. It reminds me of a little Sioux City girl.

"One morning she hung about the kitchen continually, bothering the busy cook to death. The cook lost patience finally. 'Clear out o' here, ye sassy little brat!' she shouted, thumping the table with a rolling-pin.

"The little girl gave the cook a haughty look. 'I never allow anyone but my mother to speak to me like that,' she said."

JUDGE JOSEPH BUCKNER LAMAR, of Georgia, who has recently been appointed to the Supreme Bench, tells the following story:

When his children were young they were often warned against playing on the lawn when it was damp. The frequency with which this warning had to be repeated seemed to indicate that it had made very little impression upon the youngsters, until one day when his little son was learning the Golden Text for the next Sunday-school lesson.

"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet," the boy repeated to his father, "'for the ground whereon thou standest is—'"

"Is what, son?" said the judge.

"Is damp," suggested the little boy.

BLISS CARMAN once received a poetic contribution to the *Chap Book*, of hallowed memory, beginning:

The joy in me rises, rises,
And will not be suppressed;
The joy in me rises, rises
Into my throat and breast.

Shortly after publication the following inquiry was received:

"Gentlemen: I have just read the spring song which appears in your current number. I do not wish to be inquisitive, but, being a young house-keeper and interested in baking-powders, I would be pleased to know what brand the author uses, as it must possess remarkable rising qualities. An answer would oblige a seeker after the best in all forms."



THOMAS P. GORE

ALTON B. PARKER

BARNEY OLDFIELD

ROSE PASTOR STOKES

Hall of Fun

SENATOR GORE, of Oklahoma, while addressing a convention in Oklahoma City recently, told this story, illustrating a point he made:

"A Northern gentleman was being entertained by a Southern colonel on a fishing-trip. It was his first visit to the South, and the mosquitoes were so bothersome that he was unable to sleep, while at the same time he could hear his friend snoring audibly.

"The next morning he approached the old darky who was doing the cooking.

"Jim," he said, "how is it the colonel is able to sleep so soundly with so many mosquitoes around?"

"I'll tell yo', boss," the darky replied, "de fust part of de night de kernel is too full to pay any 'tenshum to de skeeters, and de last part of de night de skeeters is too full to pay any 'tenshum to de kernel."

JUDGE ALTON B. PARKER, Democratic candidate for President in 1904, is said to tell as a favorite story the tale of a young man in Savannah named Du Bose, who invited his sweetheart to take a buggy-ride with him. The young woman had a very fetching lisp. When they reached a rather lonesome bit of road the young man announced:

"This is where you have to pay toll. The foll is either a kiss or a squeeze."

"Oh, Mr. Du Both!" exclaimed his companion.

BARNEY OLDFIELD, whose particular hobby is daring death in high-powered automobiles, accepted an open challenge by Jack Johnson, who thought he could drive as well as he can box. Oldfield, who has made a mile in a little over twenty-seven seconds, had an easy victory, and was in a story-telling mood at the dinner which celebrated the event. A taxicab chauffeur furnished the text for this anecdote:

Having run over and killed a number of people, and presented his company with a number of lawsuits, he was finally discharged for reckless driving. He then became a motorman on a trolley line, but did not take kindly to the new work. One day as

he was grumbling over his fallen fortunes a friend said:

"Oh, what's the matter with you? Can't you run down just as many people as ever?"

"Yes," said the ex-chauffeur, "I can, but formerly I could pick and choose."

MRS. J. G. PHELPS-STOKES (Rose Pastor), the Socialist worker, recounted, at a Socialist meeting in New York, her amusing experiences among slum children.

"Not long ago," she said, "I saw on the street a little boy and girl whose clothes looked as if they had grown upon them. Speaking to them, I urged them to lead me to their mother, who politely informed me that it was her custom, at the beginning of cold weather, to sew the little ones up in flannels, freeing them with the return of spring. I persuaded the mother to put buttons on the clothes and to bathe her children regularly. Then, last week, I visited her again.

"Well," I said, "how do the winter baths go?"

"The children don't like it, ma'am," said the mother. "Johnny refused his bath positively yesterday. He said you could do as you liked and he would do as he liked. You like to be cold and clean—he likes to be warm and dirty."

JOHN C. BELL, district attorney of Philadelphia, and Justice John P. Elkin, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, were schoolmates, and the district attorney is inconsiderate enough to tell this tale out of school about the justice:

"John," he says, "was a stubborn youth, and the teacher had all kinds of trouble with him. I remember he insisted upon saying 'have went,' and to correct him the teacher compelled him to remain after school one day and write 'have gone' three hundred times.

"After scribbling 'have gone' until his hand ached, John appended this note to the bottom of the sheet of paper,

"I have done my work and have went home."

MAGAZINE SHOP-TALK

The Price of the Woman

IN a former issue of this magazine, I referred to one of the many problems raised in Mr. Robert Chambers's story, "The Common Law." I spoke then of the perils of the life of the girl-model.

I should be sorry to see any young woman enter upon the moral hazards of this occupation. One wonders, indeed, what draws young women into it, seeing that the work is precarious, and that the pay is only from twenty-five to fifty cents an hour. And on top of these drawbacks we have the fact that the girl-model loses caste in both Philistia and Bohemia—if her occupation happens to be known.

What George Eliot Thought

The Chambers story is now sweeping in the question of the extra-legal or common-law marriage. Now, George Eliot was a woman of heart and brain who faced this question in her own life. She chose a common-law alliance with George Henry Lewes, under what seemed to them a compelling necessity. This uncanonized union called down the arrows of social protest and drove her into seclusion. But when the death of Lewes broke the bond, and when later on she faced another marriage, we see her real attitude toward the marriage ceremony. For to her second husband she was married by book and bell, like any other woman, showing by this free choice her full acknowledgment of the necessity of the established code that safeguards the woman and the child.

The Inexcusable Sacrifice

In the Chambers story, Valerie West, the romantic, inexperienced girl-model, offers to give herself, without marriage, to her artist-lover in order to save the pride of his family and friends, and to save disaster to his social and artistic career—things that would be damaged by his marriage to a professional model. Valerie makes this startling offer from a quixotic sentiment, from a flash of unselfish devotion; but under it all is an abysmal folly. She loses sight of

the fact that we can sin against ourselves as well as against others—that we can sin against our dignity, our sacred honor.

Are all sorts of sacrifice noble and worthy and wise? No! Because a thing is unselfish, it is not necessarily virtuous. Mere sacrifice has no ethical value. Indeed, all true sacrifice is the cutting out of some lesser longed-for thing for the sake of a greater good. A man sacrifices his taste for strong drink in order that he may get the greater good of sobriety. In fact, there is no real sacrifice in moral law—only a *seeming* one.

The Woman's Mistake

The mistake of Valerie, then, is that she wants to make an unequal exchange—wants to give up much for little—wants to exchange stars for herbs—wants to give up her high dignity as a woman to save the empty dignity of her lover's conventional associates. Valerie recognizes the power of society over the fortunes of her artist-lover; but she forgets something vastly bigger than society—her womanhood. She puts too high a value on social standing and worldly success—things that are negligible in life's great moral issues.

It is the first duty of every woman to put a high price upon herself. She must be given as much as she gives—otherwise she "falls." This is the tragedy of the woman of the street: she does not get as much as she gives. Reciprocity is the principle in morals as well as in business. If the woman gives all, the man must give all. The price of the woman is the man!

The Lure of New York City

MR. CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS, in his story "The Octopus," begun in this issue of the *COSMOPOLITAN*, brings out striking aspects of the lure and power of the many-mooded city on the island of Manhattan.

Both Mr. Chambers and Mr. Davis have, in their *COSMOPOLITAN* stories, pictured the complex and tumultuous mingling of the ever-changing masses of people on this crowded island, a restless people swayed by

the forces of dream and deed, of deceit and delusion. In "The Octopus," Mr. Davis suggests the spell and the danger of the great restless city with her wild incantation, offering to each man his heart's desire, the peculiar treasure dear to his soul.

The Personality of the City

Now, the psychology of New York is a problem to puzzle the recording angel balancing the Judgment Books. New York has a sort of human personality of her own; for cities, like men, carry a spiritual atmosphere. San Francisco is young, joyful, debonair, living in the future; Boston is reserved, scholarly, cold, living in memories; Philadelphia is friendly, serene, satisfied, untouched by the burden of to-morrow; New York is restless, ruthless, rebellious, living on the brittle edge of the moment. Manhattan has been described as a place discovered by the Italians, run by the Irish, and owned by the Jews. The joke-smiths call the city Jew York or New Cork, according as the jest shifts toward the Hebraic or the Hibernian. She stirs the melting-pot of the nation and of all the nations that drift hither—a caldron heated by a thousand passions and lit by a thousand visions. For here flock the fortune-hunters, the fame-seekers, the radicals, the refugees of every clan and camp. She is the center of a continuous seismic disturbance of the spirit, a center of upheaving social strata. Here are the herds of the poor and the hosts of the rich. Here are the shining-eyed dreamers of new spiritual and social adventures: here are the sodden worshipers of the God of Things as They Are.

The Whirlpool City

New York city, then, is the great whirlpool of the nation, whose seething waters are forever drawing in material from a thousand shores. The inward whirling tides make no selection: they draw rotting logs as well as sound and seasoned timbers.

The city, of course, is the center of the nation's culture. Here art has her temples and learning her classic halls. Still the city is the danger-zone for the unwary. Here crime and vice take on gigantic proportions, and temptations spring up in alluring forms. The spoilers are everywhere alert and waiting—keepers of gambling-dens, masters of bribery and blackmail, promoters of glittering schemes of financial deception, adepts

in dishonest trade and jobbery—tricksters, sharpers, drones, degenerates, quacks.

The wise and wary can scarcely keep safe foothold in the midst of these quicksands and quagmires of the city. What perils, then, must beset the weak and imprudent—especially the trusting and inexperienced young man or young woman drifting in from the shelter and peace of the country?

One Episode in "The Octopus"

Mr. Davis's story shows the baleful attraction of the mighty metropolis grappling her prey from east and west—shows her fascination not only for the jaded millionaire spawning out his dollars, but also for the hallroom clerk with his meager pittance, and for the girl of shop or stage or studio who is often forced to choose between penury and shame. One of his episodes is poignant. A more frugal fictionist would have expanded it into a story by itself—the episode of the consumptive girl-model who takes the five hundred dollars given her to regain her health in the Adirondacks, and spends it for fine raiment, risking all for a few bright months of gay Broadway before she goes down from the light of life forever.

Lock the Door Now

THE plowing of a waterway across the Isthmus of Panama is one of the most picturesque performances that has occurred on this planet since, scaring Indian and bison before us, we flung across the peaks and plains of the nation the shining road of steel that made path for the snorting, winding, fire-breathing railway dragon. The stupendous labor of joining the two great oceans of the globe (separated since Chaos was) is a triumph that stirs the imagination. It has drawn the eyes of all the world; and perhaps this sudden stream of water breaking the ancient dark between the seas will also draw the far-reaching lenses of Mars.

At last we are scooping out the water-road that the caravels of Columbus steered for across the uncharted sea. Here will run white the foaming track that the adventurous mariners of the middle ages dreamed of as reaching on and on to far Cathay, the land of spice and gold. It will fulfil the old dream that has hovered over the heart of man since that hour when Balboa first gazed

upon the unknown, unguessed Pacific "with a wild surmise."

Ages ago when a Ptolemy or a Caesar could command his swarms of human ants to pile up the Pyramids or to carve out the Appian Way, toiling millions might have been found to perform this perilous work of excavation. But never before could we have done this work at so small a cost of life and time as in this era of machinery with its steam, electricity, and dynamite to fetch and carry, to tear and burrow and lift—to reproduce in open light of day the marvels and the miracles of the genii of old Arabian story.

The Problem Now

But now that the problem of the construction is nearly over, a new problem confronts us. To fortify the Panama Canal or not to fortify?—this is the question that Mr. James Creelman discusses in an able article in this issue. The question has seized on the imagination as well as on the common sense of every thoughtful American.

Certain peace men are opposing the projected fortification. I, too, am a man of peace. I heartily agree with a recent editorial statement that war can be obliterated, that "war is a social disease to be cured, and, like the white plague, is marked for total abolishment." Truly so. Once it was thought that duels were necessary in the settlement of individual quarrels. But a new era has set in, and dueling has passed to the limbo, and war will surely follow.

The Dream of a World-Peace

I rejoice in the fact that the United States is leading in the effort to form arbitration treaties with all nations—agreements to submit international disputes to an international court of justice. I rejoice also in the effort to form an agreement for a simultaneous limitation of armaments. Indeed, I sometimes dream of a complete disarmament. It is likely, however, that nations may for a while ask for a substitute for armed protection. If so, they may conclude to draft off a fraction (say ten per cent.) of their present armament to form an international army and navy to enforce the decrees of the international court of justice.

And, finally, I rejoice in the dream of a Parliament of Nations to serve as the nucleus for a final Federation of the World. This would be the dawn of the millennium. I call them "dreams," but it is written in

the stars that all these things are to come to pass.

Arbitration treaties, agreements to disarm, a senate of the world—these are three objects for which earnest hearts are working. A cry for these things is beginning to be heard in all lands. But what are we to do while these hoped-for things are pending?

Washington's Hint Holds Good

It seems that we must do as other nations: defend our frontiers. No mere pronouncement of "Peace, peace!" can maintain peace. We shall not have a fixed and final world-peace until the deep heart of mankind calls out for peace.

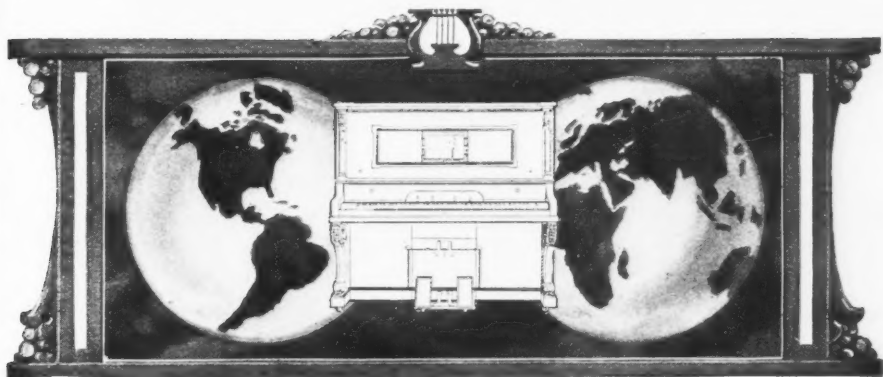
While other nations bristle with armaments, we must maintain our own. "Trust God," cried Cromwell to his soldiers, "but keep your powder dry!"

We may also turn to Washington for light and leading. Once, during our early Congress, a resolution was offered limiting the American army to three thousand men. Washington, who happened to be present, suggested to a member that he make a motion that no enemy should ever invade the country with more than two thousand men!

With this hint in mind from the man who "was first in war and first in peace," it seems clear that we should make reasonable preparations for possible emergencies. The canal ought to serve us as a military as well as a commercial asset. The canal is built by our brain and brawn and money-bag, and we are its legal guardians. It is our short cut from sea to sea. We offer it to the world as a free highway in times of peace; but it is asking too much to expect that we should build a waterway for other nations to use against us in times of hostility.

We must fortify the canal or else tie up a squadron in the Caribbean Sea to guard it. Fortification would not only leave our North Atlantic Squadron free to patrol our Eastern coast, but would also furnish at Panama the needed basis of naval supplies in case of war. This would also prevent a repetition of the state of things that has occurred on the neutralized Suez Canal. England needed this canal in 1882, and she calmly took it and closed it for twenty-seven days in violation of neutrality. And she is still there with her forces, although she protests volubly that she has no intention of seizing Suez.

EDWIN MARKHAM.



*The Pianola Piano Has Stamped the Impress of Its
Superiority Upon the Face of the Globe*

What is the Secret of the Aeolian Company's World-Wide Success?

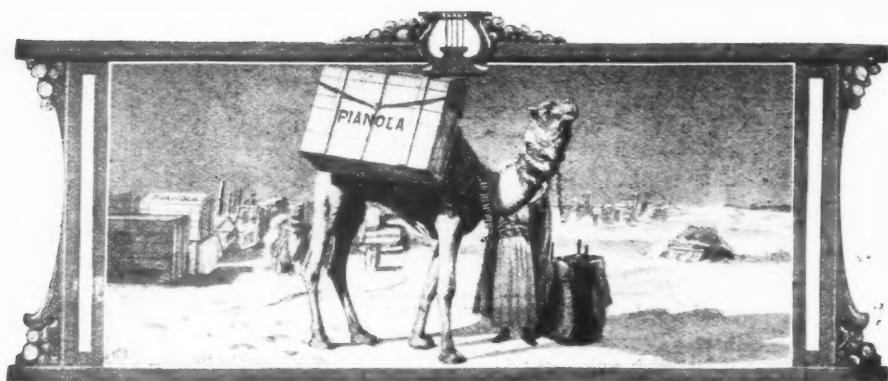
WE WERE asked this question recently by a gentleman who had just returned from an extended tour of the world.

He said, "Everywhere I went I found the Pianola Piano. In some Countries, notably France and Germany, it was the only player-piano in evidence. I made inquiries from friends and was told that other American player-pianos had been introduced, but that the people of these Countries were keenly critical in matters pertaining to music and that these other instruments had failed to satisfy, and efforts to sell them had ceased. "In Australia, I visited Melbourne, Sydney and Adelaide, and in each city I found one of your branch houses.

"Returning through Europe, in Madrid, Berlin, Paris and London I found that your branches were the leading music stores.

A composite image featuring a central illustration of a Steinway Grand Pianola Piano with its lid open. To the left is a black and white photograph of a large, classical-style building in New York City, with the words "NEW YORK" printed below it. To the right is a black and white photograph of a multi-story building in London, with the word "LONDON" printed below it. The entire section is framed by a decorative border.

Steinway Grand Pianola Piano, \$2000. to \$2350.



From actual photograph taken in furthest Australia

"An Englishman who was acquainted with the industry, told me that although you had been established in England less than a dozen years, your Company did the largest musical instrument business in Great Britain. This, in spite of the fact that there were other houses that dated back for more than a century." All this shows splendid initiative, but it shows something more—something far greater,—what is it?

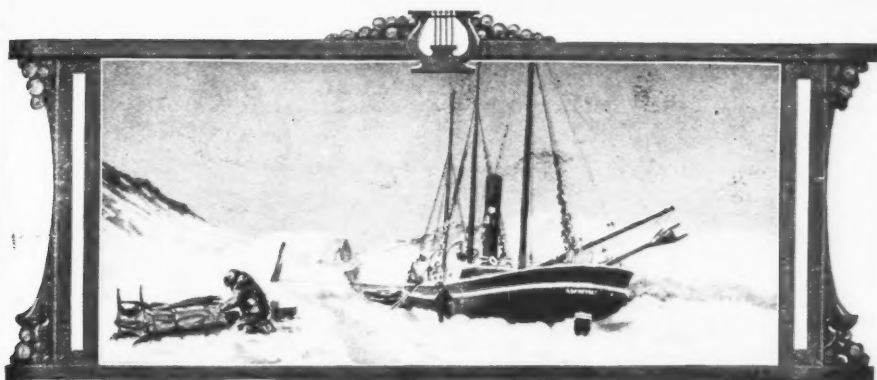
The secret of the wonderful growth and development of the Aeolian Company is not far to seek. The measure of its success is but the reflection of the superior merit of its instruments.

The underlying cause for the great volume of business done by this house throughout the world, lies in the superb quality manifest in such instruments as—

The Steinway Pianola Piano	The Weber Pianola Piano
The Wheelock Pianola Piano	
The Stuyvesant Pianola Piano	
The Steck Pianola Piano	The Technola Piano
and The Pianola	
The Weber Piano	The Wheelock Piano
The Stuyvesant Piano	The Stroud Piano
The Aeolian Orchestrelle	The Aeolian Pipe Organ



Stock Pianola Piano, \$850. and \$950.



The same Pianola Piano accompanied Peary on his last two voyages

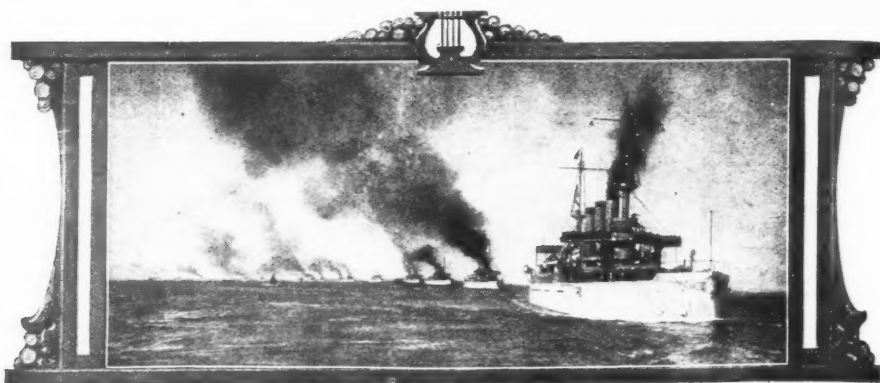
The distinguished character of these, the Aeolian Company's instruments, together with this Company's unvarying policy of fair, liberal dealing—Its ability to offer greater value for the money than it is possible to obtain from any other source—And a system of selling that guarantees **one price—the lowest**—to every purchaser—these are the secrets, if secrets they are, of the Aeolian Company's success.

THERE is in everyone an inborn love of music that seeks for expression. And the fascination of personally producing good music is infinitely greater than listening to the same music even when played by a great pianist.

The Pianola Piano endows you, without the drudgery of long study and practice, with an ability to play the piano only surpassed by the virtuoso and it unlocks for you the entire world's music library.

In the knowledge that this new power is yours there is the keenest satisfaction, for with the Pianola Piano you can choose the music that exactly suits your mood and play it with the expression that fits your temperament of the moment.





26 Pianola Pianos accompanied U. S. Battleships around the world

The presence of the Pianola Piano brings a constantly increasing delight to every member of your family. It has a high educational and moral influence in the home and its music creates a restful atmosphere for the weary business man.

The Pianola \$250.00 upward.

The Grand Pianola Piano \$1500.00 upward.

The Pianola Piano (upright) \$550.00 upward.

The Technola Piano \$450.00.

The Aeolian Company maintains its own establishments in the following American cities:

CHICAGO, ILL.

202 Michigan Boulevard

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

237 N. Penn Street

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1004 Olive Street

CINCINNATI, O.

124 East 4th Street

DAYTON, O.

131 West 3rd Street

Agencies in all the principal cities of the world.

Pianola Piano Book W

This is a 32 page book—magazine size, printed in colors and well worthy of a place on your Library Table. This is MORE than a mere descriptive catalog—it shows how music may now be studied with the aid of the best composers virtually at your elbow. Send to-day—postpaid on request.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY, Aeolian Hall

362 Fifth Ave.

Near 34th St., New York

The Largest Manufacturers of Musical Instruments in the World



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What Do You Do With Your Money?

By Edward Wallace

The most shrinking, cowardly thing in the world is money — and justly so.

"The love of money is the root of all evil."

The acquiring of honest money should be the courageous act of us all.

A man works and slaves to save it for himself, for his family and for his future. After he accumulates a few hundred, or a thousand or so dollars, the Savings Banks give him 3%, 3½%, or possibly 4% interest. These very banks are declaring dividends of 10%, 15%, 25% or more.

Investors do not want an investment proposition thrust down their mental throats without learning the "pros" and "cons." We therefore ignore the usual tone of positiveness and arrogance, assuming that you will use your own judgment after knowing *all* the facts.



HERE are certain questions every intending investor should not only ask, but insist upon specific, affirmative answers.

If the facts prove the absolute truth of such answers, no in-

vestor should hesitate in making an investment.

make, build up, and maintain a successful business.

Association with such men takes away, in a large measure, the element of risk. Such men *must* live by the rule of "square dealing."

These men carry their enterprises onward and forward to success. By the same token they will carry *your* investment forward to a greater fortune.

Choose, therefore, your investment enterprise with care—its guardians with equal care.

In deciding whether you are safe in investing money in an enterprise, ask yourself these questions:

- 1st: Is the product meritorious?
- 2nd: How old is the enterprise?
- 3rd: Is there a demand for the product?
- 4th: What is the profit in its manufacture and sale?
- 5th: Is there a field to develop a large business?
- 6th: What competition is there?
- 7th: Are the men at the head well known for honesty and ability?
- 8th: Have they invested their own money?
- 9th: Is the investment safe?
- 10th: Is the Company now paying a dividend? If not, how soon can it reasonably be expected to do so?

These questions should



ALCORN RECTOR

Inventor of the Rector Vacuum System of Lighting

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

vestor should hesitate in making an investment.

Study every phase of any business or company in which you propose investing money. Ask questions and *verify* your answers, and be doubly sure you are on the right track to increase your earnings, at the same time securing absolute safety for your money.

The stockholders of "going concerns," productive and creative enterprises, are always men of good judgment, bent on increasing their fortunes.

Link *your* fortune with these men—men of creative and executive ability, absolute honesty and integrity.

Men of this calibre, having their own money invested in an enterprise, will naturally exert every fibre of their being to

What Do You Do With Your Money?—(Continued)

be the basis for a careful analysis on the part of an investor.

In this article we bring to the attention of the **careful and conservative investor** an opportunity to become a partner in the

Rector Gas Lighting Company of New York City

The answers in regard to this enterprise to the questions stated above will determine the safety, profit, and advantage of making an investment in this Company.

Answer 1: The Rector Light is the nearest light to sunlight. It is a mellow, soft, brilliant, yellow light; more efficient, more economical than any other form of artificial light.

Answer 2: The Rector Lights have been in use over two years. Their superiority is proved not by any statement or claim of ours, but by their actual use for from six months to two years in scores of well-known establishments, a few of which include:

Anthony Barker's world-famous gymnasium, N. Y. C.

The United Cigar Manufacturers Company, N. Y. C.

Borden's Milk Company (eight stations), N. Y. C.

James W. Bell, Son & Co., one of America's leading tailoring establishments, N. Y. C.

Clark's O. N. T. Thread Works, known the world over, Newark, N. J.

Station "K." and the Fox Street Station of the United States Post Office, N. Y. C.



The Rector Vacuum Light

Answer 3: Those in the trade tell us that not less than \$8,000,000 various kinds of lights are sold in the United States each year. This market exists—does not have to be created, and certainly the best article should have no difficulty in securing a fair percentage of this business.

Answer 4: The average profit on the smaller Rector Lights, designed principally for homes, is 60 per cent. On the Rector Vacuum Arcs, used for lighting stores, factories, etc., there is a profit of 65 per cent. the first year, and upward of 185 per cent. each year thereafter. These larger Vacuum Lights are not sold outright, but rented, on which the Company secures a royalty each year.

Answer 5: Light is used every day in the year. It is a necessity in every home, store, office, factory, etc. Already \$3,927,092,750 (over three billion dollars) is invested in companies furnishing gas and electric light to millions of users.

The lighting industry ranks next to the railroads in being the largest and most staple enterprise in existence. The demand, therefore, already exists.

The census of 1910 shows:
51 cities with population over 100,000;
174 cities with population from 25,000 to 100,000;
332 cities with population over 7,000.

Not less than 500 Rector Vacuum Lights can be placed in towns of 20,000 population. The rental for these alone is \$12,000 a year.

Answer 6: Place a Rector Light alongside of any gas or electric arc or other form of light, and the superiority of the Rector Light, with decreased expense, will speak for itself (see illustrations).

Answer 7: The Officers and Directors of the Rector Gas Lighting Company are men of standing in the business and commercial world. Their character and ability are vouched for by the heads of several of the

best banks and trust companies in the country.

Answer 8: The Officers and Directors have invested some \$200,000 in this enterprise, and are devoting their entire time and attention to the management of the Company.

Answer 9: This business is past the experimental stage. The Rector Lights have been in actual use over two years. The Company is now on a commercial basis.

All the preferred stock is in the treasury of the Company, and constitutes a first lien against the patents (numbering 24) and all the assets of the Company. It takes precedence over the common stock, which the Officers and Directors have accepted for the money they personally invested, and for turning over the business in its present condition. The fact that they have thus shown their absolute confidence in the value of the common stock is a double assurance that the preferred stock is an unusually safe investment.

Answer 10: The Company is doing business right now, and has contracts on hand which insure the payment of 3½ per cent. dividends on the preferred stock July first this year, and 3½ per cent. payable semi-annually thereafter.

In our prospectus it is clearly set forth that the Company's earnings should not be less than \$100,000, and almost certainly from \$200,000 to \$400,000 the first year, with abundant assurance that a much higher figure will be reached in the near future.

We give a common stock bonus with the purchase of preferred stock, and the dividends on the common stock should be several times 7 per cent., which means greatly increased value of any investment you make now.

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What Do You Do With Your Money?—(Continued)

Everyone knows that the ordinary gas lights in their homes and stores are anything but purifiers. They vitiate the air, and every breath we take of this vitiated air injures our health.

The Superiority of the Rector Light

makes this impossible. The Rector Vacuum System of Lighting operates on the vacuum or suction principle. Instead of vitiating the air, each Rector Vacuum Light is actually purifying the air in the room. It not only takes safely outside of the room, all the products of combustion, but also draws from the room a certain amount of air neces-

sary for combustion in the light. In this way a partial vacuum is constantly created in the room, which must be filled by sufficient air coming in from every available source.

Each Rector Vacuum Light draws out of the room from 800 to 1000 cubic feet of air per hour, which must be replaced by fresh air from outside.

The fact that the Rector Vacuum System is, in itself, a perfect ventilating plant, eliminating the unhealthy and disagreeable features of all other gas lights, should be sufficient to insure its universal adoption for store and factory use. When you add to this the fact that it gives a better light at less cost, how can there possibly be any doubt?

The Rector Vacuum Lights have demonstrated that they are not only the latest but greatest development in the long list of improvements made in lighting since 1728, when William Murdoch lighted his workshops in Cornwall with gas.

The Rector Light is not an experiment. It has been in successful use for over two years, and in that time hundreds of thousands

have been sold. Our business is growing very rapidly, and as it grows the profits increase.

More money which we must have to take care of the business offered us every day and to extend our sales throughout the United States, will come back, many times over, in increased profits.

Upon receipt of your inquiry for further information (use the coupon) we will forward facsimile letters from well-known business concerns that have used the Rector Lights with a saving of from 25 per cent. to 75 per cent. in cost, and an increased efficiency of from 50 per cent. to 300 per cent.

Briefly, we cite the advantages of the

Rector Gas Light over any other light now on the market:

1. Lower gas consumption.
2. Highest candle power.
3. Steadiest, richest, mellowest light.
4. Durability of mantles.
5. Does not discolor fixtures.
6. Burns at any pressure.

Any light which makes a saving over the other lights, and gives at the same time a greater efficiency should duplicate their financial successes.

An investment of \$100 in Welsbach Gas Light has

earned \$50,000 in dividends. Edison Electric Light shares increased in value from \$100 to \$4,000 in one year.

The securities of companies engaged in the Lighting business pay on the average a higher rate of interest than do those of any other industry. They are regarded as unusually safe, recommended by the most conservative banking houses to investors.

It is easy to understand why these securities have been so immensely profitable. The public gladly welcome anything that will reduce their lighting bills—all the more eagerly if, at the same time, it gives them better light.

The logic of the situation shows that a light which makes a saving over any other light now



Work Rooms of James W. Bell, Son & Co., 437 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Lighted by the Rector Vacuum System of Light

What Do You Do With Your Money?—(Concluded)

in use, giving also a greater efficiency, is sure to be a big commercial success.

Put your money into an enterprise which has its future before it

One million lights have already been sold without advertising. The Rector Light has actually sold itself on demonstration. The Company is now taking up an extensive national advertising campaign.

Rector Light will stand for *merit* in the lighting business just as "Sterling" does in silver.

Everyone must have light. People naturally want to buy the best, either because of efficiency or economy, and the Rector Light stands for both efficiency and economy.

We ask you to become our partners—to share in our future success.

One thousand men and women partners thus secured will interest others in the business they are financially interested in.

You can buy at par, \$10 per share, the 7 per cent. cumulative preferred stock (dividends payable semi-annually, 3½ per cent. July 1st and 3½ per cent. January 1st) on a profit-sharing basis that should return even much larger income, and increase the value of your investment many times each year.

Careful investors are eagerly securing an interest in this enterprise, on the exceptional profit-sharing basis we offer at present. Whether you have \$50 or \$5,000 or can save from \$10 to \$100 a month, it will be to your interest to find out the facts about this proposition.

The authorized capitalization of the

Rector Gas Lighting Company

is 1,500,000 shares of stock—par value \$10 a share.

\$500,000 cumulative 7 per cent. preferred—\$1,000,000 common.

We offer \$200,000 of the 7 per cent. cumulative preferred stock at \$10 a share.

With each share of the preferred stock you are given a large bonus of the common stock.

An ultra-conservative statement of probable earnings is set forth in our booklet,

Money in Lighting

which we urgently advise you to send for.

Investigate carefully every statement made.

Don't allow doubt or delay prevent you from learning all about the truly phenomenal Rector Light and the wonderful investment opportunity offered.

Only a limited amount of stock is offered.

From present indications this will be taken up in a very short time. You must act promptly or miss this opportunity altogether.

The Rector Gas Lighting Company has as its Directors men of proved ability, men of judgment, of solid business experience.

Their names and previous business affiliations will be forwarded

upon receipt of your request for further particulars, if we receive your request before the remaining shares are sold.

Tear off the coupon and mail it today, so as not to miss this money-making opportunity.

Date _____
Rector Gas Lighting Co.,
103 West 42nd St., New York City.

Gentlemen: Send me without obligation on my part your booklet, "Money in Lighting." Also send me complete information whereby I can secure 7 per cent. cumulative preferred stock on a profit-sharing basis that should return even much larger income.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City and State _____

Put your money into a creative enterprise.

Be sure you're right, then go ahead.



E. M. Candow's Drug Store, 48th St. and 6th Ave., N. Y. C.
The bright light is the Rector Vacuum System of Light. The faint light above is the regular Electric Arc used for street lighting in New York

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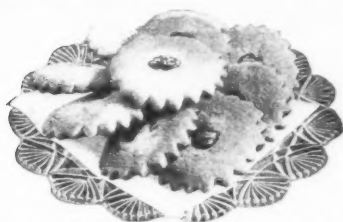
The Best of All Shortening is Real Leaf Lard



Tea Biscuits—Sift one quart of flour with one teaspoonful of salt, and three rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Into this rub one large teaspoonful of Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard. Add just enough sweet milk to make a dough easily handled. Roll out and bake for about fifteen minutes in very hot oven.



New England Doughnuts—Scant cup granulated sugar, rounding tablespoonful "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard, cupful sweet milk, two eggs, one-fourth teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon nutmeg, four cupfuls flour, four rounding teaspoonfuls baking powder. Roll out one-fourth of an inch thick, cut and fry in Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard.



Old-Fashioned Sugar Cookies—One cupful of Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard, three cupfuls sugar, three eggs, one cupful buttermilk, one level teaspoonful soda, one-half nutmeg grated, pinch of salt, two cupfuls pastry flour. Add enough flour to make a dough easily handled. Cut out one-eighth of an inch thick; cover with granulated sugar and bake a delicate brown.



Pie Paste—One level cup of pastry flour, one-half cup of Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard, one-half teaspoon salt, one-fourth cup cold water. Mix salt and flour thoroughly, chop in the lard, add water. Use as little flour as possible when rolling out. This makes a light, crisp, flaky and delicious pie crust.

It is the shortening that made old-time cooks famous for their wonderful hot breads, flaky pastry, light and feathery cakes—all digestible as well as delicious.

These old-fashioned cooks rendered their own lard—made it in open kettles just as "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard is made today.

Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard is the fine, pure, sweet, delicate lard our grandmothers had to make for themselves, but even better because of our wonderful facilities, materials and long years of experience.

Armour's "Simon Pure" LEAF LARD

is the very cream of the land—better than butter when butter is called for because it doesn't cook so dry.

And while it costs a trifle more than ordinary lard you need only use two-thirds as much.

There is just one way for you to get this finest of all lard. Be sure the label reads Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard.

Save this advertisement and try some of these recipes. They will give you wonderfully good results. Then write to us for "Pastry Wrinkles," from which they are taken. We send it free. Address

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

Dept. G 141

Chicago

Tone



Victor-Victrola X, \$75



Victor-Victrola XIV, \$150

You might be able to build a cabinet that outwardly would resemble a Victor-Victrola. You might even copy the inside construction and details, if they were not protected by patents. But there is no copying the superior Victor-Victrola tone-quality.

That represents years of patient experiment—with various woods, with different proportions, with numerous vibratory surfaces—and it is simply astonishing how slight a variation in size, in shape, in position, produces discord instead of harmony.

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That's where the Victor-Victrola is pre-eminent

No, the Victor-Victrola tone can't be equaled! Even though the eye could take in every detail of construction, there is still that same indescribable "something" which makes the Stradivarius supreme among violins, which gives to the Victor-Victrola such a wonderfully sweet, clear and mellow tone as was never known before.

Hear the Victor-Victrola today at the nearest Victor dealer's—you'll spend a delightful half-hour and come away with a greater love for music and a more thorough appreciation of this superb instrument.



Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal
Canadian Distributors

To get best results, use only
Victor Needles on Victor Records
New Victor Records are on sale at
all dealers on the 28th of each month



Victor-Victrola XI, \$100



Victor-Victrola XVI
Circassian walnut
\$250

Mahogany or
quartered oak, \$300

PEARLINE vs SPONGY WASHING POWDER

Soap Powder like Sponges absorbs Moisture which makes the Powder heavier—YOU BUY WATER.

Soap Powder like Sponges can be filled with Air which makes the Powder Fluffier—Bulky. YOU BUY AIR.

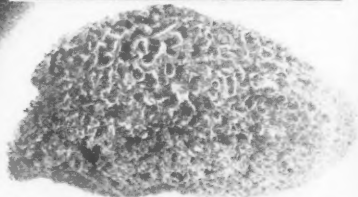
It's hard to keep the water in—tho' they have found a way. Open and expose a package of fluffed Powder and see how rapidly the Water Evaporates and the Weight Decreases—Bought at Soap's prices—foolish!

PEARLINE—like Sponge No. 1 is Dry—Dense—Condensed and more than ever BEST BY TEST.

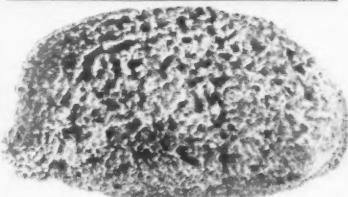
A Tablespoonful of PEARLINE is equal to several of the Spongy powders.

TRY TO MAKE SOFT SOAP OF THE SPONGY POWDERS BY PEARLINE'S DIRECTIONS. SEE WHAT YOU GET.

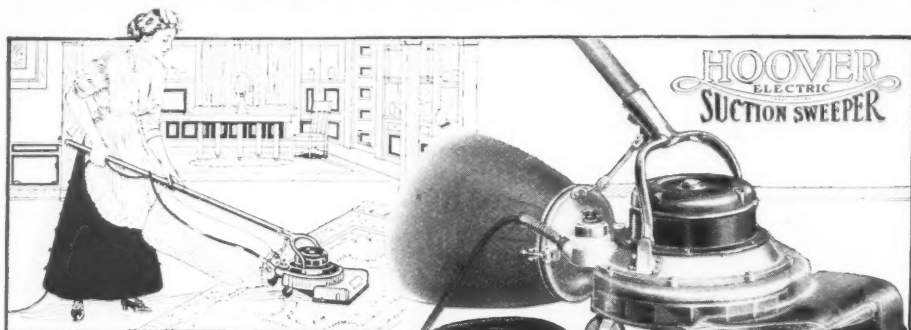
REDUCED PHOTO OF NEW SPONGE, DRY—IT WEIGHED $1\frac{1}{2}$ OZS. AND MEASURED $3\frac{3}{4} \times 1\frac{1}{4}$ INCHES.



THE SAME SPONGE SOAKED IN WATER WEIGHED 17 $\frac{3}{4}$ OZS. AND MEASURED $7\frac{1}{2} \times 4$ INCHES.



THE SAME SPONGE SQUEEZED AND DRIED WEIGHED $1\frac{1}{8}$ OZS. BUT MEASURED $7\frac{1}{2} \times 4$ INCHES.



Detail picture to right shows the Hoover as if the aluminum case were transparent. "Through the case" you can see the revolving soft bristle brush and the suction fan. Above, in the darker case, is the powerful electric motor which drives fan and brush. The coil at the side is the cord which attaches to any electric light socket.

Restores the Bright, New Colors to Your Rugs and Carpets

The Hoover is the only air-cleaner that brings out the bright, new colors of your rugs and carpets by raising the crushed nap to its original position.

It combines a rapidly-revolving soft bristle brush with powerful air suction. While the floor covering is suspended on an air cushion the brush loosens the dirt, shakes the fabric and brushes the nap.

The suction fan draws in all the dirt, fine dust, hair, lint, thread, matches, pins, *everything*.

This is the one air-cleaning machine a woman can use without fatigue. No heavy hose to drag around. No awkward metal tube and nozzle to push. Moves with natural force of walking. Before you buy any air-cleaner run it 15 minutes yourself.

A HOOVER dealer near you, whose name we will give on request, will clean one room for you FREE, and tell you about the Hoover Service and Guaranty Bond. We will also send you illustrated descriptive book.

HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER CO., 251 Maple Ave., New Berlin, Ohio

With the Hoover come sixteen attachments for air-cleaning hangings, curtains, portieres, walls, upholstered furniture, and for blowing up pillows, mattresses, etc.



You, Too, Should Write For This Book It Tells What is Correct in Clothes—in Color, in Pattern and in Cut

Being well dressed is not entirely a matter of wearing good clothes. Nor does it mean an elaborate, expensive wardrobe. The secret lies in good *clothes-judgment*—in knowing how to get becomingness in style and material without getting "sameness."

Now, this is but a *part* of the knowledge contained in The Book of Men's Fashions—all of which is yours to command by means of a mere post-card, or a two-cent postage stamp.

ADLER-ROCHESTER-CLOTHES

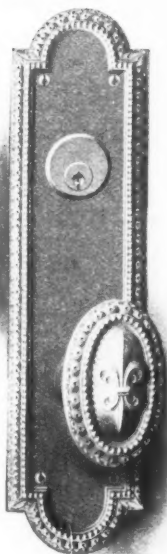
This season's fashionable colors will be light and dark greys, tans, and plain and fancy blues—in *Adler-Rochester shades*. And only the finest materials are modeled into Adler-Rochester clothes.

The famous Adler-Rochester plant (suggested in illustration above) is the most wonderful tailoring institution in the world. Here, as opposed to "sweatshop" tradition, sunlight, cleanliness and comfort pervade. Consequently, with ideal working conditions and the most skillful workers in the Industry, the finest product must result.

A few pen strokes will bring you The Book of Men's Fashions. A few minutes' reading will prove to you the extravagance of wearing other than Adler-Rochester clothes.

You will find this famous make where the best clothes in your town are sold. The address accompanies the book—and it's a good one to remember. But you won't remember it, and you'll continue getting the ordinary in clothes, unless you write us this day. Ask for Edition H.

L. Adler, Bros. & Co., Rochester, N. Y.



Hardware for Homes of Refinement

Corbin Hardware in your Home adds comfort to elegance, reliability to fine finish, and utility to ornament true to school.

123 designs—exclusively Corbin—give you a wide latitude for individual taste.

19 schools of ornament ensure harmony in artistic details.

54 finishes in different colors of bronze, brass, gold, silver and iron permit you to select hardware to match the lighting fixtures and other metal finishings.

Tell Us About Your New Home

Give us a description of it. Let us help you to select appropriate hardware. It is important that you get it right

BECAUSE
Corbin Hardware Lasts as
Long as the House Stands

"Everything in builders' hardware,"
in the Corbin line alone, enables
you to buy your entire equipment
of one manufacture—uniform in
quality and finish.

The best dealer in your city sells it.

Send for publication.

EK-16 Corbin Wrought Hardware.
EK-17 Corbin Colonial Hardware.
EK-53 Corbin Princeton design.
EK-80 Corbin Specialties.

P. & F. CORBIN
NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

P. & F. Corbin of New York
P. & F. Corbin of Chicago
P. & F. Corbin, Philadelphia



Make the most of your floors

also your furniture

A hardwood or a pine floor or a piece of furniture will become as pretty as a picture if properly finished with

Old English Floor Wax

We specify Old English because it is the "highest quality" floor wax that can be made. It gives the richest and most durable finish to all floors, interior woodwork and furniture, because it contains more of the hard (expensive) wax, which makes a pound of Old English go farther and decidedly outlast most other finishes. Besides, you can easily touch up any worn spot without doing over the whole floor. Old English never gets sticky, never shows scratches from heels or furniture; easily applied and economical—a 50c. can covers a large room.

Send for Free Sample and Book
"BEAUTIFUL FLOORS—Their Finish and Care."

Read up on the *proper* way to take care of and to finish

New Floors,
Old Floors,
Kitchen, Pantry and Bathroom Floors;
Clean and polish hardwood or pine
Floors;

Care for Waxed, Varnished and
Shellaced Floors;
Fill Floor Cracks;
Finish Furniture and Interior
Woodwork, Etc.

A. S. BOYLE & CO.

1910 West 8th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

We recommend "**Brightener**"—a wonder
worker to *clean* and *preserve* all finishes—
whether wax, varnish or shellac.

SAMPLE FREE

**A. S.
BOYLE
& CO.**

Send Booklet and
FREE Sample so I can
try Old English at home

Name.....

Address.....

My Dealer is.....



THOSE who would like to know how they can have an unlimited supply of hot water in their homes, from any hot water faucet in the house, will be interested in this:—

There is a wonderful automatic gas water heater called the Ruud (pronounce it "Rude"). It isn't an ugly thing that is hitched on the bath tub, nor is it a device for heating the water in your range boiler—nor do you have to light it and put it out.

The Ruud is down cellar! No, you don't have to go near it. All you have to do to get hot water is to turn any hot water faucet. The Ruud takes care of itself. Opening the faucet automatically lights the gas in the Ruud and the water is heated as it flows through the hot copper coils.

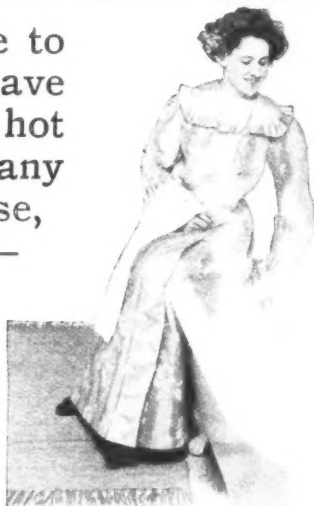
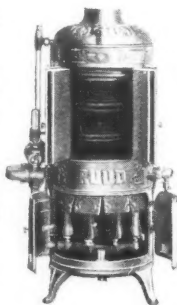
Suppose you come in late some evening from a spin in the motor car, or tired from overwork at the office, think of the luxury of a restful, sleep inviting, piping hot bath.

Next morning there is hot water just the same, even if the maid is washing in the laundry—the supply is inexhaustible.

It is useless to tell of the luxury of plenty of hot water. The fact that you can get it is the important thing.

If you want to know how it works we will tell you in another column, but the most satisfactory way is to go where they sell the Ruud and see it work.

Look in the telephone book and see if we have a branch in your town—if not, the gas company has the Ruud and will gladly show it in operation. Send for free descriptive booklet.



The How and Why of the RUUD

The Ruud is governed by two valves.

The pressure valve—that turns the gas on in the burners whenever a faucet is opened and shuts off the gas when the faucet is closed.

The temperature valve—which turns off the gas when the water is heated to a certain temperature and lights the gas when it starts to run cooler than a certain temperature.

Each valve is independent of the other and consequently never fails to do its work.

Here is the entire operation.

A tiny pilot light is burning—somewhere a hot water faucet is opened—the pressure valve turns on the gas and it is lighted by the pilot light and heats the copper coils through which the water flows.

When the water gets too hot, the temperature regulator turns off the gas.

It is quite some time before the coils start to cool, but when they do, the temperature regulator automatically turns on the gas again.

This is a great saving, for no more gas is burned than sufficient to heat the water used.

So the gas lights and goes out at intervals—the water is hot as long as it runs, and when you turn off the faucet the pressure valve shuts off the gas and the Ruud stops work.

RUUD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dept. E, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Branch Offices in all principal cities.

**“Yes Ma’m,
we sell
quantities
of**



Post Toasties

—they’re fine with cream and sugar.”

CRISP—FLAVOURY—DISTINCTIVE

“The Memory Lingers”

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Here is Your Abbott-Detroit

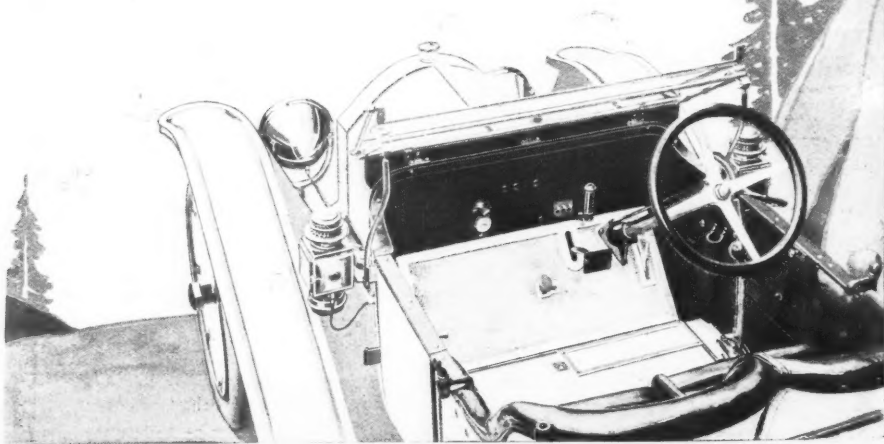
The prospect of a ride in the tonneau is nothing compared to the delightful thrill of driving. From the hill-top brink, look down far over the bending road that winds and turns its way through budding Spring. May flowers, June at the seashore, July in the Berkshires, August in the Yellowstone, September in Canada—seek nature this year and enjoy yourself to the full.

The process of buying a car for service is a process of elimination. When you mentally sift down the Abbott-Detroit service features as compared, point for point, with any other car selling at the Abbott-Detroit price, you will realize that a considerable balance is left in the Abbott-Detroit favor, in fact, we would be pleased to demonstrate a number of \$4,000 features embodied in this \$1,500 car.

Five-Passenger Touring Car, \$1,500; Roadster, \$1,500; Fore-Door Demi-Tonneau (Tonneau Detachable), \$1,575; Coupe, \$2,350. All Standard Equipment, F. O. B. Detroit.

Abbott Motor Company

107 Waterloo Street, Detroit, Michigan



The APOLLO Touches DOWN On the Keys



PADEREWSKI
Touches DOWN On the Keys



MELVILLE
CLARK'S

APOLLO

The Player Piano

If Paderewski is Right, The Apollo is Right

All pianists, whether great or indifferent, play the piano with a *downward stroke on the keys*. That is the only way to play a piano. To pound on the strings without the delicately balanced keys is to abuse a delicate instrument.

Yet the Apollo is the only player piano that touches down on the keys

All other manufacturers *would* make inside players with a downward stroke on the keys *if they could*, but we are protected in the exclusive right to do this by U. S. patent No. 795,817.

Since there is only one *correct* way to play a piano, and all others are denied the right to make a player that plays that one way, and since we charge no more than manufacturers whom our patents compel to use a substitute method, are you not sufficiently interested in the Apollo to send us your name and address?

Write for our catalog showing nine of the 1911 styles and we will tell you more about the vital principles of correct piano playing without years of technical training. We will also tell you about the *solo device*, the *self-acting motor*, the *transposing device*, the *accompaniment player*—all exclusive features of the Apollo.

These things will be demonstrated to you in the salesrooms of any one of our three hundred dealers. Melville Clark pianos without the players \$500 to \$1000.

THE MELVILLE CLARK PIANO COMPANY

New York Show Rooms, 305 Fifth Avenue

411 Steinway Bldg., CHICAGO



This *The new "Ship of the Desert"* Kelly Motor Truck

an air-cooled, blower-cooled car is beating the water-cooled trucks at their own game in the intense heat of the Arizona deserts.

Read what the operators of this truck say in regard to its work:

KELLY MOTOR TRUCK CO.,
Springfield, Ohio

Gentlemen:—This picture shows your 3-ton truck with a 2-ton load of ore ready for a 40-mile drive to the smelter across the desert and mountains of Arizona. This truck has traveled 7,000 miles in nine (9) months, with a monthly cost of up-keep, including new tires, of \$50.00.

This truck is practical and eminently suited for long distance and hard service.

CABABI MINING COMPANY
C. N. WILSON, President

The Kelly Motor Truck Company, 232 Burt St., Springfield, Ohio

THE truck that made this 7,000-mile record back and forth across the Arizona desert is the truck that will do your hauling better and more economically than it has ever been done before.

This is just one more instance of what this truck, that won the trophies at Philadelphia, Boston and New York, is doing in every-day service in all branches of industry. Write us for full information regarding the work of the Kelly Motor Truck in your *particular* industry—also ask us to arrange for your demonstration with your nearest Kelly Motor Truck representative.

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"17 Cents a Day" Offer Stirs the Nation

The Whole Country Applauds the "Penny Purchase Plan"

From a thousand different directions comes a mighty chorus of approval, voicing the popularity of The Oliver Typewriter "17 Cents a Day" Purchase Plan.

The liberal terms of this offer bring the benefits of the best modern typewriter within easy reach of all. The simple, convenient, "Penny Plan" has assumed national importance.

It opened the floodgates of demand and has almost engulfed us with orders.

Individuals, firms and corporations—all classes of people—are taking advantage of the attractive plan and endorsing the great idea which led us to take this radical step—

To make typewriting the universal medium of written communication!

Speeds Universal Typewriting

The trend of events is toward the general adoption of beautiful, legible, speedy typewriting in place of slow, laborious, illegible handwriting.

The great business interests are a unit in using typewriters.

It is just as important to the general public to substitute typewriting for "longhand."

For every private citizen's personal affairs are his business.

Our popular "Penny Plan" speeds the day of Universal Typewriting.

A Mechanical Marvel

The Oliver Typewriter is unlike all others.

With several hundred less parts than ordinary typewriters, its efficiency is proportionately greater.

Add to such basic advantages the many time-saving conveniences found only on The Oliver

Typewriter, and you have an overwhelming total of tangible reasons for its wonderful success.

A Business Builder

The Oliver Typewriter is a powerful creative force in business—a veritable wealth producer. Its use multiplies business opportunities, widens business influence, promotes business success.

Thus the aggressive merchant or manufacturer can reach out for more business with trade-winning letters and price lists. By means of a "mailing list"—and The Oliver Typewriter—you can annex new trade territory.

Get this greatest of business aids—for 17 Cents a Day. Keep it busy. It will make your business grow.

Aids Professional Men

To the professional man the typewriter is an indispensable assistant.

Clergymen, Physicians, Journalists, Writers, Architects, Engineers, and Public Accountants have learned to depend on the typewriter.

You can master The Oliver Typewriter in a few minutes' practice. It will pay big daily dividends of satisfaction on the small investment of 17 Cents a Day.

A Stepping-Stone to Success

For young people The Oliver Typewriter is a stepping-stone to good positions and an advancement in business life.

The ability to operate a typewriter counts for more than letters of recommendation.

Start now, when you can own The Oliver Typewriter for pennies.

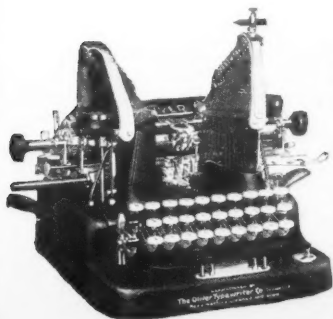
Join the National Association of Penny Savers!

Every purchaser of The Oliver Typewriter for 17 Cents a Day is made an Honorary Member of the National Association of Penny Savers. A small first payment brings the magnificent new Oliver Typewriter, the regular \$100 machine.

Then save 17 Cents a Day and pay monthly. The Oliver Typewriter Catalog and full details of "17 Cents a Day" Purchase Plan sent on request, by coupon or letter.

Address Sales Department
The Oliver Typewriter Co.
682 Oliver Typewriter Bldg.,
Chicago

(91)



COUPON

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.
682 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

Gentlemen: Please send your **Art Catalog** and details of "17-Cents-a-Day" offer on The Oliver Typewriter.

Name

Address

Only 1% of the cotton grown in America is good enough for—

Cotton fabric is the very backbone of an automobile tire. Rubber receives the outside wear and gives necessary elasticity, but it is the Fabric that resists pressure, strains and shocks. To get fabric of the necessary strength and uniformity for

GOODRICH TIRES

we pay more for it than we would have to pay for many grades of *silk*.

Less than *one* per cent of the entire American cotton crop possesses the *length* and *strength* of staple that permits its use as a source of supply for our tire fabric. Furthermore, every inch of the finished fabric is closely inspected to eliminate the slightest possibility of weakness.

It is this eternal vigilance at the factory end that has justified the users' faith in Goodrich Tires and made them the Standard Automobile Tires of America.



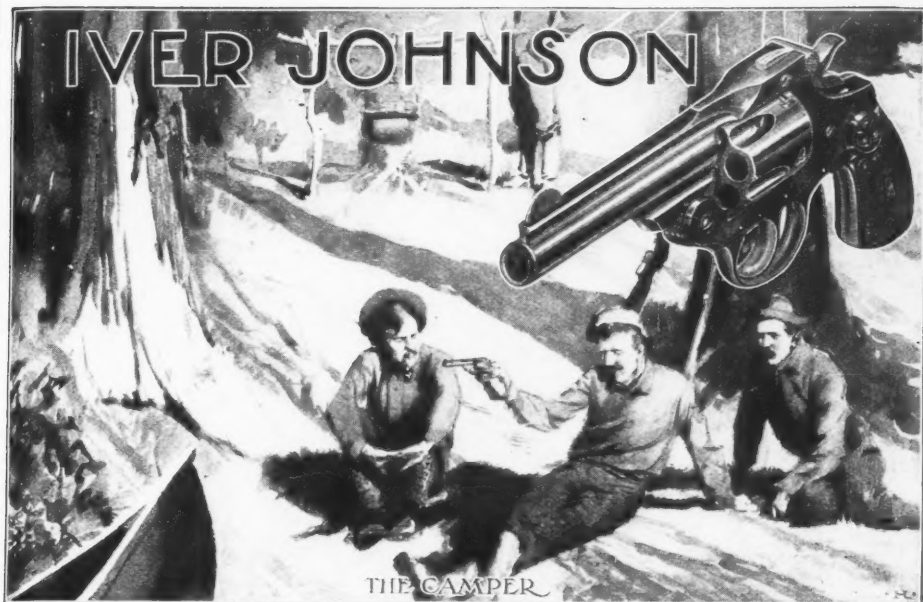
The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, O.

Largest in the World

Branches in
the principal cities.

Wholesale tire
depots everywhere.





THOSE warm, lazy days in camp when you enjoy a test of marksmanship—does the bullet go where you aim?—do you have to allow for inaccuracies of your old style revolver? The new model

IVER JOHNSON Safety Automatic REVOLVER

is wonderfully accurate. It proves the careful, scientific rifling, and perfect alignment of barrel and chamber which have won the acknowledgment of famous experts that it is the most accurate side arm in the world.

The smooth, quick action of the unbreakable, permanent-tension wire springs excites the admiration of appreciative sportsmen, for no other revolver is so equipped; no other revolver is so positive and unfailing in action.

And then, in your tramps through the woods, if you trip over a log or slide down some cliff, and your revolver drops—is it safe? Can the hammer be driven into the firing-pin? Will it cause another accident from unexpected discharge? An Iver Johnson is absolutely proof against such accidents because of its famous, exclusive

“Hammer the Hammer”

safety firing device. You know about it—everybody knows about it.

**IVER
JOHNSON**
REVOLVERS
SHOT GUNS
BICYCLES

To prevent substitution of obsolete models and limit sale to proper persons, distribution is confined to resident dealers, licensed under our patents. Mail-order houses are not licensed.



IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS, 129 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Iver Johnson Truss Bridge Bicycles



The Howard Watch

Everyone concedes that the Railroad man must have an accurate watch.

His business requires it.

But how about the man in any other calling?

Why should he be content with less than the best in a timepiece?

Is not a cheap or unreliable watch an evidence of slackness in character and habit—a confession as to the slight value he places on his own time?

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know. Drop us a postal card, Dept. J, and we will send you "The Story of Edward Howard and the First American Watch"—an inspiring chapter of history that every man and boy should read.

There is a big change taking place in this country on the watch question.

Respect for a fine watch mechanism increases with culture and civilization.

There are not so many men who think it smart to carry a poor watch and bang it around.

More men every day are willing to put money in a fine watch even if it is carried in the pocket where it cannot always be seen.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it. The price of each watch—from the 17-jewel (*double roller*) in a Boss or Crescent gold-filled case at \$40 to the 23-jewel in a 14-k solid gold case at \$150—is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS, Boston, Mass.

Libby's

Evaporated Milk

Superior to fresh milk
and keeps pure longer

Libby's Evaporated Milk is simply pure fresh country milk from which the water has been evaporated. Add enough water to thin it to the consistency of milk and it is then ready for cooking or table use.

It is cheaper, purer and better than fresh milk for all household uses.

Ask your grocer
for Libby's
Evaporated
Milk



Libby, McNeill & Libby - Chicago

You can tell the
Williams Talc can
by the convenient
hinged cover top.



*Two odors:
Violet
and Carnation*

Williams Talc Powder

is a luxury for the boudoir, bathroom or nursery. It is the essence of purity, delicacy and refinement and imparts a velvety softness to the skin. Its dainty perfume is at once distinctive and refreshing and suggestive of fragrant, fresh cut flowers. The Williams can **contains nearly 15% more Talc Powder** than other kinds sold at the same price.

SPECIAL OFFER: A miniature sample package of either Williams' Talc Powder, Shaving Stick, Shaving Powder, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap or Dentalactic Tooth Powder, mailed for 4 cents in stamps. All five articles in neat combination package for 16c. in stamps.

Address: THE B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Department A, Glastonbury, Connecticut

